

TRUE STORY OF A BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER

Silver Screen

August



Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland
in a scene from their latest picture

M. STONE

SEE HOLLYWOOD AT SMALL COST

TOGETHER

again!

Cagney meets O'Brien for the first time since "Ceiling Zero"... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slaphappy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!



Warner Bros. Present
BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK'S



Starring

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

JAMES

PAT

CAGNEY and O'BRIEN

WITH

MARIE WILSON

RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

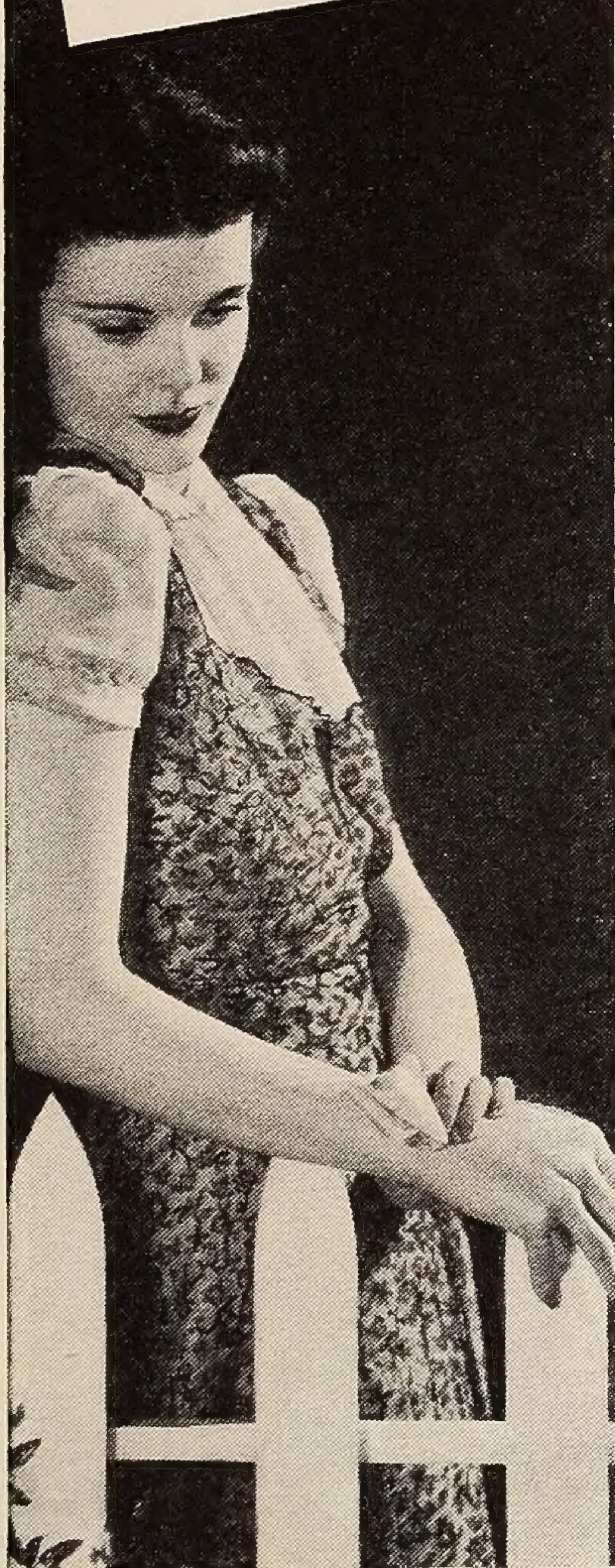
Directed by LLOYD BACON

SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

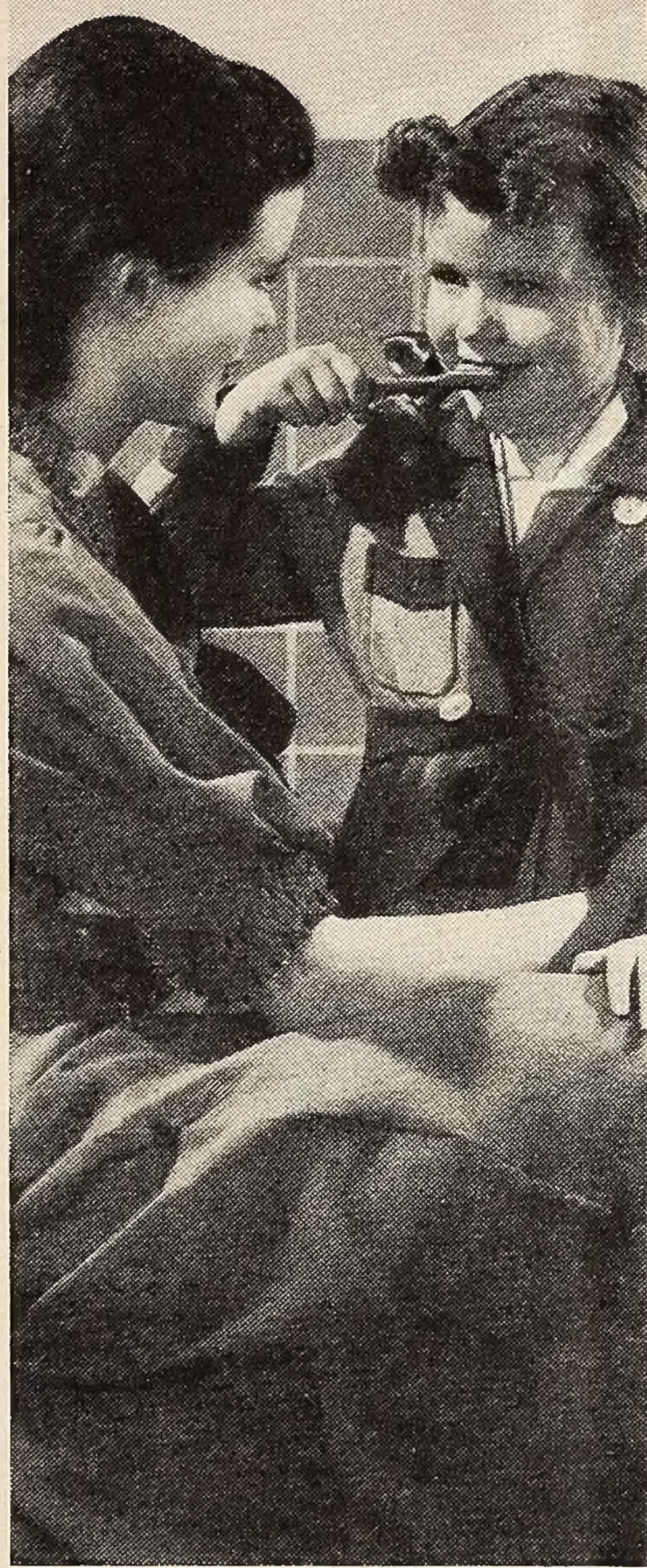


MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

No phone calls! No dates! As the lonely summer passes, Joan wonders why. (Joan doesn't know that men would think her lovely if she hadn't let a dingy smile spoil her good looks!)



Here's news little Doris could tell her big sister Joan. Smiles are always lovely when teeth get proper care! (Doris knows you must massage your gums as well as clean your teeth.)



Wishes come true—when girls have the kind of smile men find appealing! (Joan could have that smile. Joan could be popular! But Joan should start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage to help keep gums healthier and teeth more sparkling!)



Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A GIRL SMILES—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (*Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.*) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (*Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.*)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. Let him decide.

Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana

into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

BOB TAYLOR

gets a telegram from his fans...



THE ACCOUNT OF

SERVICE DESIRED	
☐	FOREIGN
☐	FULL RATE
☐	CABLE
☐	DEFERRED
☐	CABLE
☐	NIGHT CABLE
☐	LETTER
☐	RADIOGRAM

CHECK CLASS OF SERVICE
IF MESSAGE WILL BE TRANS-
MITS COMMUNICATION

Postal Telegraph
THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables
All America Cables
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RECEIVER'S NUMBER
CHECK
TIME FILED
STANDARD TIME

Form 2-C

Bob Taylor
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Culver City Cal

YOU WERE SWELL IN YANK AT OXFORD
GIVE US SOME MORE OF THAT SAME
KIND OF ACTION, ROMANCE, AND FUN!
YOUR FANS

*...and his fans get
their kind of picture!*

THE CROWD ROARS

Edward with Frank
ARNOLD · MORGAN
Maureen William
O'SULLIVAN · GARGAN
LIONEL STANDER · JANE WYMAN



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist



Silver Screen

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The New Cover Design: The cover of this issue of SILVER SCREEN is the second in our series. The portrait of Dorothy Lamour in colors is the work of Marland Stone. As a background for the portrait we have used a scene still from "Tropic Holiday," showing the hero, Ray Milland, rapturously gazing at Dorothy. She looks so well in a sarong that the fashionably dressed ladies are taking them up and putting them on. How do you like this new cover, combining a portrait in color with a black and white scene still?

The Opening Chorus



Dick Powell

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:
You'll die laughing when you hear what I did the first morning of my vacation! Here I've been griping and complaining about movie stars and pictures for months and can hardly wait to get my bags in the back of the car and say "gypsy-in-me, take over." Well, I had been "away from it all" for about two hours, and kept saying to myself that Garbo had the right idea and admiring the trees, which were real live oaks and not *papier mache* put together with wires.

California never looked lovelier and I never felt better—no previews for two weeks, no life and loves of the glamour girls, no problems—when just ahead of me I saw a large sign with an arrow which read: "Warner Brothers Ranch. Company on location." I don't know why, it was certainly a surprise to me, but the next thing I knew I was following two large trucks full of lights and props, right along that narrow lane. I much prefer to think that it was the material in me, it was nearing lunch time, for after all the wailing I have done it would never do for me to be caught taking a postman's holiday.

The company shooting, I discovered, was "For Lovers Only," co-starring Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell, and as I drove up they were doing a most amusing scene. "Get a load of her," yelled Dick, quite handsome in a gasoline station uniform, "trying to slip away. The little dead-beat." With that he yanked the screaming Olivia right out of her car (Olivia, it seems, is a rich girl who is running away from home and in her haste forgot her pocketbook. She has just bought \$3.85 worth of gas from Dick, and Dick is the kind of a guy who likes to be paid in cash and not in promises.) Doubtless, one of the 57 varieties of "It Happened One Night."

Lunch was declared immediately and Dick and Olivia tossed one of those famous box lunches at me (which are the curse of locations) and assured me that I brought it on myself.

In a sun of 103 and with flies swarming over me I ravenously devoured every crumb—I who always scorned location food before. Dick decided it would be a good day to reduce and drank a glass of milk. Olivia picked daintily at a piece of chicken and an orange. She—not I—should have eaten the cake and ice cream, for Olivia only weighs 101 and loses pounds even quicker than I can put them on.

I tore myself away finally, and all the way up the Coast Road kept looking with more than my usual casualness for signs saying "Company on Location." The gypsy in me is as mad as hell.

Liza

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When the sun has burned your skin until it is red, hot, and flaming, you will appreciate cooling, soothing Mentholum, spread over the injured skin like a soft blanket of snow. And the medicinal ingredients will help speed the healing process so that your skin may soon start back to its normal, healthy appearance.

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Tips On Pictures

Gloria Stuart seems to be the recipient of bad news, and little Jane Withers is pretty much concerned about it all, in "Keep Smiling."



BLOND CHEAT—Fair. Derrick De Marney, the handsome young English actor who achieved deserved popularity from his acting with Nova Pilbeam in "The Girl Was Young," plays the lead in this light romance opposite our own Joan Fontaine. The plot is rawther British and may be a bit hard to take.

CRIME TAKES A HOLIDAY—Good. Jack Holt plays the role of a rugged district attorney who successfully rounds up a gang of racketeers who are menacing his district. There's nothing new or novel about the plot, but it is diverting enough if seen on a dual bill. (Marcia Ralston, Douglas Dumbrille, Russell Hopton).

DEVIL'S PARTY, THE—Good. Grimly melodramatic is this tale of a group of men and women who knew each other as children in that part of New York known poetically as Hell's Kitchen. They all meet again as adults and between them stir up some pretty rousing, although lurid, situations. (Victor McLaglen, Wm. Gargan, Paul Kelly, Frank Jenks, Beatrice Roberts).

GENERALS WITHOUT BUTTONS—Excellent. If precocious youngsters have always given you a pain in the neck on the screen, by all means go to see this masterly French production (with English dialogue) in which you will find as outstanding a group of talented youngsters as one ever hopes to meet up with. The plot concerns an ancient feud between two villages which is carried on by school children in a military fashion that is as frightening as it is sometimes amusing.

GUN LAW—Good. More and more people are beginning to ask for westerns every day, and when they are as well produced as this one we can understand why. George O'Brien plays the role of a Federal Officer who mops up a frontier town infested with outlaws—a familiar plot, to be sure, but ingeniously worked out. (Rita Oehman).

GREAT JOHN ERICSSON, THE—Fine. When you're in a thoughtful mood, and see this advertised at your local art theatre, take time to see it. Produced in Sweden, with English subtitles, it informs you in dramatic fashion what a huge part the Swedes played in developing the early history of our country. Hitherto most of us have given all the credit to the Dutch and English.

GIRL IN THE STREET—Only fair. Anna Neagle, the English actress who gave us a priceless "Queen Victoria," is here cast as a girl who rises from an organ-grinder's assistant to the enviable position of "toast of the town." Tullio Carminati plays the suave diplomat who helps her on her climb upward.

HIGHWAY PATROL—Fair. This deals with the head of an oil refinery, who refuses to meet the demands of racketeers, and is termed a rip-roaring "action yarn." Of course he has a beautiful, spoiled daughter who naturally falls in love with the rough-and-ready state copper, and there you are! (Robert Paige, Jacqueline Wells).

HOLD THAT KISS—Fine. A very slight plot structure is so cleverly handled that it emerges as first-class film fare, light, frothy and gay. Maureen O'Sullivan is cast as a dress model who poses as a socialite, and Denis O'Keefe (a ticket salesman for a ship line), also does a bit of make-believing, with hilarious domestic results. (Mickey Rooney, Jessie Ralph).

KEEP SMILING—Fine. One of the best of Jane Withers' films. As an orphan kept in an exclusive girls' school, Jane gets the idea of travel-

ing to Hollywood to renew relations with an uncle, a motion picture director. She finds him a broken-down drunkard and immediately proceeds to regenerate him, with uproarious success. (Gloria Stuart, Henry Wilcoxon).

KIDNAPPED—Good. Even though that master of adventure yarns, Robert Louis Stevenson, wrote the original of this story, it proves to be somewhat synthetic film fare. Perhaps too many adaptors robbed it of its original color and excitement. If you're not a stickler for "true adaptations" you may like it. Cast includes Freddie Bartholomew, Warner Baxter, Arleen Whalen, C. Aubrey Smith.

LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE—Good "whodunit." You have to be a "fiend" for mystery stories that blend humor of the macabre sort with grim murder sequences to accept this for your night's film entertainment, as some of the scenes take place in a morgue (uhh!) and others in a graveyard (more uhh!). Cast includes Patricia Ellis, Preston Foster, Frank Jenks.

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—Fine. Another entertaining picture in this series about the famous Japanese criminologist, played so adeptly by Peter Lorre. Mr. Moto's latest mystery takes him to London where he works with Scotland Yard. (Henry Wilcoxon, Mary Maguire).

THREE COMRADES—Excellent. Erich Maria Remarque's sensitive character study of three young German soldiers who try to make a go of things in disillusioned post-war Germany (pre-Hitler) is effectively transported to the screen, with Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Robert Taylor giving fine performances. And Margaret Sullivan proves herself well worth the trouble they take in her behalf.

THREE ON A WEEKEND—Fine. From Great Britain comes this thoroughly enjoyable satire about the English working classes who go to a resort, somewhat reminiscent of our own Coney Island, during their brief weekends. In spite of some dramatic overtones, it is all very jolly, and will afford you an hour or more of solid fun, in kaleidoscopic fashion. (John Lodge, Margaret Lockwood, Rene Ray).

VIVACIOUS LADY—Fine. One of those frothy comedies that have been so much in demand lately. Sophisticated, without being stodgy, farcical, without being absurd, it is really delightful entertainment. The setting is a college town and the realm of higher learning is gently spoofed throughout. (Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Stewart, Beulah Bondi).

WHEN WERE YOU BORN—So-so. A murder mystery is herein solved by the means of astrology. At first it is rather amusing, but, after a while, the movements of the planets and their so-called effect upon mankind becomes a bit tiresome, and so does the plot. (Anna May Wong, Lola Lane, Margaret Lindsay).

YELLOW JACK—Fine. Just after the Spanish American war, a famous scientist, Major Walter Reed, went to Cuba with an expedition to try to solve the desperate battle against yellow fever, which had killed off so many soldiers. This dramatic story of his research is as engrossing as that of Louis Pasteur. Remember that? In cast, Lewis Stone, Bob Montgomery, Virginia Bruce.

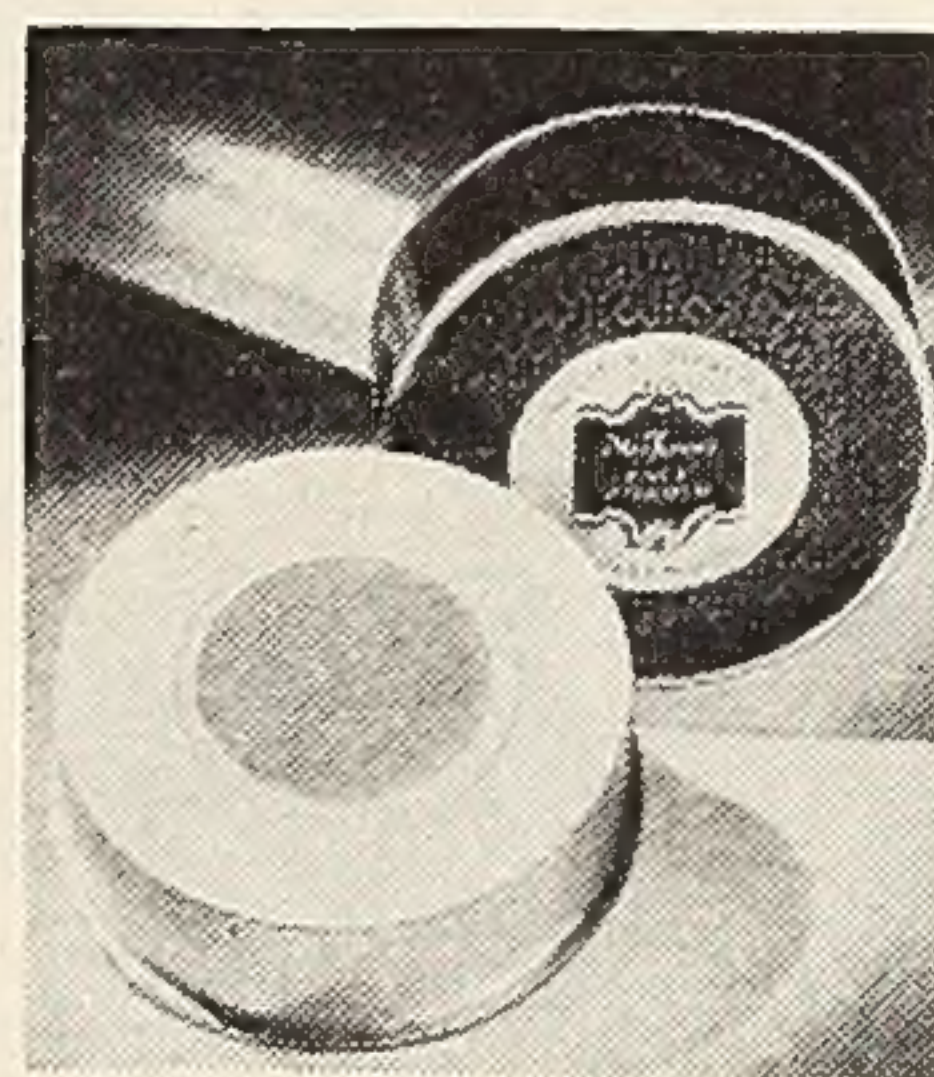
Margaret Sullivan

STAR OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOPWORN ANGEL," REMARKS...

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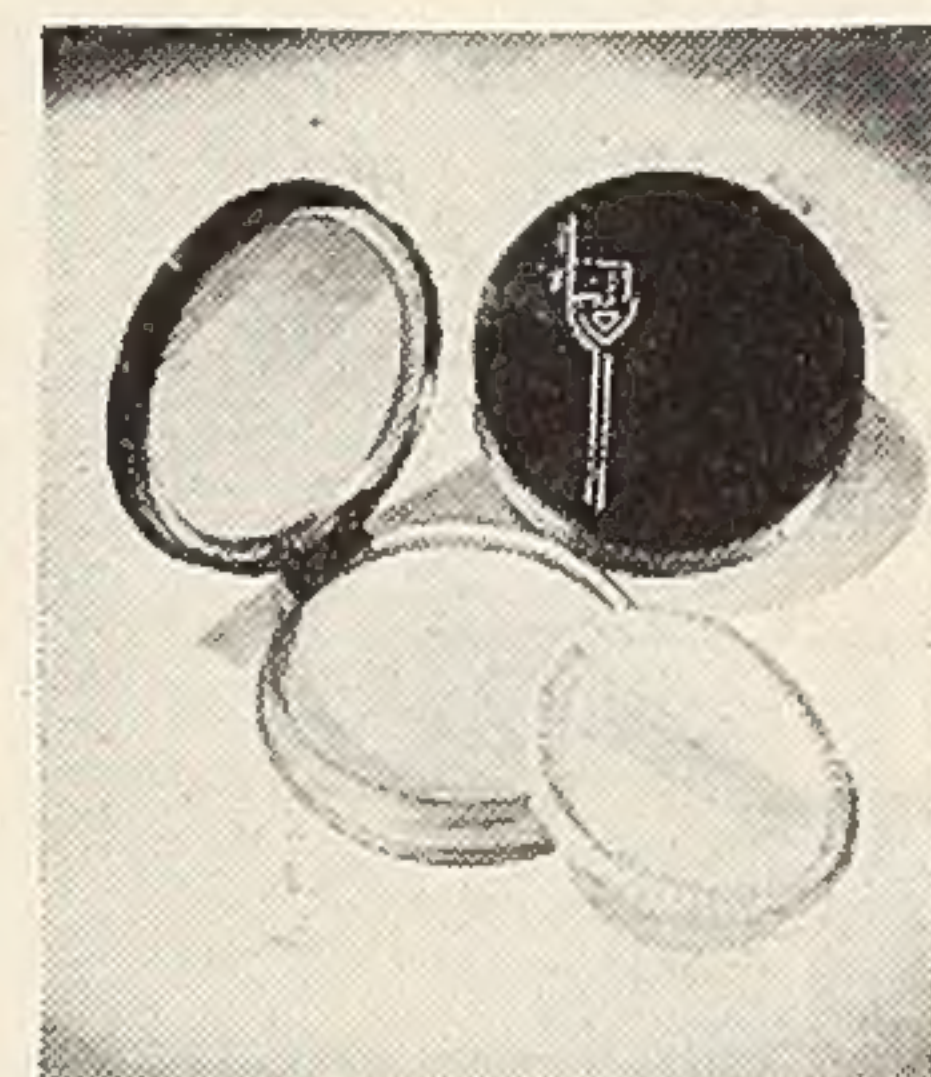


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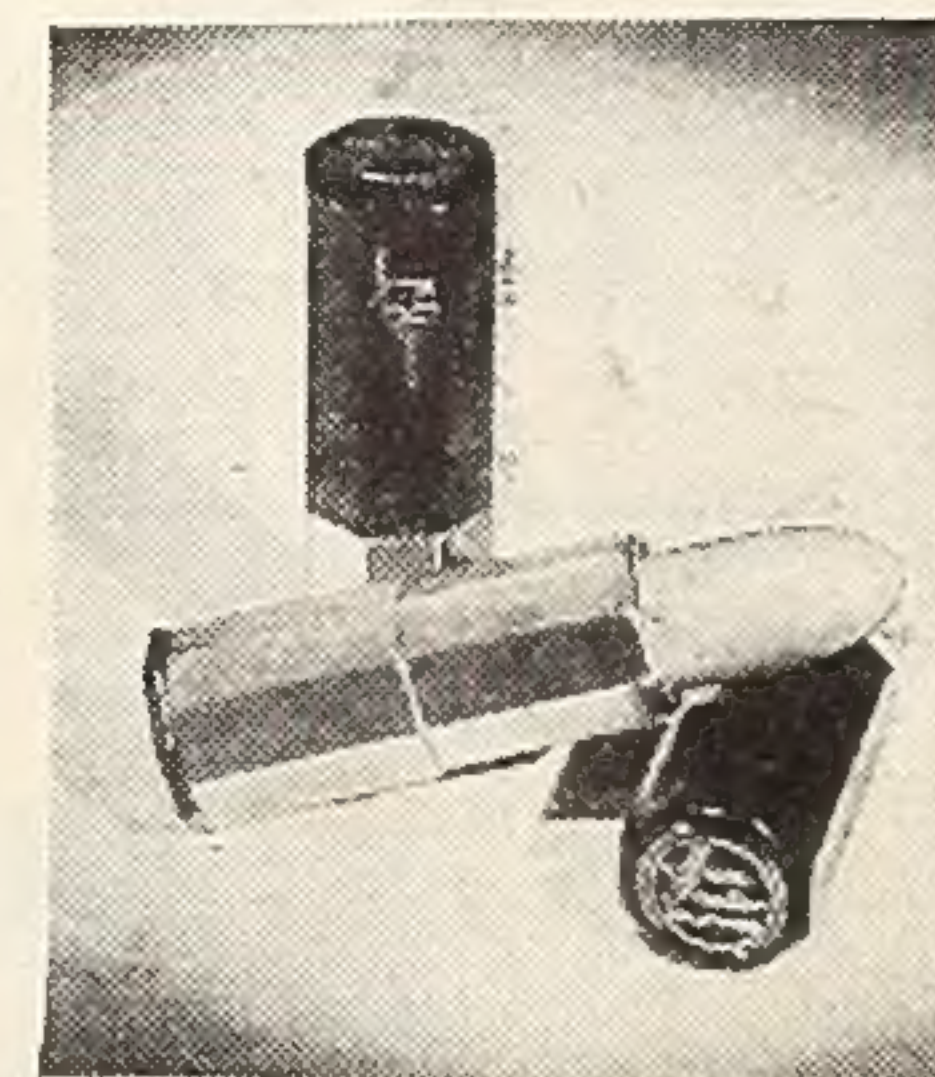
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For lasting lip color, apply lipstick to inner, as well as outer surface of lips. You can do this with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick because it's moisture-proof. Color harmony shades... \$1.



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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"..... FREE 17-8-45

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
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WARM WEATHER MENUS

By
Ruth
Corbin

(All recipes
pre-tested)

Cold Bever- ages Call For A Variation Of The Usual Luncheon And Dinner Recipes.



Valerie Hobart, the English star, shaking up the delectable drink so aptly called Hearts' Delight Apricot Nectar.

DID you ever try planning a meal backward? It's lots of fun and you'll be surprised at how many opportunities for a beverage substitute for tea or coffee you have been passing up. Of course, tea and coffee, iced and hot, are standard drinks everywhere. They can also be used as the basis of other delightful combinations. Here is a menu with a new dish built around Tender Leaf Tea.

Jellied Bouillon

*Crab Meat Chow Mein
Pineapple Wedges. Almond Cookies
or Preserved Lichee Nuts
Hot Tea

CRAB MEAT CHOW MEIN

- 1 large can White Rose Crab Meat
- 1 onion
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 can bean sprouts (optional)
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 bunch celery
- 1 cup water
- 1 teaspoon Argo Cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons Crisco
- 1/2 pound fresh or 1 can Jacobs mushroom buttons
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 can LaChoy Fried Noodles Soy Sauce

Remove tendons from crab meat. Cook 5 minutes in frying pan with butter. Add water mixed with cornstarch. Simmer 3 minutes. Put Crisco and finely cut onion in another frying pan and cook 3 minutes. Add celery cut in fine 2 inch long strips, mushrooms cut in slices and cook another 3 minutes. Combine mixtures, add salt, pepper and cayenne. If bean sprouts are used they must be cooked with celery mixture. Pour over warmed noodles and serve with soy sauce.

For an unusual breakfast, served with either hot tea or steaming Maxwell House Coffee try—

SWEET OMELETTE

Beat as many eggs as needed to a froth, whipping in, at the last, Jack Frost powdered sugar . . . for 6 eggs, a tablespoonful. Heat 1 tablespoon of butter in frying pan,

pour in eggs and shake with an easy, regular motion, always in same direction,—from side to side or, to and from you, until omelette is set and begins to curl at edges in line of motion. Draw to side of stove, cover quickly with Crosse and Blackwell currant jelly and roll up as you would a sheet of paper. Lay on hot dish, sift over with powdered sugar and serve at once.

A few simple luncheon or dinner menus follow:

- *Chilled Fruit with Minted Dressing
- *Deviled Cheese Rounds
- *Frosted Iced Tea

MINTED DRESSING

- 2 dozen after dinner mints
- 1 tablespoon hot water
- 1/2 cup Ann Page Salad Dressing
- 1/2 cup whipped cream

Dissolve mints in hot water, add dressing, stirring until well mixed. Chill. Fold in cream just before serving. Use this with several kinds of fruit, prepared and thoroughly chilled in separate containers in refrigerator. Try cantaloupe slices, watermelon and honeydew balls, orange sections, and fresh pineapple wedges.

DEVILED CHEESE ROUNDS

Mix soft, grated Borden's cheese, any preferred kind, with a little Coleman's mustard, cayenne and Lea and Perrins sauce. Moisten with Miracle Whip. Spread rounds of bread with cheese mixture, brown lightly under broiler. Serve at once.

To frost tea use half a lemon from which juice has been squeezed, wipe rind around rim of glass, moistening slightly inside and outside edges about 1/2 inch down. Dip rim of glass in bowl of powdered sugar. Sugar will stick to moistened rim and look cool and frosty. A sprig of mint will acquire a lovely frosted look if dusted with powdered sugar. Old fashioned lemonade may be substituted for Frosted Tea.

- *Rum Tum Ditty
- Stuffed Tomatoes Celery
- Parker House Rolls
- Refrigerator Pie
- Iced Coffee

RUM TUM DITTY

- 1/2 cup water
- 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
- 2 medium-sized onions
- 1 pound Kraft's American cheese
- 1 teaspoon each paprika, Worcestershire, salt, Coleman's mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon white pepper
- 3 eggs, separated

Combine water and soup, add sliced onion. Boil 10 minutes. Add thinly sliced cheese, stir constantly until melted. Add seasonings mixed with beaten egg yolk. Beat whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in cheese mixture. Stir until thoroughly blended. Serve on toast or crackers.

REFRIGERATOR PIE

Here's a very new and timely ice box pie which can change its dress as often as you desire and still continue in popularity. The pastry can be made of lemon snaps (about 40 for a 9 inch pie), vanilla wafers (about 28), graham crackers (about 18). To these crackers, crumbled fine, add a scant 1/4 pound of butter. Cut in well with a knife. Moisten with sufficient cold water to spread and line bottom and sides of pyrex pie dish.

Whip 1/2 pint of cream, add few grains salt, a few drops vanilla, 1 teaspoon Knox Gelatin dissolved in a little water, and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Spread over chilled pastry. Wash, hull and slice a pint of strawberries. Place on cream mixture. Dissolve 1 package Royal Strawberry Gelatin as directed on package. Chill until it begins to congeal. Pour over the strawberry and cream pie. Chill in refrigerator several hours. With pastry bag and rose tube garnish pie with cream and tiny bits of strawberries. Instead of this combination omit the cream and try alternate layers

of bananas and white cherries, seeded, ending with bananas. Pour over this a cherry gelatin and chill.

- *Dipped Strawberries
- *Jellied Ham Mold
- *Rye Rolls
- *Frosted Coffee, Orange or Pineapple

DIPPED STRAWBERRIES

Blend together 1 tablespoon butter and 2 cups powdered sugar. Stir in slowly 3 tablespoons milk until mixture is thick enough to spread. Add 1 teaspoon Morrow's Vanilla. Do not remove caps from strawberries. Wash well and dip tips in frosting. Chill. A quart makes 6 servings. Use as a cocktail or dessert.

RYE ROLLS

1 cup Gold Medal flour, sifted before measuring. Resift with 1 cup rye flour, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt. Work in with 2 knives until mixture has appearance of coarse corn meal, 1 1/2 tablespoons Crisco. Stir in 7 tablespoons Pet milk diluted with 7 tablespoons water. This makes a stiff dough. Knead lightly on floured board 3 minutes. Form into 2 inch balls, arrange close together in greased pan. Let stand at room temperature 15 minutes. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes. Makes 15.

JELLIED HAM MOLD

Soak 1/4 teaspoon Knox Gelatin for 5 minutes in 1 tablespoon cold water. Scald 1/2 cup milk, add soaked gelatin and stir until dissolved. Pour in bowl. Chill before whipping. Soak also 1 tablespoon gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Dissolve by holding over hot water. To this add and mix well 2 cups cooked, ground ham, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1/2 cup chopped green peppers, 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 chopped hardcooked eggs,

1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1/2 cup mayonnaise. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Then whip cold milk with rotary egg beater and fold into ham mixture. Put in mold and chill. Unmold and serve on lettuce.

GRAPE PUNCH

- 1 pint hot double strength tea
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 pint Welch's Grape Juice
- Juice 4 lemons
- 1 12 ounce bottle Hoffman's Ginger Ale
- Orange and lemon slices
- Juice 2 oranges

Pour tea over ice cubes. Add sugar and fruit juices. Add ginger ale. Garnish with orange and lemon slices.

PINK LADY

Boil 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup water 3 minutes. Cool. Add 1/2 cup raspberry syrup, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, contents No. 2 can Dole's Pineapple juice and then the contents 1 pint bottle carbonated water. Serve over cubes of frozen tea.

LEMON AND LIME

Mix juice of 4 lemons with juice of 1 lime and 4 cups water. Freeze 1 pint grape juice in refrigerator trays without partitions, to a mush. Fill glasses with crushed ice, pour over lemon-lime mixture and top each glass with spoonful of frozen grape juice.

For any of above 3 drinks the menu should be chicken-vegetable salad, cheese wafers and Danish pastry.

And here is something new in milk drinks . . . take Hearts Delight Apricot Nectar, fill a glass half and half with milk and nectar, shake well and, yummy, what a thrill. Milk drinks go well with cookies and sandwiches.

HERE'S THRILLING NEW LUSTRE FOR HAIR ALL SUMMER LONG

Amazing Shampoo Discovery
leaves hair unbelievably soft, manageable,
and radiantly beautiful
—whether dry, normal or oily

THIS summer, you can easily and quickly see your hair become more glamorous than you ever dreamed possible. Soft, radiantly beautiful, easy to manage—even on hottest days. For, today, there are two amazing kinds of Drene Shampoo, which work seeming beauty miracles for hair during hot summer months. Remove beauty-clouding dirt, grease and perspiration with a single sudsing. Leave hair silky-smooth, fragrant, beautiful beyond description.

For you to possess such glorious hair, simply do this: If your hair is inclined to be dull, dry-looking, and unmanageable, use the new *Special Drene Shampoo for Dry Hair*. Otherwise, use *Regular Drene*.

Drene performs this beauty miracle because it is different from ordinary shampoos. So different that the process by which it is made has been

patented. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. It employs a remarkable, new, patented cleansing element that actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing in plain water. We have not found a milder, safer, more beautifying shampoo. Yet, hair is left gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinses of any kind.

Procter & Gamble make and guarantee Drene Shampoo—which is used by more women than any other brand of shampoo. Get either *Special Drene for Dry Hair*, or *Regular Drene* at drug, department or 10c stores. Or, ask for a Drene Shampoo at your beauty shop. You'll be thrilled to see how easy it is to keep your hair brilliantly beautiful during the summer with Drene. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

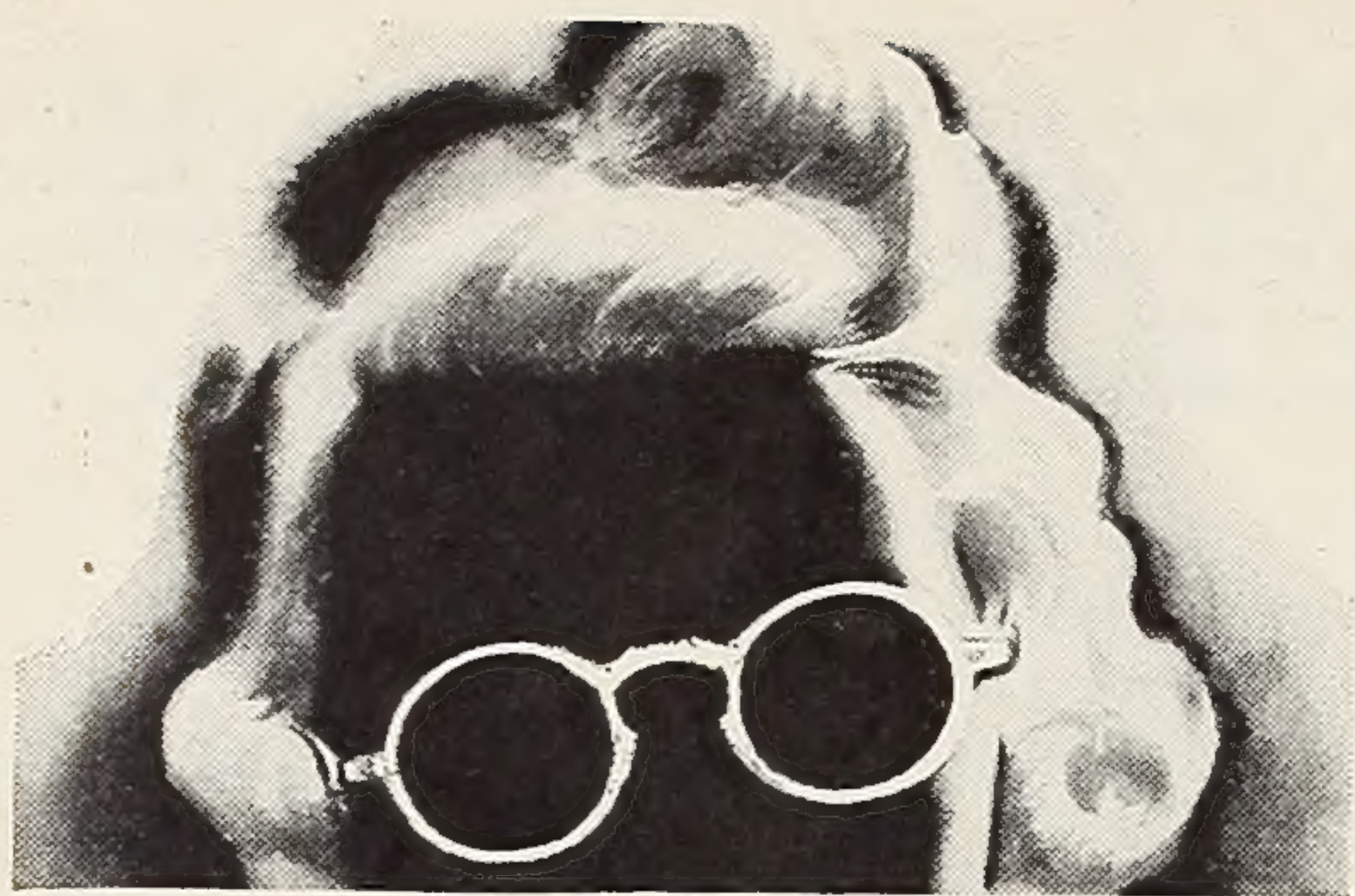


For Dry Hair,
use Special Drene
for Dry Hair

For Normal
or Oily Hair, use
Regular Drene

In Hollywood

where all outdoors is a playground for the movie stars; where beaches are lined with world-famous beauties—a survey made by the leading Hollywood newspaper revealed that more women now buy Drene Shampoo to keep their hair beautiful than all other leading shampoos combined.



Blondes! —Avoid Sun "Tarnished" Hair

A vacation's no fun without a good coat of tan. But don't let your hair get that dried-out, "tarnished" look from salt water and excessive exposure to sun. Because most shampoos are too drying, some 987 beauty editors suggest Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo. It is easier to use than ordinary shampoos. Admiracion cleanses each hair fibre... but it does not rob hair and scalp of the essential natural oils that keep your hair healthy. Come back home with that burnished beauty look in your hair... use Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo. Sold with a money-back guarantee. For a trial sample send three 3-cent stamps—Dept. 31, Admiracion, Harrison, N. J.

New FOOT RELIEF

Instantly Stops Pain Caused by Shoe Pressure, Friction

Apply Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX on corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions or tender spots on feet or toes caused by new or tight shoes—pain stops! Removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Cut this velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster to any desired size or shape and apply it. Flesh color. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. **FREE** Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER



"I like Sitroux Tissues... they don't come apart in the hand!"

SAYS DOROTHY PAGE



SITROUX
(Pronounced "SIT-TRUE")
face tissues
CLEANSING TISSUES

DOROTHY PAGE
lovely Republic
Pictures star
currently
appearing in
"Mama Runs Wild"

**10¢ & 20¢
Boxes**

SITROUX

(Pronounced "SIT-TRUE")

**AT
YOUR
5 and
10 cent
STORE!**

Stars of stage and screen prefer Sitroux Tissues. So soft, yet so much stronger, they hold together! Care for YOUR complexion with Sitroux Tissues. Get a box today!

COOL AND CRISP!

Mary Lou Lender, Harold Lloyd's new leading lady, thinks there is nothing so dainty as white organdy when the thermometer soars into the 90's.



How To Look And Feel Fresh As A Daisy In Mid-Summer.

By
Mary
Lee

THE big point of personal popularity in mid-summer is that cool, crisp look. Every star will tell you this, and the stars know, because they get more practice than most of us in a year-around climate like California. That enviable flower-garden appearance is a matter of care with details—body care, make-up and costume. And I can assure you that when you look cool, you feel cooler, though the temperature may not have dropped one degree.

That cool look starts with your bath, as do all the other desirable "looks"—chic, beautiful, dainty, appealing or whatever is your special forte. Tub or shower addict, keep your summer water cool or tepid. Hot water opens the pores and makes you perspire profusely afterwards. Cold water is too stimulating. It arouses circulation, and the temperature contrast with the warmer air later makes you feel unduly warm. Tepid water is cooling, soothing, refreshing and cleansing. Use plenty of soap, and if you like a clinging fragrance afterwards, something like Cashmere Bouquet is recommended. Its rich lather, its sweet perfume, and its gentleness to the skin are marks in its favor.

Or have you tried a bubble bath? Usually, we associate this bath with an expensive salon, where we sit in a tub of foam up to the neck and glory in it. The Usa Foam Bubble Bath, in perfumed mineral crystals or concentrated liquid form, is a grand idea for home use. Whichever form you prefer, placed directly under the tub faucet, with water turned on full pressure, gives you a blanket of beautiful soapless bubbles. Recline in this, as if floating on a cloud, and know bath luxury. Either preparation makes ordinary water as silky soft as rainwater; you know how good that is for your skin, and it leaves no tub ring. Bathe with soap, because the Bubble Bath foam is soapless, and know a real exuberance of body and

spirit when you're done. This Bubble Bath is especially welcome when you're tired and have a big date or want a night of deep, refreshing sleep.

Bathing alone won't solve the perspiration question in summer. All normal healthy people perspire, but of course the thing is to keep this fact to ourselves. There are many preparations to aid you in this, liquids, creams and powders. I've mentioned many of the liquids from time to time, so Arrid, a cream, deserves a good word now. Arrid both deodorizes and stops perspiration where applied. It's very gentle on sensitive skin, stainless and takes only a few seconds to use. I think wives, too, might do husbands a great big favor when they're going to the club for dancing or any special exertion by suggesting Arrid. Men are at a great disadvantage in summer because of coats, and the use of Arrid or a similar preparation is certainly the answer to keeping fresh and immaculate. There's nothing sissy about Arrid, and so I think plenty of the boys will welcome a wifely tip.

Eau de Cologne, toilet water or any such preparation, plus dusting or talcum powder keeps body skin smooth, fresh and fragrant. Apply the liquid, rubbing it over your skin with the palms of the hands. Then a big, generous dusting of powder. Maybe you know that Djer-Kiss talcum has been a favorite of women for years; that it has an unmistakable and lovely perfume, and that it keeps you sweet, in spite of heat. A girdle, even on hot days, slips on much easier with your skin dry and smooth with powder. And that reminds me—refreshing baths for the girdles, too. They need frequent ones in summer, and practically all of them wash as easily as stockings. A flake soap, like Lux, cleans them beautifully, and it is so easy to use. Too, after a bath, girdles have a way of resuming their original shape and moulding lines. Lux, also, is the answer

for complete immaculacy of any wearing apparel that can stand water alone.

Though these ideas are the groundwork for that priceless cool look, they are not all! Hair arrangement, make-up and clothes finish the picture.

Summer hair needs more frequent shampooing than winter hair, because of its exposure to dust and perspiration. That dank, flat look that hair gets when it's plastered down with heat, does nothing for you. Everyone I know who has tried the new Drene for Dry Hair seems delighted. Regular Drene is used for oily or normal hair, but it has been my experience that there is much more dry hair in summer than in winter, because the hatless vogue exposes it to the sun, which rapidly dries it. Drene for Dry Hair softens the parched texture of summer hair, leaves it beautifully clean, shining and manageable. Another advantage, it may be used in warm or cool water, which is a great convenience in the country or out-of-the-way places, when the hot water heater may not be on the job. As to arrangement, the up idea is splendid, if becoming. It makes you both look and feel cooler. However you wear your hair, keep the line groomed and neat, except for play purposes. It will add immeasurably to your grooming.

Work over-time, if you must, to keep your make-up fresh. Most of us need at least a one-tone deeper face powder for summer, because all skin deepens somewhat in color. Powder lightly in summer but evenly and smoothly all over, and renew frequently. Those lotion-saturated cleansing pads are so easy and quick to use and are a warm weather blessing. I don't think I've ever talked to a star about make-up but what she emphasized the importance of fresh make-up, which means removing the old and applying new. Don't use too much rouge, or you'll look too flushed, and do use a lipstick that stays neatly in place. The Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick is a good idea, for this lipstick clings like an old friend and the colors are lovely. A perfect lip-line adds composed, cool beauty to any face. Another make-up idea I think you'll like is the new Camille Cream Mascara, which comes in a tube to be applied with either a moist or dry brush. Tube and brush are fitted into a plastic container that fits into a corner of your purse and prevents spilling. A particularly good idea for the traveler who wants to retouch lashes but cannot find water at hand.

Last minute bathing beauties, please note: You may know about Lydia O'Leary's Covermark Cream, that life saver that enables you to conceal discolored facial birthmarks and scars so perfectly no one could ever guess. It's wonderful for broken veins in the legs or body discolorations, too, when you don your bathing suit, and is now available in a trial size at a price much less than the former size.

As to costumes, wear colors that are cool—white, navy, pastels and so on. Hang aside the black crepes for a while. Let's take advantage of the lovely cotton, linens, rayons and silks while we can. The summer season isn't long, so gather your rosebuds while you may.

CHANGE OF TITLES

"Ground Crew" (Richard Dix)
has been changed to
"Northern Flight"

"Going Places" (Jane Withers)
has been changed to
"Keep Smiling"

"The Clean-Up" (Chester Morris)
has been changed to
"Smashing the Rackets"

THIS NEW GREASELESS
ODORONO ICE
IS SIMPLY A DELIGHT
TO USE



YES—AND IT KEEPS
YOUR UNDERARM
ABSOLUTELY DRY AND
IT LASTS AS LONG
AS 3 DAYS



NEW ICE DEODORANT

is cooling, vanishes completely,
checks perspiration instantly

HERE'S the last word in underarm daintiness made to order for busy, fastidious moderns! The new Odorono ICE meets *all* the requirements... quick application, greaseless, cooling, *checks perspiration!*

Based on an entirely new principle—this new ICE deodorant disappears as you put it on. Leaves your underarm cool and refreshed, yet checks perspiration

instantly! You can forget about offending odors and embarrassing stains for as much as three whole days. Use Odorono ICE according to directions on the label of the jar.

Protect your feminine charm—the friendships that are your natural right! Get a jar of Odorono ICE today! Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

"SAFE—cuts down clothing damage, when carefully used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 8-S-8*, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 427, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



*Trade Mark
Reg. U.S.
Pat. Off.

*
ODO-RO-NO ICE
COOLING — NON-GREASY

Try the *NEW* different
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
the dental discovery of the century



At last a dentifrice energized by saliva! Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before! Because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.

Luster-Foam ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth... you can actually feel it work. Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny aromatic bubbles of detergent energy (20,000 to the square inch), which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits that dull the teeth. Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

Areas Never Reached Before

Next, Luster-Foam surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach... the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form... the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucin, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And now is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

GET ACQUAINTED OFFER

1¢ SALE
PAY ONLY 1¢
FOR BIG 25¢ TUBE

of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste
WHEN YOU BUY ANOTHER AT REGULAR PRICE

For the sole purpose of letting you discover for yourself the benefits of the improved NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, we make this big 1¢-sale bargain offer. Now at all drug counters. The supply is limited—act quickly. If after giving the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, return the partially used tube with the unused tube, and we will refund purchase price.

Money back if not satisfied

IT'S NEW!



At all drug counters NOW!
Offer good only while dealer's supply lasts

SILVER SCREEN

JEANETTE MACDONALD is wearing a compact clip. If you haven't seen them, start searching. Jeanette's is her pride and joy and so handy. It is no bigger than a dollar—which is not very big these days—is silver, with modernistic design. It holds a tiny magnifying mirror and flat puff and just enough powder for that last minute dab before keeping an important date or a business interview. It is worn clipped to the coat lapel and saves all that digging around in the hand bag when in a hurry.

Topics For Gossips

CHARLES FARRELL, who's now about to essay a film comeback, tells one on a star whose success had gone to his head.

"Two youngsters waylaid the star at a preview," Farrell recounts. "They asked for autographs. He signed, but one of the youths looked disconsolate.

"Why, what's the matter, little man?" he asked. "You ought to be very happy about getting the autograph of a big star."

"Nuts to that!" the boy countered. "I just bet Elmer over there a quarter you couldn't write."

A WATCH salesman was hounding Bob Burns. "This crystal positively will not come out," he told Bob. "And every time it does I'll give you another one absolutely free."

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., thought of something new in the way of parties recently when he entertained for his mother and stepfather, Beth and Jack Whiting. After dinner, with the wind blowing a terrific gale outside, Doug turned out all the lights and everyone had to tell a ghost story. Among the gals who were so petrified with fear that they were afraid to go home were Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, and Hedy Lamarr.

LORETTA YOUNG and George Brent have found each other again after all these years. The rediscovery took place at the farewell party given the Darryl Zanucks by the William Goetzes, and neither Loretta nor George seemed to desire anyone else's company the entire evening.

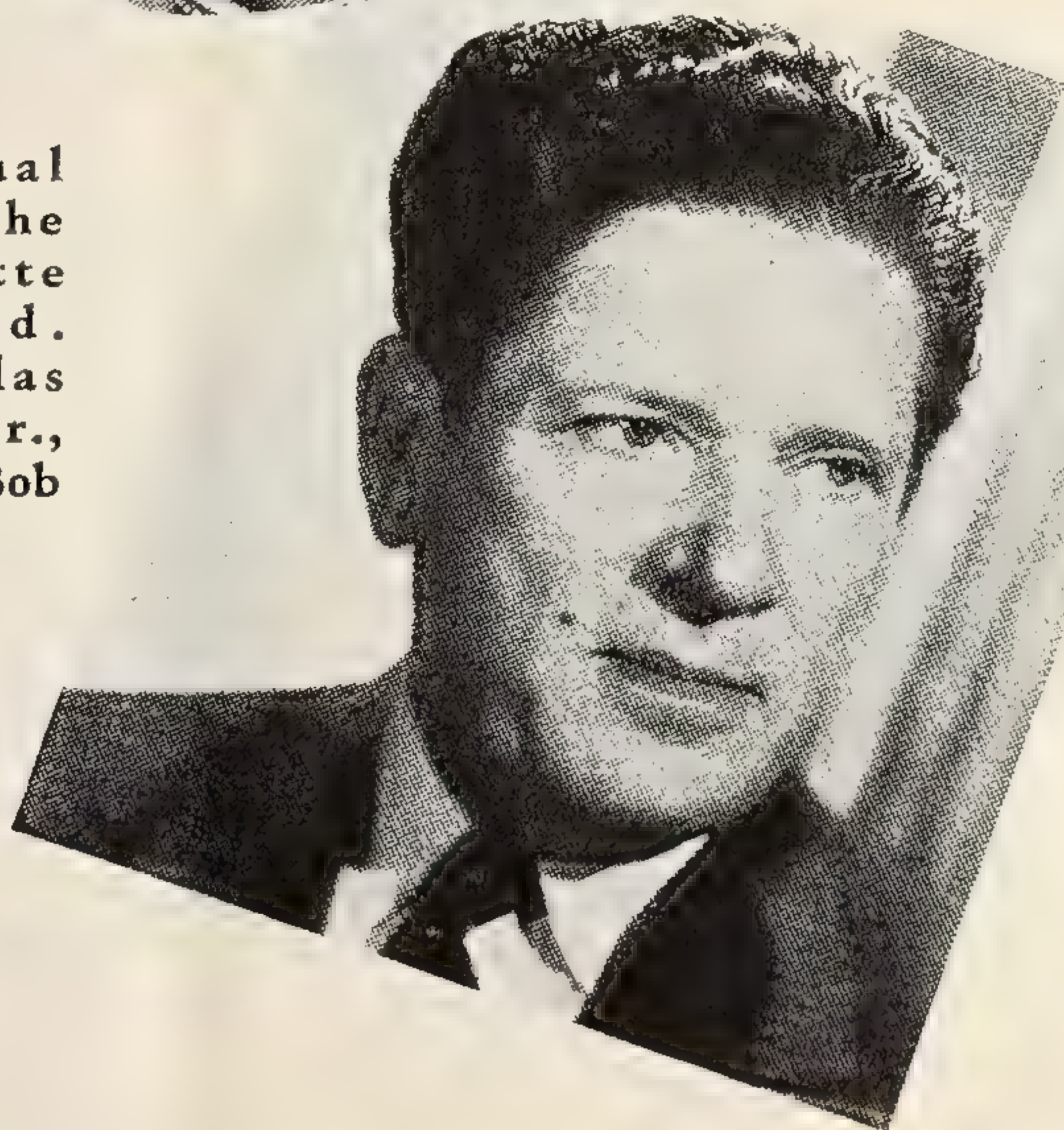
MAE WEST says that the trouble with most of the Hollywood leading men is that they are all kissed out when they get on the screen.

MYRNA LOY is wearing a new type of page boy hair dress for her next picture. And Norma Shearer has decided that Garbo had the right idea and is now wearing her hair in a Garbo bob. She loathes sitting so long under a dryer, so she shampoos her hair herself, and has her maid curl up the ends. Although Norma went blonde for "Marie Antoinette" she has now gone back to her natural brown color. Merle Oberon, her best friend, persuaded her to.

TO THE question: "What do you do with your old clothes?" Barbara Stanwyck, filling out a publicity questionnaire in her dressing room, wrote: "I wear them."



In her usual place, at the top, Jeanette MacDonald. Next, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and right, Bob Burns.



SUE TRACY, Spencer's little daughter, visited her famous father's studio the other day, and at lunch in the commissary met Victor Fleming, who directed Spencer's last picture, "Test Pilot." When he asked Sue how she liked the picture she said, "Don't you like my papa? That's the second time you've killed him."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S studio will have you believe that little Miss Temple is writing a book. All her leading characters are princes and princesses, but the slaves and flunkies are Hollywood actors. In the big coronation chapter the Prince walks in, views the cheering multitudes and yells, "Quiet, kids. This is a take." Well, at that it will probably be far more interesting than most stories written about Hollywood.

ALTHOUGH Tyrone Power still takes Janet Gaynor to the previews—she was his girl at the swank preview of his last picture, "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—and dances cheek-to-cheek with Sonja Henie at Hollywood parties, his close friends will tell you that June Wilkins, a stock girl at his studio, is his one true love.

IT'S Irving Hoffman's story and it's our pet movie story of the month. Two men were discussing a writer. "How did he ever get to Hollywood?" one of them asked. "Well, it's a strange story," the other one said. "He used to be an insurance salesman. He sold a policy to a producer once and the producer thinking it was a script, filmed it, and it turned out to be a big hit."

NORMA SHEARER is superstitious about dresses. If she has a bad time in a dress she will never wear it again, no matter how expensive or pretty it is. And Adolphe Menjou is terribly superstitious about

dying in a picture. He always turns down screen roles that call on him to die.

THE favorite indoor sport in Hollywood right now is to go to see the revival of "The Shiek" and laugh heartily at Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres. But remember, Glamour Girls and Boys, as you rock in your seats, a new generation will be laughing at your revivals fifteen years from now.

DON AMECHE is taking rhumba lessons and cutting quite a figure these evenings. Not that Don wants to muscle in on Cesar Romero, the rhumba leader of Hollywood, but he not only has to dance it in his next picture but also has to teach it to Arleen Whelan.

By Louise Small

As told to

Ed Churchill

THERE are more beautiful faces, arms, legs, backs and teeth in Hollywood than in any place else in the world.

In pictures?

No.

In sandwich stands, behind counters, carrying trays, slugging typewriters and answering telephones. There used to be a lot more, but the owners have gotten sense and they've gone home. But the heartbreaking procession continues in and out of the film capital.

You see them come in proudly, confidently, bravely—and you see them go out broken and disillusioned. And you can't blame Hollywood. You have to blame Pumpkin Center and Stickville and Podunk. You have to blame the girls themselves and their friends. You have to blame enthusiastic but dumb advisors.

How do I know?

I'm a beauty contest winner in Hollywood. I won my first contest when my mother pulled me out of the water and made me enter at a German picnic at Abita Springs, Louisiana, when I was fourteen years old. I won hands down, too. I was Miss New Orleans in 1933, Miss Louisiana and Miss America in 1934.

From the time I collected my first cup, friends, well-meaning and enthusiastic, said:

"You ought to go to Hollywood. You'd be a wow!"

I was smart. I didn't listen to such advice. I followed a rule which I laid down almost immediately. It was not to make a pass at Hollywood until I got a contract. I held to that rule. I came to Hollywood at the expense of a studio, spent a year of heart-break, watched others have their brief crack at fame and fade out—then went out myself.

Every year, at just about this time, there are hun-

With a figure like this, no wonder Louise ran away with the honors.

TRUE OF A STORY
BEAUTY CONTEST
WINNER

You May Be "Miss America" At A World's Fair, But In Hollywood Beauty Doesn't Always Open The Studio Doors.



Mary Astor entered the movies via the beauty contest route and is one of the few who is still going strong.

dreds of beauty contests held in all parts of the United States. Every year there are hundreds of winners who hear, from thousands of people:

"You ought to go to Hollywood."

Some of the girls go. That's just too bad. Because, honestly, a beautiful face and a beautiful form and a beautiful back, or what have you, are just a part of the tools you need to get ahead in Hollywood. Just what you might call a background.

Some of the girls are smart.

There was B----- P-----, She was "Miss Something or Other" from out in the sticks. She came in with the promise of a role in a picture. She played that role.

Ray Milland tried to be helpful, and was, too.



She was pretty. She had corn-silk hair, a beautiful face, a remarkably good figure. After her work was done, she tried bits. She ended working in a file room.

"If this is glamour," she said, finally, "I don't want any part of it. I've found out I don't know enough to be an actress."

She walked out that day.

She walked right down to the offices of the registrar at the University of Southern California, enrolled, and began to study. B---- is one in a thousand. Well equipped to earn a decent living she'll step out some day, get herself a real job and amount to something.

For the other nine hundred and ninety-nine, who haven't that ambition, and can't shake off the glamour of it all, there's a sadder fate. They hang around until money is gone, vanished!

Or, consider the case of M----- J----- . This girl, a contest winner in the east, was "scouted" by a talent seeker.

"I can't sign you here," the scout told her. "But if you'll go to Hollywood, I'll be out there in a few days and I'll see that you're given a contract."

The man was a legitimate scout, employed by a major studio, and meant what he said. But he never went back to Hollywood. He was fired the day after the beauty winner, with her scant savings and her mother, left for fame and glory. When the scout failed to show up, the girl took her mother to the studio, told her story.

"We're sorry this happened," she was told. "We have no responsibility. However, we *will* give you work."

Luckily the girl had studied stenography. She got a job as a clerk. She held that job for months. And she was very, very lucky. In most cases, such a girl would have been turned away, left to starve, or go on relief, or in some way find her way back home.

The other day I went into one



Louise Small, Director Mitchell Leisen and Dorothy Lamour on the set during the making of "Swing High, Swing Low" in which Louise had a small part.



(Left) In spite of having such an alert and lovely face, Louise has had plenty of heartaches in Hollywood. (Right) Gail Patrick's success (and she was a contest

winner, too) has given Louise encouragement. (Above) Ellen Drew, another winner, has been fortunate enough to get a real "break."

of these drive-in stands.

The girl who waited on me was very pretty.

"You ought to be in pictures," I suggested.

The girl smiled ruefully.

"That's what they told me back in D----," she replied. "I came out here full of hopes. I started to save my dough to go back, when I found I couldn't get inside a studio. I met a fellow, and we got married. I spent my savings and he left me. It's just twice as hard to save up to go home—when you've got a youngster to support."

It's safe to say that three out of five young girls you find in the extra ranks, making less than \$500 a year, have listened to that siren song of the soothsayers. I've talked to fifty girls who have been "Miss Something or Other" during my days at the studios. Most of them wish they were back home.

"The climate is swell," they say, "but you can't live on it."

And they wish they were back with parents and with loved ones. But here's another tragedy.

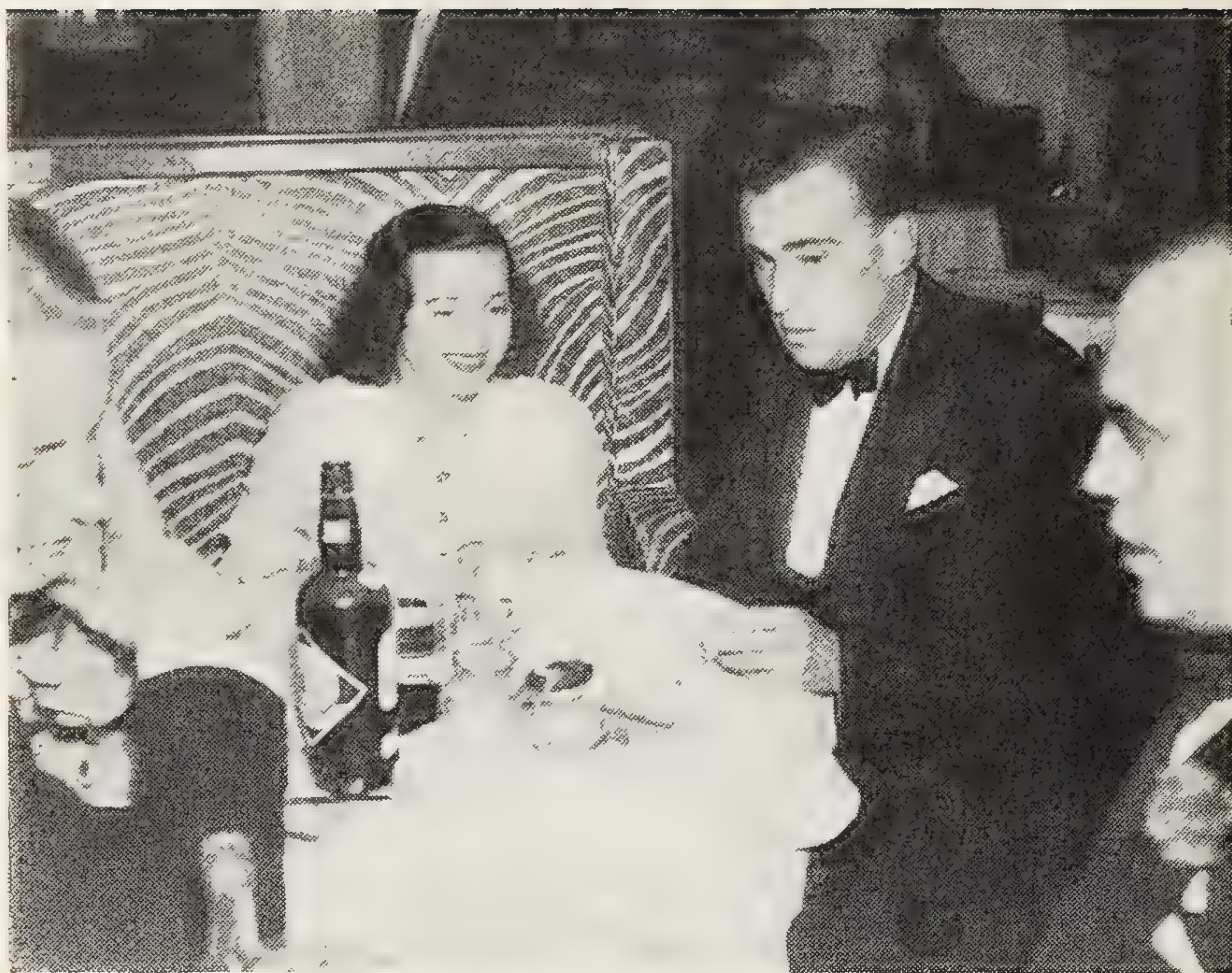
They've received such a build-up from the well-meaning town-folk that they're afraid to go home and confess they've failed.

I didn't have to come to Hollywood. It was my own idea.

I was born in New Orleans. My father was salesman for a bakery there and is now sales-manager. My mother is interested in social work. I attended public schools there, and later went to Sophia Wright High School. I started out with equipment that the average beauty winner doesn't have. I could sing.

At 10, I was in children's programs on the radio. At 14 I was singing with orchestras around New Orleans, always chaproned by my mother or brother, and had my own radio program. At 15, my fame, such as it was, had spread locally and I was singing in night clubs, and at banquets.

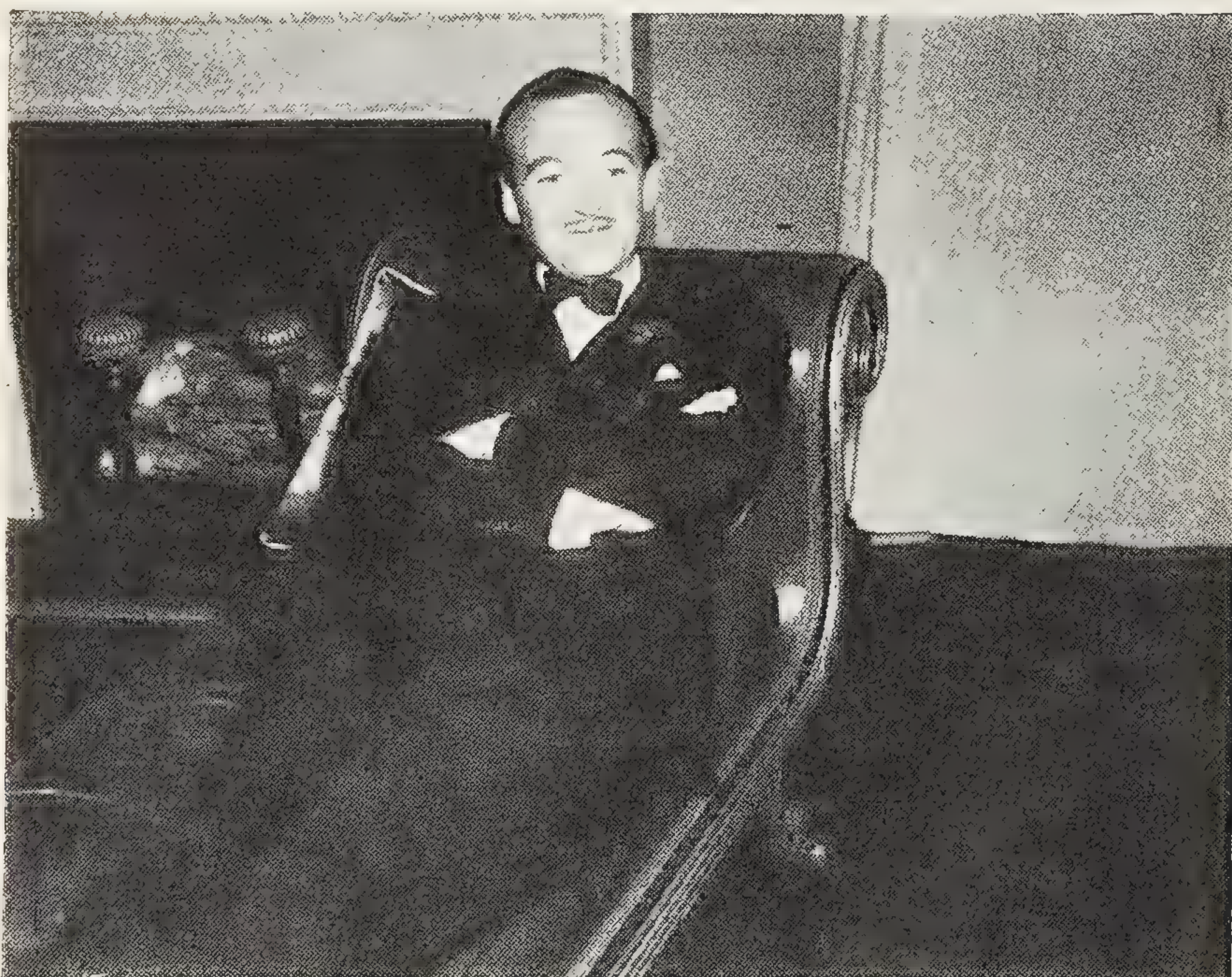
When I was 15—I was born December 8, 1917—I became "Miss New Orleans." The next year I was "Miss America," chosen at the World's Fair at Chicago. And if you [Continued on page 73]



Arline Judge with her millionaire sportsman husband, Dan Topping. Dan must be worrying about the bill.



Paul Lukas and Ralph Bellamy framing Mme. Frances, the dress designer, in private life Mrs. Nate Spingold.



David Niven more than usually relaxed. He is off for a vacation in England.



Hedda Hopper of the movies, and now a witty newspaper columnist, with two friends.



Ruth Hilliard, now Mrs. James Ritz, revisits El Morocco where she was once a hat-check girl.



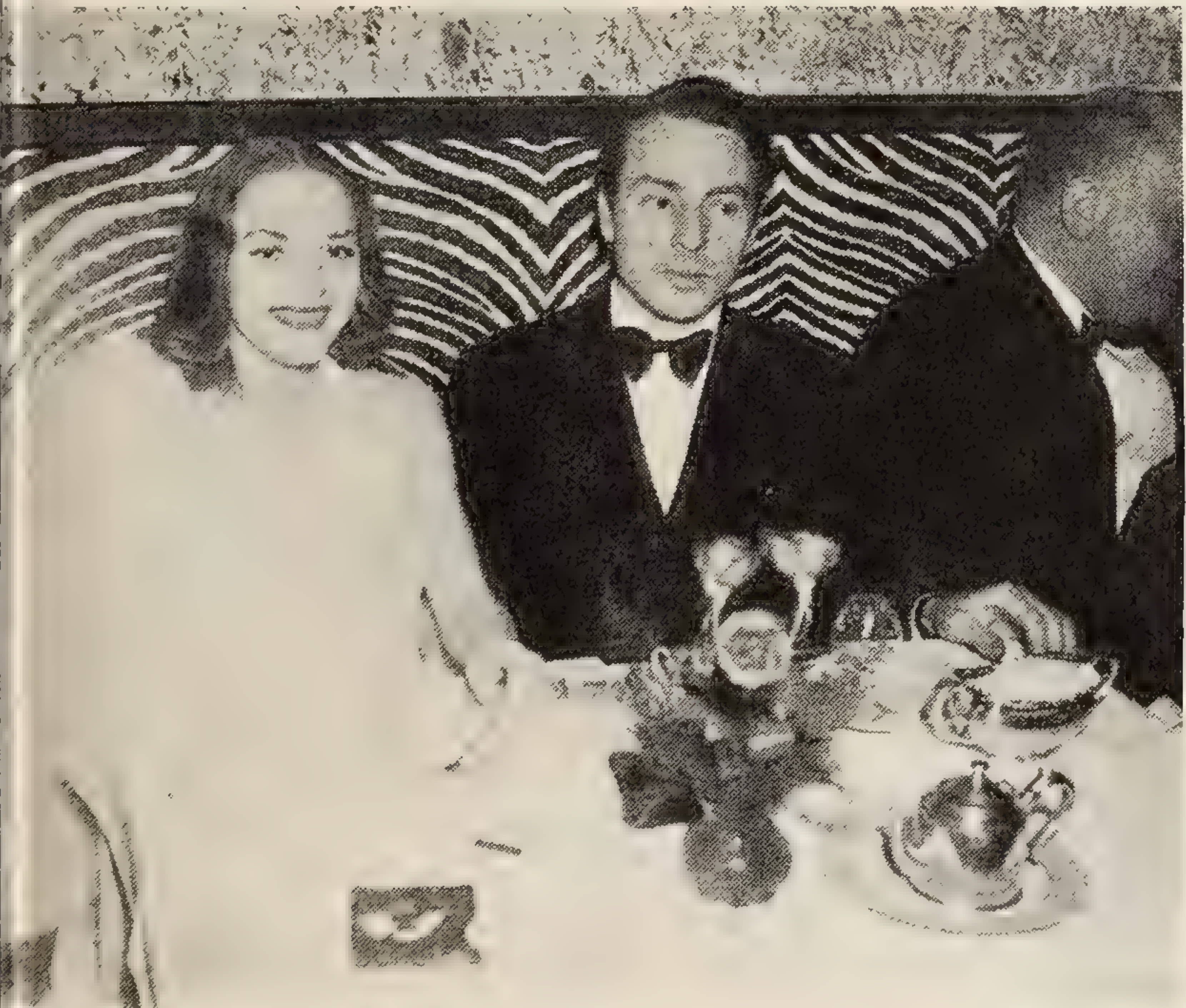
Joe Schenck does a mean rhumba with Mrs. Billy Wilkerson, wife of a Hollywood publisher.



Will Rogers' little girl, Mary, with pianist Jack Munroe and Miss Virginia Sinclair.



Phillips Holmes has a tall one with Mrs. George Kaufman, wife of the playwright.



Zorina, a sensation in the musical show "I Married An Angel," with Georges Balanchine.



Richard Arlen in a serious conversation with Hiller Innis, young Paramount executive.

Jerome Zerbe's

Flashshots

NO PRINCESS of a reigning house ever traveled with more people in attendance while on a shopping tour than Lily Pons. I chanced on her in a fashionable Fifth Avenue shop in New York with three women (secretary, press agent and companion) all dancing attendance, not to mention two salesgirls and a most attentive floorwalker. She had just married Andre Kostelanetz and was off for a European honeymoon in a day or so. When not in Hollywood La Pons lives in an enchanting farmhouse up in Silvermine, Conn. When she left the shop, the salesgirl turned to me and said, "Can you imagine anyone traveling with so many people around them? I'd call it a traveling circus."

When Jimmy Ritz of those incredible Ritz Brothers walked into El Morocco with his beautiful new wife, it recalled to mind one of the most fascinating and romantic stories in the history of New York night club life. Some years ago the hat-check girl at El Morocco was ill and she asked a girl friend Ruth Hilliard, to take her place.

Miss Hilliard was very beautiful, but had an ugly disfiguring scar on the side of her neck. That very night William B. Leeds, who inherited a great fortune from his father, and whose mother by a third marriage became Her Royal Highness Princess Anastasia of Greece, was at El Morocco dining with John Perona, Morocco's handsome owner.

Leeds remarked about the girl's beauty and the tragedy of her scar, asked her mother's phone number and the next day with great generosity arranged to pay all

On The Record. Zerbe Obliges. The Hollywood Famous Cannot Relax Without A Camera In Sight.

expenses for a plastic surgery job to restore her full beauty.

And so it came to pass that when Ruth Hilliard, now Mrs. Jimmy Ritz, returned to El Morocco where she had once been the hat-check girl, with her husband, there was not even the slightest sign of a scar to disfigure the ivory column of her neck.

When I heard Richard Arlen was in the



(Top) David Niven stops to visit with Mrs. Wilson Hearst and socialite William Curran. (Above) A hair-do gets Richard Arlen in trim to join the ladies.

(Top) Lily Pons, shoes in one hand and mail order catalogue in the other. (Above) Merle Oberon, who grows lovelier every year, pauses in the doorway.

club one night, I tracked him down in the men's dressing room and photographed him before he had a chance to see me. Arlen is an amiable but serious enough fellow who is as serious about acting as he is about golf. He was very earnestly discussing the movie industry that night with Hiller Innis, the blonde young Paramount executive who might well appear before instead of behind the cameras.

I have always considered Hedda Hopper as one of the most fascinating women in all Hollywood. In the movies she has always played society women parts, and she is ideally suited to them for she has often been called "The First Lady of Hollywood." She entertains charmingly and simply in her Fairfax Road house in Hollywood. She is one of the few actresses of the screen who insists on keeping her phone number in the telephone book, and she is wise enough as a mother to let her son Bill Hopper follow his own career as an actor without trying to push him. She is the very opposite of the movie mother, probably because she is so important as a personage herself. Witty, gay and with charm etched with acid she, today, in addition to her acting, does a weekly gossip column for the Sunday Los Angeles Times. She was in New York for only a day or two on a publishers' convention and had all the newspapermen literally worshipping at her feet.

Four years ago there blew into New York

from England an amusing and engaging Englishman with a little money, good social connections and a keen desire to have a good time. He was a great success but soon tired and, after visiting in Palm Beach, he headed out to see friends in Hollywood. Shortly afterwards everyone was surprised to hear that David Niven had been given a term contract by Sam Goldwyn. Goldwyn had met him at several parties and, impressed by his ready and expressive wit, offered him a screen test. In fact he had two screen tests and, since Niven was self-conscious and frightened, they were both bad. Goldwyn, who was certain that he had what it takes, insisted on a third. Niven by this time was a mass of nerves and just before the test went out and got tight, and somehow that worked the trick, for this third test was good and Niven got his contract.

Today all the country is dancing to "I Married An Angel," and to those who have seen the play that angel will always be Vera Zorina. To the stage she has brought that fresh beauty which added fire to the Goldwyn Follies. A rare trait for a one-time ballerina, Zorina likes modern dancing, late hours and night clubs. She dresses very simply, usually her evening gowns are white, and it is predicted that this simplicity and tremendous grace will be reflected in young women of America within the next two years. Georges Balanchine, who is in the photo with her, is a famous ballet

dancer and teacher himself.

Whenever Joseph Schenck enters a place, the wistful, hopeful eyes of all the young beauties are turned toward him, hoping he will notice and "discover" them. He is a beautiful rhumba dancer.

One cannot help but wonder why Phillips Holmes isn't in more movies. Good looking and an undeniably good actor, one cannot help but believe that there must be a very definite place for him. With him is Mrs. George Kaufman, the wife of the playwright.

Mary Rogers, need it be said, is Will Rogers' daughter. She has come naturally by her love for the outdoors and much prefers snappy sports jackets and tweeds to evening clothes.

Arline Judge seems so happy in her role of mother and wife that her friends say they doubt if she will ever return to the screen. Certainly she and her millionaire husband have been leading a charmed existence, spending much of their time in sunny California and in Honolulu.

With the coming of summer, when the sidewalks of New York begin to sizzle and on week-ends it looks like a great city of the dead, the movie stars, along with everyone else who can, flee from the city, and if they are East at all it is at the summer stock companies that one can find them, somewhere in Connecticut or in the Cape, and it is on summer stock that I hope to do my next article.

PROJECTION OF NORMA SHEARER

By Elizabeth Wilson

UP UNTIL two o'clock of a certain day of June, 1936, I had merely thought of Norma Shearer as a great star. I treated her with the utmost deference and respect, and even when chatting amicably with myself I called her Miss Shearer. Joan Crawford might be Joanie and Myrna Loy might be Minnie but Miss Shearer was definitely Miss Shearer.

She was the wife of the Big Boss, her pictures were always Events, and she was generally conceded to be the arbiter of Hollywood society.

But on that certain day in June, 1936, I found myself lunching at the Santa Monica beach house of the Douglas Fairbanks', Sr., and completely surrounded by all the socially right people in Hollywood. Miss Shearer, beautiful and immaculate in a white sports dress, sat directly across from me. I don't know how I got there, I'm sure it was all a mistake, but anyway there I was quite miserable and horribly depressed about the whole thing. They were gabbing away like mad about *dear Kay's* party and as I hadn't been to *dear Kay's* party I had nothing to contribute, so with a sigh of resignation I applied myself to my food.

I must have applied myself with unusual gusto for the moment my knife and fork touched my lamb chop it flew through the air with the greatest of ease, closely trailed by a bevy of peas, and landed with magnificent aplomb right in Miss Shearer's lap. She couldn't have been more surprised

if someone had suddenly presented her with the head of John the Baptist on a silver tray. I, of course, died a thousand deaths then and there. Now, Miss Shearer could have been very, very angry; she could have been freezingly polite; she could have given it the *grande dame* and gone home to change her dress. But she didn't. She took one look at my horrified face and broke into the merriest, gayest laughter I have ever heard.

"This," she said extending my poor chop towards me, "is a little something I found that must belong to you. Now you'd think, wouldn't you, that Sylvia could afford tender cuts." And then, taking in everyone at the table, "Did I ever tell you about the time I spilled gravy down the stiffly starched shirt front of H. G. Wells?"

And immediately everyone had a pet story to tell about the time she spilled such and such in the lap of so and so. Now I am pretty sure that Norma has never spilled anything on H. G. Wells, or anyone else, but believe me, I never appreciated a white lie more. When luncheon was over, and I could go home, I told her once more I was sorry.

"Think nothing of it," said Norma with a grand smile, "When I like a dress I always buy several just like it. And the party



really was dull, you know, until you broke the ice."

I was never invited back to the Douglass Fairbanks', Sr., but I was invited two weeks later to Norma Shearer's—and she expressed great disappointment when I managed to keep everything under control on my plate. Slightly on the mad side herself, I discovered, she has the kind of sense of humor that I am a pushover for. She likes fun, and she likes laughter, and she doesn't see why one should be glum and serious when one can be pleasantly insane. Today I am among her most admiring fans. I never eat a lamb chop without thinking of her. And even when chatting amicably with myself I call her Norma.

The second best way of calling yourself to Norma's attention—the first of course is dropping a chop in her lap—is to stand on your head and balance a Ming vase on one foot and a Louis Quatorze chandelier on the other. She simply adores parlor tricks. With the slightest encouragement she will balance a glass of water on her forehead, lie down on the floor, and get up again

without spilling it. She can lift herself in doorways, make coins disappear, and all kinds of dizzy things.

She is an exhibitionist only when it comes to tricks. When it comes to games she is a rank escapist. She usually escapes to the dining room and grabs herself a sandwich.

At her own parties she very carefully sees to it that there are no games. After dinner she likes to have several musicians in to play and sing for her guests, and when their encores have all been duly applauded, everyone is invited into her private projection room to see a picture. She adores pictures and often shows two in one night, much to the disgust of her guests who do not always share her passion for the cinema. She is so crazy about pictures that she hardly ever misses a preview or a premiere and, I suppose, is the best informed person in Hollywood as to who-played-what-in-what.

She is one star at least who gets a kick out of being mobbed by her public. "If all I had to sign were autograph books I'd be very happy," Norma will tell you with a laugh. "It's signing checks that gets me down. There's something about signing a check that brings out the beast in me. I set aside one day a month for that ordeal."

For some strange reason which she has never figured out she becomes very anti-social when it comes to talking over the telephone. Even when her closest friends call she will say to her maid or butler "Tell her I'm having my hair done." . . . "Tell her I'm in a business conference." . . . "Tell her I'm giving an interview." . . . "Tell her I'm not home yet" . . . etc., etc.

Norma is the despair of her lawyer and her secretary because she is constantly throwing away valuable papers. For no apparent reason—she has a hundred things to do, a fitting waiting her at the studio, an appointment at the hairdresser—she will suddenly decide one fine morning that she must tidy up her desk and dresser drawers. (Like all very feminine women she keeps more legal papers under her handkerchiefs and stockings than she does in her desk.) Into the waste basket will go, helter skelter, bills, receipts, canceled checks, contracts, invitations, and insurance papers. Recently she and her secretary spent weeks looking for an important document concerning her income tax, when she blithely recalled that she had personally conveyed it to the garbage can during her last tidy spell. What a woman!

No matter what she wears Norma is always the most spotless looking person in a room. Her face always looks as if she had just scrubbed it with soap and water—as a matter of fact an English critic once said of her, "Norma Shearer's face is so clean you could eat ice cream off of it."

She hates traveling and had much rather spend all her vacations quite comfortably with her two children at her Santa Monica beach house. She likes to do things unexpectedly that have not been planned and her idea of heaven is a place where she can get up in the morning and find a date pad without a mark on it. Unlike most Hollywood celebrities she adores going to banquets and listening to the speeches—she thinks maybe this is a bit of sadism in her, but she's not sure. Personally, she can't bear to make a speech. But she makes very nice speeches when she has to.

She hates meeting new people and will avoid it as long as possible. She can't stand an open door. The minute she comes into a room she closes all the doors and opens all the windows. She has a lot of friends, but surprisingly few close friends. Merle Oberon is her best friend and when Merle is in Hollywood she rarely goes any place without her.

She who possesses the most beautiful and perfect profile on the screen was born on August the tenth in Westmount, a suburb of Montreal, Canada, at 507 Grosvenor Avenue to be exact. She has one sister, Athole, who is now the wife of film director Howard Hawks, and one brother, Douglas, who is the chief recording engineer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is of English, Scotch and Irish descent. Her great-grandfather, James Shearer, crossed over from Scotland in 1843 and established in Montreal the Shearer Construction Company of which Norma's father was president at the time she was born.

When she was eight years old her mother insisted that she study music, and although very naughty about it at first, she soon discovered, much to her surprise, that she was practicing two hours a day of her own free will and making great plans to become a concert pianist. But the nearest she ever got to the concert stage was as a song-plugger in a cheap movie theatre. When her father's business in Montreal failed as an aftermath of the World War her mother decided she and her two daughters, talented in the art of mimicry, might storm New York and try to get jobs

on the stage. They sold the family piano to raise money enough to make the trip.

Fourteen at the time, Norma will never forget her first trip to New York. "New York was an exciting experience," she says. "We rented cheap rooms at Ninth and 52nd Street. The elevated trains roared past our windows like dragons, every dull, yellow light a blinking eye. Sleep, for the first few nights, was impossible. We cooked our coffee on a tin of sterno and ate breakfast off the top of a trunk. It was all so strange. Somehow we weren't in the least discouraged, in spite of the fact that none of us knew the first thing about the theatrical profession.

The first year in New York was disillusioning. No one seemed to be at all impressed with the name of Norma Shearer which now opens doors like magic. It opened no door then. Though, eventually, she did meet the great Ziegfeld who told her that she couldn't sing and couldn't dance and was much too small for a chorus girl. This verdict was repeated by practically every producer in New York. Determination to show them that there was a place for her in the theatre became an obsession. And when Norma gets her determination up—she has the greatest determination of any person I ever met—look out!

With the little stock of money practically depleted Norma and Athole got their first jobs, at five dollars a day, as extras in a movie company that was shooting in Mt. Vernon. Nowadays Norma arrives at the Metro studio in a Rolls, puts her make-up on in a large luxurious dressing room while dozens of people flit around waiting on her and saying "Yes, Miss Shearer." But not so in those days.

"We would scramble out of bed in the darkness of early winter mornings," says Norma, "gulp a hasty breakfast and dash for the Grand Central Station. There we would board snow-piled cars for the studio in the suburbs. We dressed in a long room with cracks around the windows through which icy blasts blew continually. We borrowed frozen sticks of greasepaint from other girls and spread the thick, pink substance upon our frightened faces with cold, stiff fingers. The industry has changed since then. Leading men and women were not accountable to anyone. Sometimes we sat all day, waiting for them, shivering in the dressing rooms, watching the minutes slowly slip into hours. Sometimes they didn't show up at all."

But while the job was neither easy nor remunerative it gave Norma and



(Left) Norma with her close friend, Merle Oberon. (Above) The role of the rustling, glittering Marie Antoinette marks Norma Shearer's return to pictures. (Right) Count Fersen (Tyrone Power) and the ill-fated queen—the most famous lovers of all French History.

Athole their treasured pass key. Now they could declare to anyone and everyone who cared to listen, "We are experienced."

In her second picture, "The Flapper" with Olive Thomas, Norma received the grand sum of one hundred dollars a week—simply because she had the nerve to ask for it. But she went back to her old salary of five dollars a day, and glad to get it, when after several months of no work at all she finally managed to become an extra in a Lillian Gish picture "Way Down East" which was made at

the Mamaroneck Studio. This, she knew, would be her Big Chance.

For the Director of "Way Down East" was David Wark Griffith, the great star-maker. She finally managed to call herself to his attention and pleaded with him for a screen test. But the great Griffith merely smiled at her and said, "If I were you, I'd go home. Those Irish blue eyes of yours will never photograph." Norma went sick all over. A girl with less determination would have given up then and there. "I'll show them," she said when she could rid herself of that dreadful sinking feeling, "I'll show them."

But in the meantime their little money gave out, neither Mr. Shearer nor Douglas was able to send them any more, so trying to be very gay about it all the mother and two daughters decided that if they had to starve it might be more comfortable to starve at home. But hardly were they back in Montreal than Norma received a wire from her agent announcing a lead for her in "Pink Tights" (the star had walked out) and highly elated she and her mother rushed back to New York.

But the star of the picture recovered from her fit of temperament and Norma again found herself without a sign of a job in New York City. It was then she played a piano in a cheap movie house, read the want ads, and finally, down to her last dime, got herself a job with a commercial photographer. From then on things seemed to get better.

And then the Most Unexpected happened! One day the officials in the office of Universal Pictures in New York, much to their surprise, received a telegram from their Hollywood studio instructing them to engage a girl by the name of Norma Shearer. The telegram was signed, Irving Thalberg.

Norma had never met Irving Thalberg, she had never even heard of him, so when Universal tracked her down through her agent the wire was as much of a mystery to her as it was to them. (Several years later she learned that Mr. Thalberg had seen her on the screen in a bit at the preview of "The Leather Pushers" and had jotted her name down in his notebook as being potential star material.) The Universal office in New York didn't mind at all telling her that they had no idea who she was, but the boss wanted her and orders were orders.

While her agent was arranging her contract with Universal another most surprising thing happened. The New York office of the Hal Roach company offered her a contract to make pictures in Hollywood. This she refused at once because they asked her to change her name. And hardly had she recovered from that surprise than she received a third offer from Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

She had an awful feeling that somebody was playing a cruel joke on her, but the Metro office in New York, equally as surprised as Universal had been, assured her that everything was quite legal and bona fide. The Mayer offer was for \$150 a week, more than the other two offers, and transportation for her mother and herself. She signed the contract, and still in a trance left for Hollywood, the city of her dreams!

Four days later she made her first "entrance" into Hollywood, and for the first and last time she arrived unheralded and unpublicized. There was neither a photographer nor a flower at the train to greet her. It has never happened since.

When she first met Irving Thalberg at the studio she mistook him for an office boy. Embarrassed by her mistake she hastily told him all about her work in the East. When she finished he thanked her for coming and said with a sort of calm amusement, "We'll call you when the studio is ready for you."

She saw little of Irving Thalberg in the months that followed. There seemed to be no haste in putting her in a picture and it was all somewhat of a blow to an ambitious young lady who had been offered three contracts in less than a

[Continued on page 72]



Paramount Takes Advantage Of Corona Del Mar's Realistic Waterfront To Make Scenes For "Spawn Of The North."

ON THE shores of the balmy winter resort, Corona Del Mar, 60 miles south of Hollywood, 250 people are making realistic salt water scenes which, oddly enough, will bring to the screen for the first time the romance of the great salmon run that each spring makes Ketchikan, Alaska, the scene of a dramatic war between packers and pirates.

As we near the location for "Spawn Of The North" an erstwhile bath house is noticed. This is now a combination mess hall and quarters for the large company which numbers among its members George Raft, Dorothy Lamour, Henry Fonda, John Barrymore and Louise Platt.

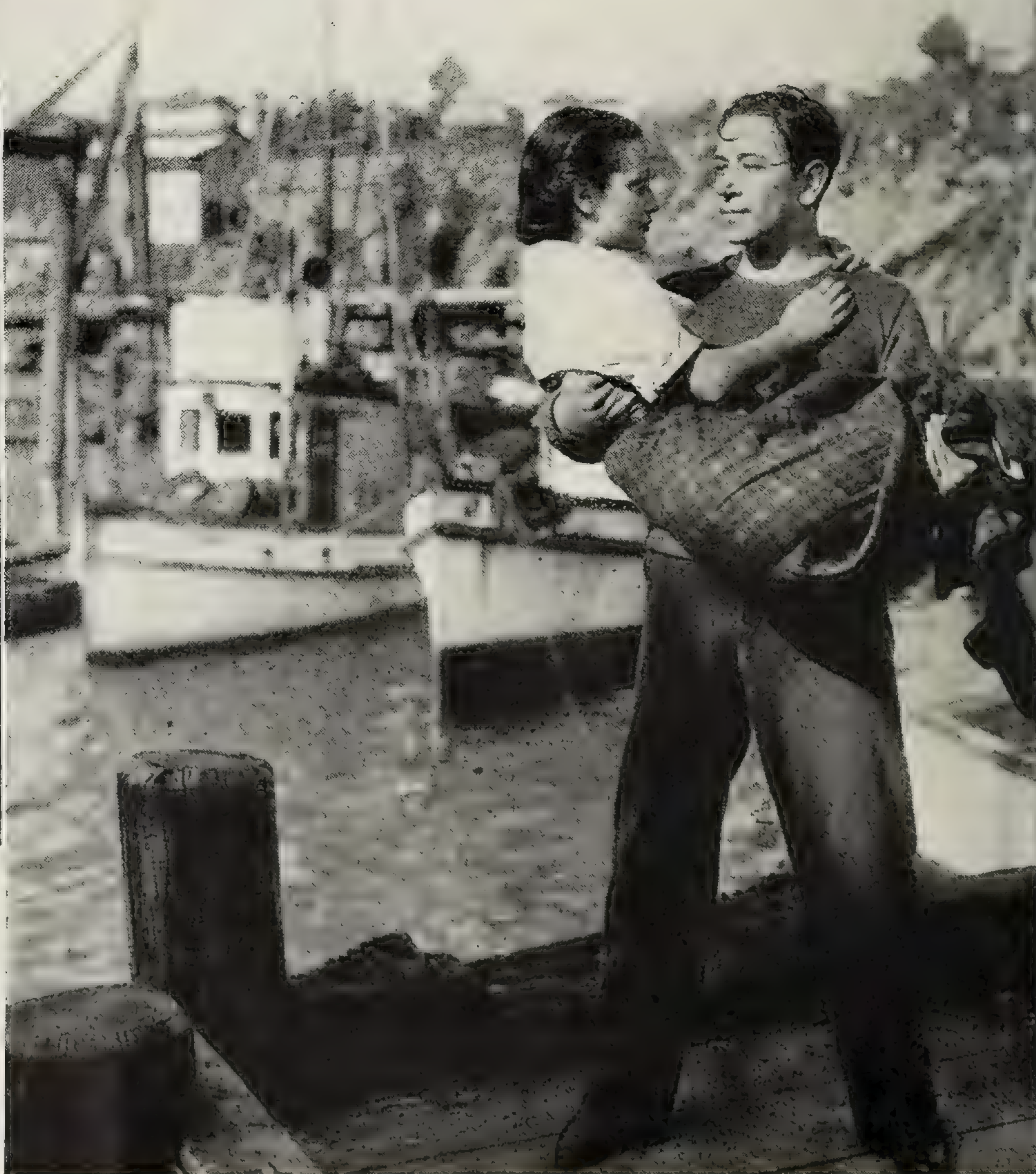
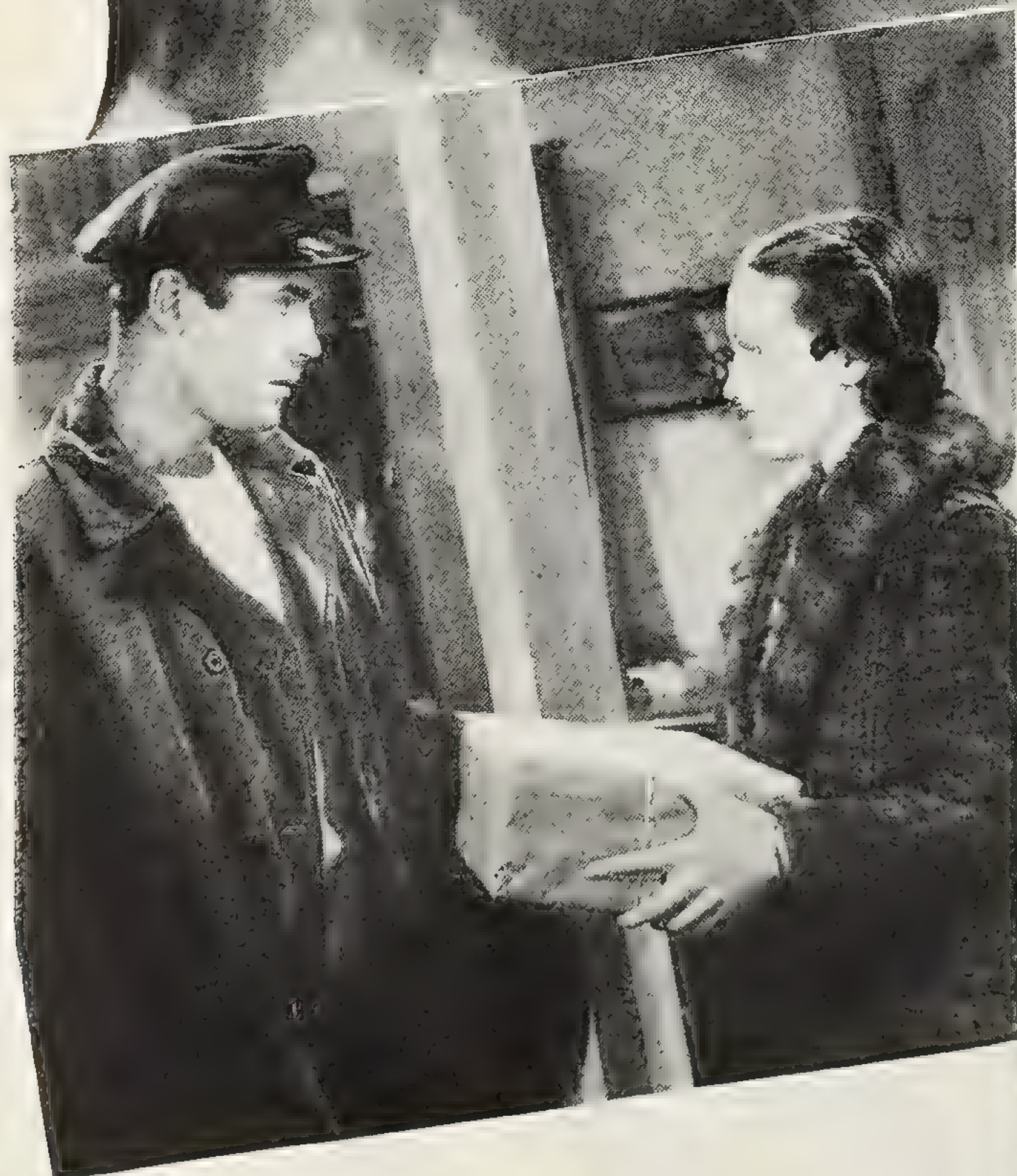
Henry Hathaway is directorial king of this "northern" fishing village sweltering in the 90 degree sunshine of Southern California. The only means of access by land is a road of boards laid over the sand from the distant pavement. The place looks rough and weather beaten; a community whose inhabitants wrest a hard living from the sea.

The actors are dressed in rough homespuns and calicos of the 1908 period. But they're having roast turkey for lunch, catered by one of the swankier Beverly Hills cafes.

After lunch Dorothy Lamour and George Raft are made up—that is, made up to look a bit smeared and weather-beaten, and prepared to depict a tender love scene in which George is going to take a beating. He must take a beating for two rehearsals before Director Hathaway shouts "Action!" for the cameras.

Up to his neck in the Pacific Ocean, he is trying to hang onto a float ladder while Dorothy Lamour hits him on the head with a two-foot salmon. This happens six times, for as many "takes" of the picture, and he finally registers a protest.

"What are you kicking for? That doesn't hurt," says Director Hathaway. "Look." And turning to Dorothy he uncovers his head and says, "Hit me."



(Top) Dorothy Lamour plays a girl of the Far North, with not a sarong in sight. (Above) With Henry Fonda in a scene from the picture. (Right) An emotional interlude, between George Raft and Dorothy.

So Dorothy winds up and socks him on the head with the fish—hard. Hathaway staggers, slips and goes down.

"Oh, you can't take it, eh?" says Raft. And the whole company howls.

Hathaway has his revenge however. He makes Raft undergo another "take."

During this scene Dorothy is bundled up in a fur parka. With the thermometer around 90 degrees and the strenuous exercise of swinging the huge salmon she is all but suffocated. Even the chilling fear of being typed as a sarong-draped "jungle girl" wilts in this atmosphere.

John Barrymore, seated out of the scene and swathed in a natty suit of the 1908 vintage, with high collar, voluminous vest and stout tan shoes, recalled that Dorothy was swimming in the Pacific in mid-January clad in a sarong. Dorothy retorts that either Alaskans should wear sarongs or Hollywood should make its northern epics, requiring fur-clad maidens, in mid-winter.

The next few scenes are long shots of George Raft on the deck of a small fishing schooner several yards off shore. By this time



At the Cocoanut Grove, orchestra leader Herbie Kay smiles at his wife, who made an appearance every night even when on location, as she dances by with Randolph Scott.



The important members of the "Spawn of the North" cast. Dorothy Lamour, Lynne Overman, Henry Fonda, Louise Platt, George Raft and John Barrymore.

ADVENTURES ON LOCATION

By Kathleen Coghlan

the red fire of the sun setting behind Catalina Island is signal for assistant director Holly Morse to call quits for the day.

John Barrymore, Henry Fonda and John's valet leave the village immediately for Laguna Beach, 15 miles distant, where they spent their nights during the location stay. George Raft was met by Mack Grey, "The Killer," and they both dashed to Hollywood where they attended the fights that night. On other evenings George would ride to Laguna with the others, but leave it to George never to miss a prizefight—that is, if he's within one hundred miles of one.

Dorothy Lamour, on the other hand, had a very special reason to scurry back to Hollywood just for the evening. As fate would have it, her baton-wielding husband, Herbie Kay, opened an

engagement at the famed Cocoanut Grove while Dorothy was working at this distant location. Three nights a week Dorothy sang with the orchestra. On the other nights, weary as she must have been, she was seen gaily decorating a ringside table, to help insure Herbie's success at the Grove. This loyalty meant that she must arise at 4:30 each morning, drive to the studio for makeup and thence the sixty miles to location where she would report for work at 8 o'clock.

The second day's shooting was mainly concerned with the high-diving activities of "Butch," the trained seal. Butch was supposed to dive from a second story window of the fishing village set while Dorothy and George looked on. The scene was all set to shoot while Butch's trainer looked on with alarm. After all, Butch came from the Pacific and given half a chance would probably return to it. He therefore insisted upon precautions.

So a little corset was made for the seal with an attachment for a long leash. But Butch refused to perform in it. Harnessed, he just stood there and looked up at the trainer pitifully. Obviously, something else had to be done.

Therefore a wide net was stretched under the water into which Butch was to jump. Then he was poised in the window and urged to take a dive. Now it was his turn to survey the setup with alarm. To begin with the window was too high. Butch wouldn't jump. Finally a prop man took the situation in hand and threw Butch out the window and into the Blue Pacific.

Now the fun began. Butch got clear of the net before it could be drawn taut and with a bark of joy he headed for the open sea. The background fishing fleet took off in hot pursuit. But every time the boat got close, Butch would dive in and come up laughing.

The rest of the company, on shore, behaved like a crowd at the midget auto races.

However, at last he was captured and brought ashore, tired but happy. It was all in fun anyway.

Back now at Paramount Studio and out on the Big T Tank, is a huge canvas enclosed arena in which reposes a replica of an old whaling ship converted into a dance hall. At the entrance is noticed an Indian totem pole and on inquiry it is divulged that the pole was brought from Alaska by John Barrymore when he cruised the northern waters several years ago in the yacht "Infanta." Hearing that Director Hathaway was looking for an authentic totem pole Barrymore got in touch with Dolores Costello, the former Mrs. Barrymore, at whose [Continued on page 76]

Virginia Weidler's future has been safeguarded by her wise mother.



Hollywood Is The Rainbow's End For Many A Talented Youngster. And, Nowadays, Their Guardians Can Be Relied Upon To Preserve The Greater Portion Of Their Earnings.

"WHAT is happening to the money of Hollywood's talented screen children—the money they have earned in the past and the money they are earning more or less continually right along?"

"Is it being carefully saved, or is it being spent as fast as it's received?"

"Is part of it being laid away for a 'rainy day' or is the whole sum-substance being squandered on this-and-that by perhaps well-meaning but ill-advised parents?"

These are momentous questions. They are questions that are on everyone's lips at this time.

Following Jackie Coogan's sensational suit against his mother and step-father to regain control of his fortune, the spotlight swept down on Hollywood in all its brilliancy—and set everybody thinking and thinking hard.

Jackie, whom thousands of fans must remember as a small



lad with great brown eyes, known as "The Kid" and star of "Peck's Bad Boy" and many other films, is now 23 and happily married to lovely Betty Grable. He estimated he had made \$4,000,000 during his youthful career, but his mother, Mrs. Bernstein, said her son should go back to school and learn

adding for his fortune was never that high. Anyway, she maintained whatever it was it belonged rightfully and legally to her.

Up until the trial, practically all the money Jackie had received out of the estate was a measly \$1,000 bill. Now, one grand note aren't exactly to be sneezed at these days, but, of course, between one thousand and the bulk of the Coogan funds there's as much difference say, as between Shirley Temple and Hugh Herbert!

Naturally, Hollywood—plus the world—now sits back on its haunches and begins to consider other starlets and their huge earnings. If parents take their children's money, what shall the children do? It's quite a question. Some, of course, might even go so far as to consider a sit-down strike, eh, what?

Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney in their latest picture together, "Lord Jeff." Freddie's financial road has been anything but smooth, while Mickey's has been clear sailing.

GUARDING

(Left) Deanna Durbin puts great faith in the financial management of her parents.



piling up her thousands. But since coming of age, she seems to have had one legal battle after another with her mother—all over her money. All this has, of course, lessened the original Minter fortune so that today it looks more like a mole-hill than a mountain!

The Freddie Bartholomew case is recent enough to be recalled by all. Freddie's sudden "coming into the money" was the incentive needed to start the ball rolling. Mrs. Bartholomew thought Freddie should come back to her (he has lived nearly all his life with his Aunt Millicent), Mr. Bartholomew thought he should take care of the finances, Freddie's two older sisters thought they should be in pictures, too. And everyone, it seemed, thought they should have a slice of the Bartholomew earnings! Consequently, a fortune was spent paying lawyers so Freddie could continue living with his adored "Aunt Cissie." Under the court's ruling, the aunt was made guardian of Freddie and his fortunes. The 14-year-old lad got up in court and explained he wouldn't be able to save much money during 1938, what with lawsuits and taxes and everything, but that last year his aunt had saved for him and



says Jane. Less than a fifth of this allowance is spent on herself, however; most of the money going to buy ice cream, hot dogs and other "fancies" for friends. She can't pass a newsboy or magazine carrier without making a purchase, and she has a weakness for

Jane Withers is the star of "Hello Hollywood." She gets top billing in her bank book, too. That's Henry Wilcoxon with her.

dime stores that has her frankly worried!

Jane's mother is bringing her up in an extremely wise manner. She has to make her own bed, do housework on certain days, and even "run errands." No spoiled young movie starlet is Mrs. Withers' small daughter! On the contrary, she is one of the nicest kids you could ever hope to find—anywhere! If she has any idea of her great importance, she keeps it to herself—and her weekly thousands roll off her back just as water off a duck's!

Mickey Rooney's mother, Mrs. Nell Pankey, says that her son has an investment trust that will net him between \$40,000 and \$50,000. Besides that, he possesses two 13-year endowment policies. At the age of 21 he will receive \$10,000 (and no one can get this but Mickey), and at 25 he gets another \$10,000—to do with as he chooses.

Golden-voiced Deanna Durbin earns a pretty good stipend

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carefully laid away for his future \$20,000 out of his earnings.

Jane Withers, just 12, and the sixth most popular star in these United States, puts \$1,000 a week into a trust fund of which she is sole beneficiary. All the rest of her plentiful earnings go into a bank account under her own name. Even now, Jane has to sign every check—that is drawn on it.

Her weekly allowance is five dollars. Last year it was \$3, but increasing shopping needs and "conditions" were responsible for the increase,



(Center) Juanita Quigley shares honors with Virginia Bruce and Herbert Marshall in "One Woman's Answer." (Left) Jackie Cooper, who has been going strong since his beloved "Skippy," doesn't fear depressions.

By
Gordon R.
Silver



(Left) Looking west on Hollywood Boulevard, corner of Vine Street. (Above) The attractive bar of the Trocadero—a good place to see players. (Below—left) A studio troupe making a scene right in the middle of the street. Wherever you go you may encounter picture makers at work.



What To Do And Where To Go.
Take In The Sights And Observe The
Famous Stars—They're Thrown In Free.

SO YOU want to come to Hollywood! Well, who doesn't? Wanting to come to Hollywood is a national disease and the only cure seems to be *to come to Hollywood*. Now this article is not addressed to the thousands of young hopefuls, both girls and boys, to whom Hollywood spells movie stardom. For them I merely breathe a prayer and wish them luck. They'll need it! Neither is this a story of warning and advice to the movie struck—there have been hundreds of such articles.

But this story is directed to the thousands of young women who want to come to Hollywood to spend that precious two or three weeks' vacation in the most glamorous city on earth. And who want to live cheaply, see as much as they can in that time and be in the center of Hollywood itself.

You, Mrs. Well-to-Do, pass this up. You won't be very interested. And you lassies who are undecided whether to stay at the Ambassador in Los Angeles or the Roosevelt

in Hollywood, just turn the page, too. Both of these hotels are exceptionally fine and very popular, but this article is for those to whom hotel rates are a bit prohibitive. For you who start saving right after Christmas for your vacation. Two weeks with pay. Maybe three, if the boss is good-humored and generous. You want to know where you can live cheaply; where to go; what to see; little secret means of cutting down expenditures without cutting down on fun; and you can't afford a chauffeured car to take you on a Cook's tour, either.

All right, here goes. Here are the suggestions I am passing on to you; discoveries that I made myself and that friends have passed on to me; and tips from various organizations. When you have finished this article I think you will feel that you will

SEE HOLLYWOOD AT SMALL COST

By Rowena Devine

have your bearings when you arrive in Hollywood.

I have been in Hollywood three years and have seen almost all there is to see but I feel I have retained enough of the newcomer's attitude to know just what

you are most anxious to find out about Filmland. I repeat, this is not for society debs. This is a working gal's tour of Hollywood. How to see the most for the least.

Naturally if you have a little extra nest egg or Aunt Mathilda breaks down at the last minute and writes you out a check for fifty dollars, you will be able to augment your pleasures. But if you have saved until you have your round-trip ticket paid for and have your two weeks' salary plus your small savings left for board, room and sight-seeing, take my hand and I will escort little Alice through Movieland.

First of all you want to live right in Hollywood. Naturally. You want the thrill of writing back home to the folks and your own intimate group of friends and giving your return address as Hollywood! Here is a secret I

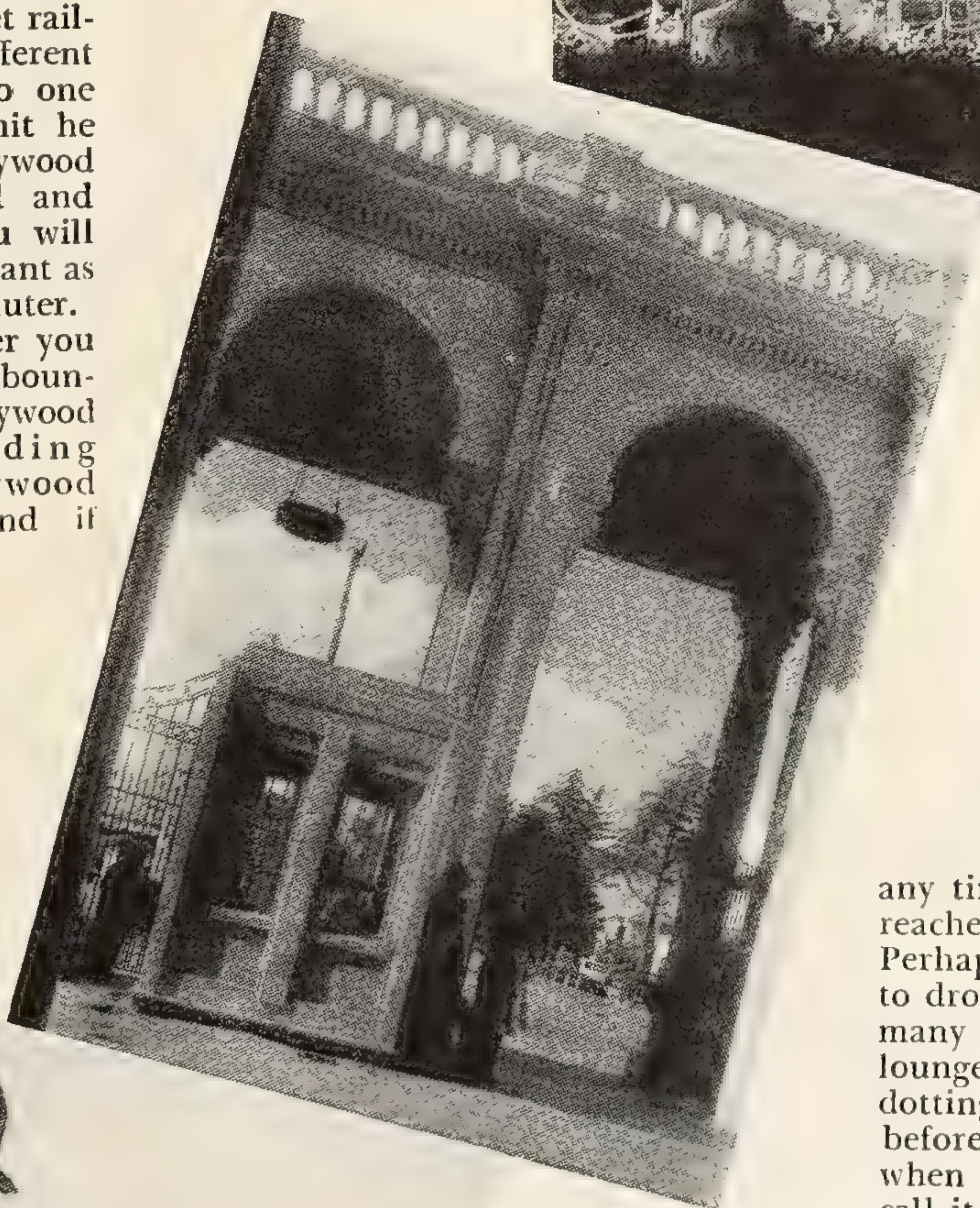
have never dared confess. I *still* get a kick out of that and after three years, too. Just an old glamour glutton at heart!

The train pulls into Los Angeles. (There is no railroad station in Hollywood). You are counting pennies so, unless you are extravagant, you don't take a cab to Hollywood, a distance of about nine miles. Once on the street with one small overnight bag in hand (check all other baggage at the station until you are located), you will find an obliging car starter standing in front of the line of street cars directing strangers to the proper car. Tell him you want to go to the Subway Terminal. He will point out the car; you drop seven cents in the box on entering and ask the conductor to tell you when you near the Subway Terminal. You

will have a short ride and when you reach Fifth and Hill streets, the obliging conductor will call out "Subway Terminal" and that is your exit cue. You can't miss the building one-half block away. It is big and grey and has a huge lighted sign "Subway Terminal." The terminal is a depot for street cars running to Hollywood, Glendale, Santa Monica and other adjacent towns. Walk straight through to the rear where a large sign will direct you to the Hollywood entrance gate. You CAN'T miss. There are several signs prominently placed. (Even I didn't get mixed up and I'm a notorious direction-mixer-upper).

At the Hollywood gate is an attendant who will sell you a ticket to Hollywood for ten cents. Pay him your fare, walk through the gate and down the incline to the red Hollywood street car at the bottom. That also has a prominent Hollywood Boulevard sign. Keep your ticket until the conductor collects it. He will punch it when you first are seated and will collect it when you are in the bounds of Hollywood. These may all seem trivial things to you, but I know how embarrassing it is not to know just the procedure followed by street railways in different cities, and no one wants to admit he is a Hollywood tourist. Read and heed and you will be as nonchalant as a daily commuter.

Shortly after you reach the boundaries of Hollywood you are riding along Hollywood Boulevard and if



you don't get a thrill out of the neon signs, throngs of people and flood lights rainbowing the sky, you are not a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan. Hollywood Boulevard and Vine street is the heart of the film capitol and you can get off

any time after you have reached this section. Perhaps you would like to drop in at one of the many famous cocktail lounges or restaurants dotting the boulevard, before retiring. And when you are ready to

call it a night, any taxicab driver will take you to the Hollywood Y.W.C.A. or to one of Hollywood's many fine hotels. Be honest with him; tell him just about what you want to spend for a night's lodging and he'll direct you. Have a refreshing night's sleep and next day start looking for your room, bungalow or apartment; whichever you prefer. It is so tiring to arrive in town and start immediately on a lodging hunt. Besides, you won't know a thing about the city.

Next morning you will awaken to the glorious California sunshine. (Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, please note!) To palm trees gently waving and to birds singing. Hollywood! After breakfast, stroll down to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce for city maps. Especially Hollywood and Beverly Hills maps. You will find them invaluable and so easy to follow.

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is such a pretty building with pepper trees lacy shielding it. It is on famous Sunset Boulevard and your hotel clerk will direct you. Don't at any time be afraid to ask questions. People are always glad to be helpful. On your way you will pass the beauty salon of the Westmore brothers, Hollywood's famous make-up artists.

The daily papers [Continued on page 78]

(Top) A famous movie theatre lighted up for a premiere. (Next) Entrance to the M-G-M studios. (Above) The striking exterior of a famous restaurant—a haunt for tourists and autograph fiends. (Left) A private street on the Paramount lot showing a row of dressing rooms.





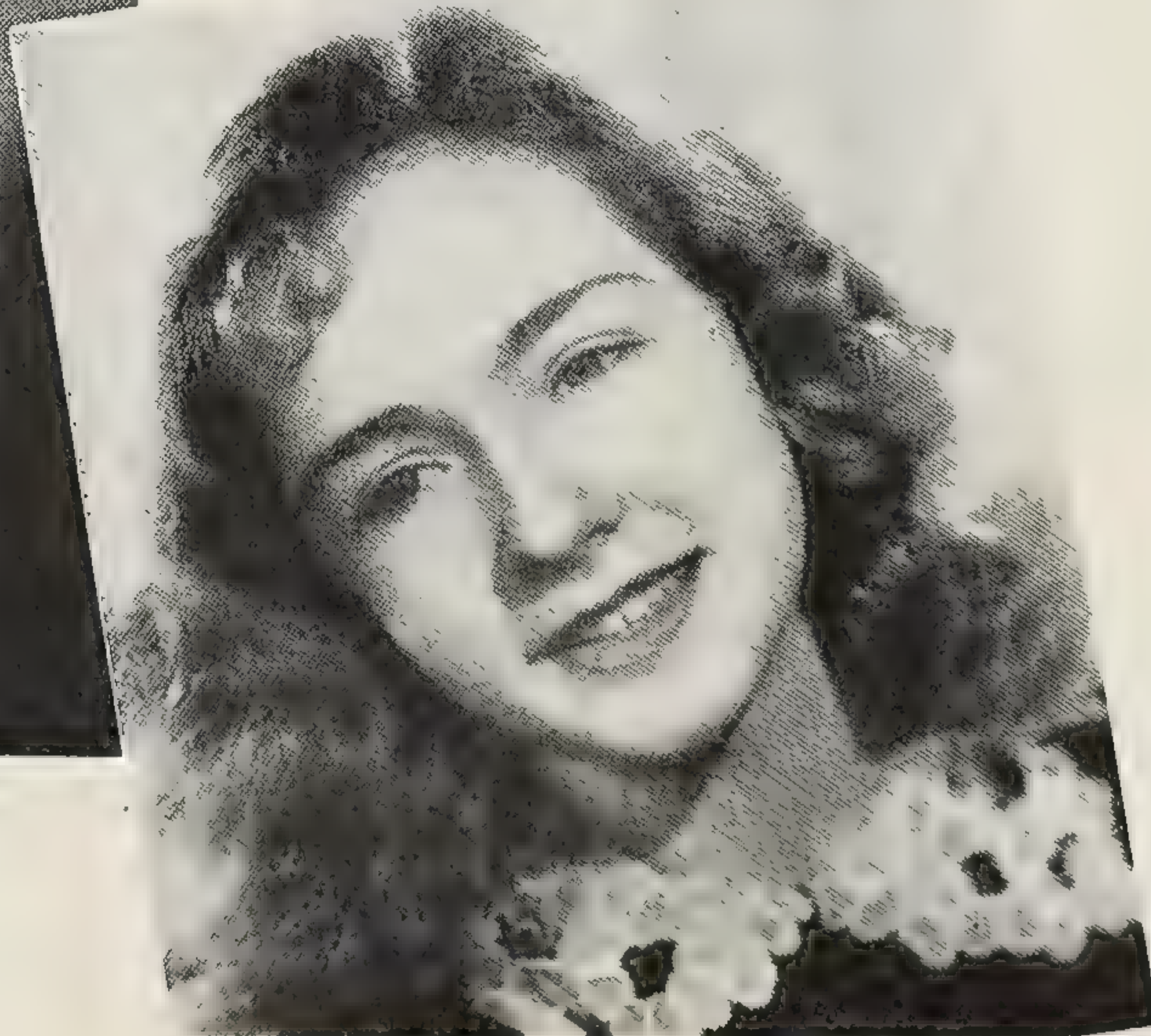
Lloyd Nolan, a villain who will cast a menacing shadow over "Prison Farm." (Right) The tough boys who appeared in "Dead End" and "Crime School" are doing pretty good for themselves. Humphrey Bogart went good on us in the latter picture.

THE speaker was Basil Rathbone, born in South Africa, educated in England and forced to lead a skulking, sinister life on Hollywood celluloid: "In Tale of Two Cities, I rode down some children and killed them. I have beaten little Freddie Bartholomew. In Anna Karenina, I gave Greta Garbo the heave-o out of the house. In another picture I made friends with a very nice old lady, and then, having won her confidence, stole all of her paintings and murdered her, to boot. In still another picture, as the butler of a huge home, I made all other servants pay me ten per cent of their meagre wages and when one old chap begged be not to take the percentage, because his wife had to go to a hospital for an operation, I said, falsetto-key, 'That does not interest me. Hand over the money.' I have been a cad and

a bounder, a sinister, skulking villain who has forced unwelcome attentions upon Garbo, Colbert, Sigrid Gurie, Loretta Young, Olivia de Havilland. I am Public Enemy No. 1, an offense

HISS = S = S = S!

Their Parts Are Unsympathetic But The Money They Get "Has A Heart."



Porter Hall, a different type, but still a villain. (Right) Bonita Granville plays so many "mean" parts it is as if "These Three" went on forever.

to decent nostrils, and I am fed up with it. I'd like to lead a respectable life on the screen."

Rathbone went on to explain the social repercussions of his screen villainies. If he steps into a department store elevator, women cover against the rear wall of what he calls the "lift" and hide their affrighted children under their skirts. He believes firmly that the only reason women are wearing longer skirts is because the abbreviated skirts did not permit them to hide their affrighted progeny. When he walks along the boulevards, policemen trail him in radio cars. Old men turn pale and cover their beards when they see him, fearful that he will tweak their lush growths and perhaps sink a knife between their aged shoulder blades. At Santa Anita and Inglewood racetracks, when he appears at a window to place a bet, the pari-mutuel men hastily hide the money and keep a wary eye on him until he departs.

Yet Rathbone will admit that his life of crime and brutality on the screen has paid handsome dividends. Virtue may be its own reward, but the illustrious Rogues Gallery of the screen indicates that it pays well to beat the aged, steal from the blind, kick the crutches from under the armpits of the infirm, torture the helpless, abuse the weak, blackmail the indiscreet and commit murder with knife or gun or poison.

I submit that the movies, in proving that villains are better remembered than Pollyannas, have proved nothing new. Cassius, who stabbed Caesar, rode to fame

on that murder. Of all the apostles, the name that comes most readily to mind is that of Judas, who betrayed His Master for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold is another traitor who has his own peculiar niche in history, and the world still writes about John Wilkes Booth, not because he was an actor, but because he assassinated Lincoln. Of all the characters in Uncle Tom's Cabin, the most readily remembered is Simon Legree.

So if you want to make history, there are two routes open to you: become a great hero or a great villain. It is this latter route which has been pursued successfully by Charles Laughton, Basil Rathbone, Peter Lorre, the late Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi, Akim Tamiroff, Boris Karloff, Edward G. Robinson, Charles Bickford, Claude Rains, Humphrey Bogart, Lloyd Nolan, John Carradine, George Raft, Ian Keith, Joseph Calleia, J. Carroll Naish, Porter Hall, Ivan Lebedeff, Brian Donlevy, Warren Hymer, Walter Pidgeon, Bruce Cabot and others of the Rogues' Gallery of the cinema. Rogues Gallery, indeed, for they have explored the gamut of rascality from murder to manacles. "Wanted, Dead or Alive" has hung over each one of them.

There is a co-ed phase to villainy, of course. Bette Davis, who heckled crippled Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage," vaulted to stardom because of that performance. In "Jezebel," she added more twigs of laurel by sending George Brent to his death in a duel that she provoked. Bonita Granville is a junior member of the rogues, proving that there's more ways of skinning a cat than Shirley Temple has suggested. Bette and Bonita indicate that vinegar is as potent as honey.

To hear Cecil B. De Mille on the radio, or in person at a banquet, when he unloads his sophistries, you'd get the impres-



In roles that are sinister, John Carradine is at his best. (Corner) Bette Davis always reaches great heights when she plays rebellious characters. (Right) J. Carroll Naish, villain *par excellence*. (Below) Akim Tamiroff is especially good in menacing roles. Suave or uncouth, he takes it in his stride.



By Ed Sullivan

sion that here indeed was a mild little man, good to his folks and wishing evil to no man. Yet De Mille, subscribing heartily to the credo that a producer must shock movie audiences, has thrown more Christians to the lions in his spectacles than any single Hollywood individual. For all his seeming mildness, De Mille is a blood-thirsty fellow. In "Buccaneer," you will remember that his ruffians killed by sword, cannon and fire; forced little Franciska Gaal to walk the plank, and in other sequences strangled actors with bare hands.

What is the most horrifying or shocking scene you've ever shuddered at, on celluloid? My choice would be that scalp-crinkler in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," when Douglas Dumbrille, as the Mohammed Khan, drives pointed sticks under the fingernails of Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, and then sets the sticks ablaze. The closeup showed the beads of sweat on Cooper's forehead. If the camera had panned to the loge section where I was seated, it would have found equal beads on my own forehead.

In "Mutiny on the Bounty," Charles Laughton hit a new high in horror when he had a deserter flogged until dead. Remember Bruce Cabot, in "Let 'Em Have It," (I think that was the picture), when he stripped the bandages from his face and you saw his name cut into the flesh? Or the picture in which the gangsters took Cagney from the hospital, killed him, propped him against the door of his home? When his mother opened the door, the body of her son crashed to the floor? John Carradine, as the brutal jailer in "Hurricane," was a horrible character. In "Marco Polo," Basil Rathbone either had his chained vultures released to peck out the eyes of captives, or, if he felt mellow, tossed them to the lions for an a la carte luncheon.

Karloff, Tamiroff and Lugosi have done some very nice work in their screen careers, scaring ushers out of theatres, giving old ladies nightmares at Bank Nights and otherwise allying them- [Continued on page 80]



THE TEMPERAMENTAL

Where Talent Lights The Movie Lots And Personalities

HOLLYWOOD is no city in the usual sense. Although it is probably better known by more people than any other settlement since the beginning of time, it is not for the place, but for the personalities.

Rome is renowned for its churches; Venice for its canals; New York for its soaring skyscrapers, while other proud cities boast of their universities, their art collections, their architecture or their archives. The center of the film industry, on the other hand, is not even one metropolis with Hollywood for a postmark, but a group of towns dedicated to movie make-believe. It can claim little fame for its physical front, but from Timbukto to Omsk it is spoken of in many languages as the magical spot from which come those flickering images on the screen which can make one laugh or cry and can transport one into a world of fantasy and illusion.

Revisiting Hollywood after a year, I was tremendously impressed by the fact that it was not a place I was seeing again, but a group of fascinating individuals. I went through all the great studios with their vast equipment for making movies. I attended sneak previews and regular previews at many different playhouses. In addition, I went to such spots of relaxation for film-workers as the Trocadero, the new night club called Selznick's, the Cock 'n' Bull, Dave Chasen's, the Ven-

dome and the Brown Derby.

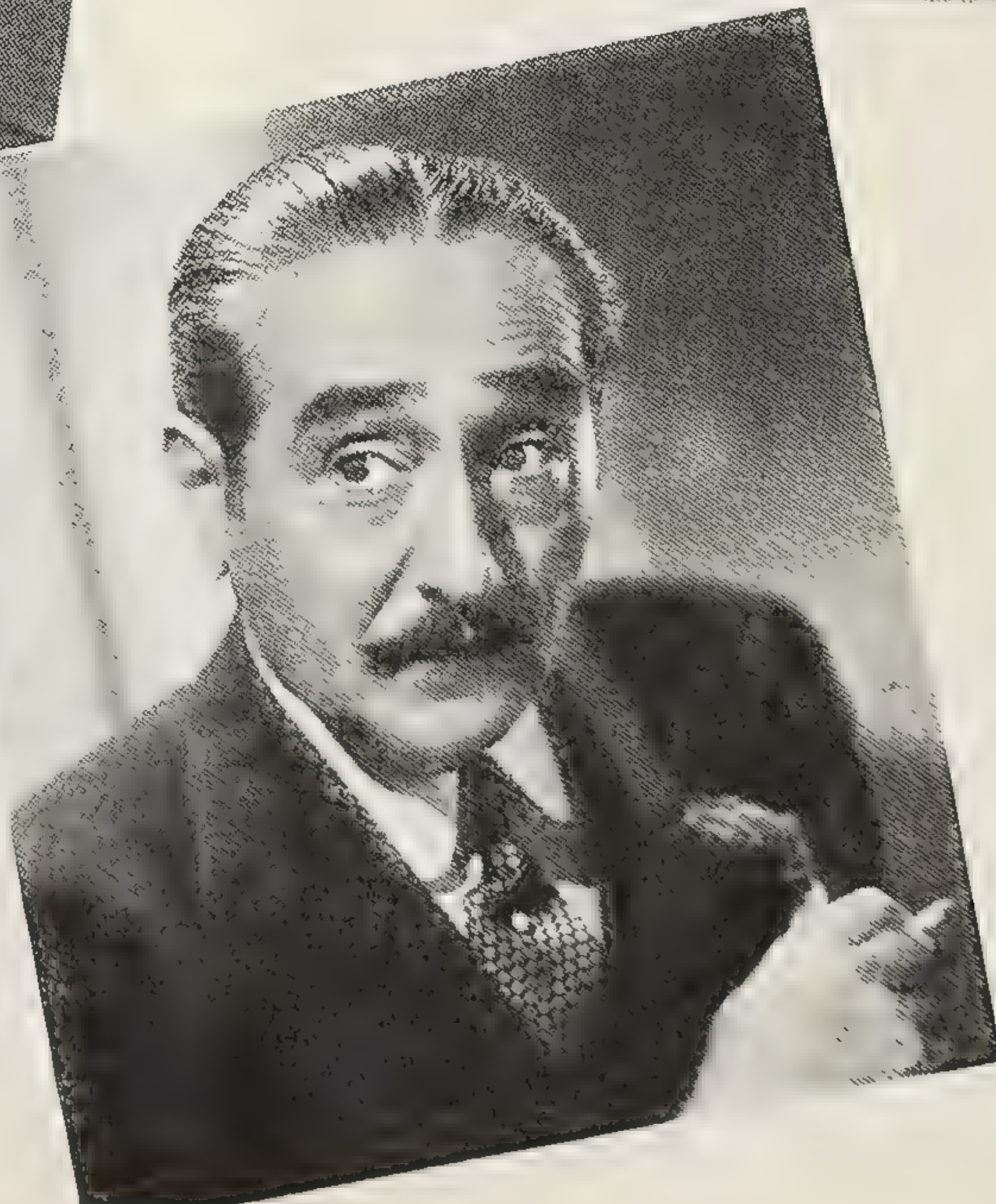
But neither these, nor Sunset Boulevard, nor the beach at Santa Monica, nor the cluster of lights that is Beverly Hills at night, spelled Hollywood. It was the varied assortment of talented artists who have gathered together on the Pacific Coast to produce films. They and they alone make up the things we mean when we say Hollywood.

Many of them I saw in their homes; others on sets, made up in strange disguises and curious costumes; some I met seek-

Danielle Darrieux slinks for the honor of Paris. (Below) Adolphe Menjou is the personification of optimism.



Champion S Henie is Hollywood the palace homes and clubs.



ing entertainment themselves after long hours spent in making entertainment for the whole world. Sometimes I was in Hollywood proper, at other times in Culver City, Burbank, Universal City or Beverly Hills. I visited palatial houses and modest apartments; famous restaurants and drive-in eateries. And to this moment, I confess, I rarely knew just where I was from a geographical standpoint.

What mattered was that I talked for an afternoon with Norma Shearer, W. S. Van Dyke and the other artists and craftsmen who were making Marie Antoinette relive on a great set thronged with hundreds of extras. That I talked far into the

CITY — By Howard Barnes

and Out Like Mountains



Gary Cooper takes it all very seriously. And Joan Bennett (left) is inclined to do likewise.

ment which filled the set when I was watching final scenes on "Marie Antoinette" being shot.

No one is free from this almost occult and brooding force. I chatted with Danielle Darrieux, the young French actress, who will go far in films unless I am mistaken. She was appearing opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but was resting while close-ups were made of her co-star. We talked of Paris, of French film-making and for a few moments I thought that I was no longer in Hollywood. Suddenly the director called: "Ready, Miss Darrieux." The young lady ceased to be a charming Parisian, reminiscing about a lovely city. She became the very apotheosis

of Hollywood—one of the countless craftsmen who represent all of the best aspects of mo-

tion picture fashioning.

The charge is still brought against Hollywood that it is aggressively provincial,

that movie people do nothing but eat, sleep and talk movies there. The charge is true enough. Whether I was talking to Leo McCarey, the Academy Award winner, for his direction of "The Awful Truth," in a restaurant, driving along the Pacific coastline with Robert Montgomery or sitting in a projection room with Walt Dis-

ney, there was always one all-important subject for discussion—films.

This true Hollywood—this concentration of gifted people working toward the common goal of making better and still better films, is what

one visits and not a collection of far-flung studios, palatial homes and cafes. I might have stayed for months there and felt myself a complete alien, had I not met some of those artists with whom I had spent time a year ago, and the new ones who are always coming up to take the places of those who leave or go under in the stern competition which film producing implies.

It is a strange and curiously satisfying experience to see a city in this manner. There may be no Taj Mahal to make one gape with wonder, but there is a fierce and unified current to living which is to be found in few places of the world. Joan Crawford lunching in a commissary, Robert Taylor waiting for long minutes to play his scene, W. C. Fields discussing his new picture, Sonja Henie skating through graceful figures or Mr. Disney describing the intricacies of translating drawings to the screen make up as vivid memories for me as the outer show of the great cities of the world which I have visited.

There have been changes in this Hollywood of personalities in the course of a year. Familiar faces are missing and new figures are in the ascendancy. What is more important is the fact that, new or old, screen workers are all of them more anxious than ever to find out the fundamental values in motion pictures and exploit them to the best of their abilities.

It is no secret to anyone by this time that the screen has felt the recession and that producers and their assistants in film-making are faced with one of the most momentous crises that the cinema has ever experienced. Adolphe Menjou, [Continued on page 68]

night with a noted director, a group of top-flight writers and a star, who told me what they thought were the most important aspects in the making of pictures. That I spent a day listening to Walt Disney outline his fascinating plans for new animated cartoons. Or that I foregathered with scores of other great people of the screen, sometimes by appointment, sometimes, as in the case of W. C. Fields, by chance.

Studio cars took me from one place to another, as is the custom with visiting film critics or "visiting firemen," as we are known. I am certain that in the course of these drives I saw just about everything there is to see in the way of Hollywood externals, from the handsome, palm-lined avenues of Beverly Hills to the orange groves of the San Fernando Valley. I brought away very few memories of actual places, though, unless these places happened to be the backgrounds for the stars and other screen workers with whom I spent my time.

The fact remains that the whole history of the screen, as we know it, is bounded by the low-lying hills and the Pacific Ocean, which mark the vague boundaries of the film industry. As a screen reviewer, it has been my opportunity to see most of the top-flight artisans of the movies as they have passed through New York on vacations or business. We have talked about films and film-making. They are curiously different, though, from the same people seen on their home grounds—Hollywood.

You must go there, linger on sets, talk to directors, writers, producers and stars to realize just how powerful this can be. It is one thing seeing Norma Shearer in a Manhattan hotel or restaurant, talking on the variety of subjects which intrigue a visitor to New York, from the theatre to baseball games. It is quite another thing to see her caught up in the pervading excite-

EASY DIDN'T DO IT

They'd Fight And Kiss On The Set
And Kiss And Fight Off Stage, But
They Kissed Once Too Often.

By
David Manuel

SHE looked up at me tenderly. "I love you. . . . I love you, my darling," she said fervently. "My life is but—is but. . . . Oh nuts!"

"Cut!" Mr. Cameron said sharply. The cameras stopped rolling. Everybody on the set laughed. I took a deep breath as Mr. Cameron got up and came over to us. He was disgusted. He levelled his forefinger at Vicki. "Young lady, this is the fifth time today you've blown up in your lines. For heaven's sake what's the matter with you?"

Her smoky-blue eyes flashed. "How do you expect me to say lines with this lug standing on my foot?" She pointed at me accusingly.

"What about it, Alan?"

"Was that her foot I was standing on?" I asked innocently. "Why I had no idea . . ."

"Liar!" she snapped.

"Listen, you two children," Mr. Cameron said, "I've just about had enough of this dog-and-cat business. Go get some lunch and be back on the set at one-thirty. I'll give you both one more chance. And that's all." He turned abruptly and walked away.

"Next time, Miss Lee," I said, "maybe you won't mug so much. No blonde cutie is going to steal scenes from me."

She shook her mop of gold hair, nearly speechless with fury. I grinned at her. Then Jake Krall called from the other side of the set that he wanted to see me. I joined him and we went outside and across the lot to my two-by-four dressing room. I loosened the coat of my uniform, sat down and lit a cigarette. Jake tilted his hat back on his head and chewed thoughtfully on a matchstick. As usual he was sombre; Jake never smiled.

"What's on your mind?" I asked. "What fiendish schemes are the publicity department up to now?"

"Lissen pal. We been friends how long? Six-seven months? Sure. Now we ain't going to let a little thing like this come between us. Are we?"

"Not if you say so, Jake." This was his usual line. He always liked to be mysterious.

"Awright. This is how it is, see. You know about you and La Lee. They been grooming you two to be a team. Like, say, Loretta Young and Ty-rone Power. You know that. I know it. Everybody knows it."

"Sure. So what?"

"So I'm coming to it." He shifted the matchstick from one corner of his mouth to the other. His eyes were small in his fat face. He was developing a paunch. "You been making 'B' pictures. Four-five of 'em."

"You mean we've been making the same story over and over again for months. I'm getting tired of it. Same story—different costumes. First it's the navy; then it's the marines; then it's football—and now look at me . . ." I indicated the fancy uniform I was wearing. "Now they got us in a mythical kingdom."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Thassa way it goes."

"Next it'll be the boy scouts. When they going to cut out the quickies and give us a good production?"

"That's what I'm coming to. They been building you up. You two. Now they got you where they want you. Your next



is gonna be a million-dollar production." He said this as if a million dollars was fifty cents.

"When do I get a raise?"

"If your first big picture clicks, you'll both be in the money."

I began to get suspicious. "Listen, Jake, what's going on? Stop talking in circles and tell me."

"Take it easy, pal. Now this is it. We gotter build you up a little more, see. For the fans. We're gonna give 'em the old



stuff. Romance. You and La Lee It's a natural."

"Oh no you don't. No box-office romances for me. And especially not with Vicki Lee. Besides, I'm engaged to be married. Or didn't you know that?"

"That don't make no difference. Now don't be difficult, pal. I had enough trouble persuading La Lee to do it. I ain't gonna have trouble with you now, am I?"

"You mean Vicki agreed to do it?"

"Agreed perhaps ain't the right word. But she's gonna do it."

I shook my head. "Not me, you're not. You're not going to rope me in on anything like this. Say, I've got enough troubles already."

"That's for me, that Vicki. Plenty guys would jump at a chance like this."

"Plenty of other guys, maybe. Anyway she hates the sight of me."

"No she don't. That's just because you're always needlin' her."

"What about her needling me?"

"Purely self-defense."

"Maybe. Well, what if I won't do it?"

"They'll turn on the heat, pal. You better do it if you don't want to be out in the cold."

This was a fine state of affairs. I hesitated. "I wouldn't mind so much, Jake, if it wasn't for Sandra. You see, we're engaged. She's a Pasadena society girl, Jake. And she's got no use for movies or movie people. Except me. What would I tell her?"

"I can't help that. That's your problem. All I got to say is she must be a screwy dame if she don't like movies."

I saw there was no use arguing. "Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Sunday night you take Vicki to the Troc. I'll be there and get a couple of pixture, see."

"Nothing doing, Jake. I'm taking Sandra Knight to the Trocadero Sunday evening. I've been trying to get her there for months. And she finally agreed. I can't turn her down after all that. I tell you I had one big job getting her to go at all. She thinks Hollywood is for tourists and ham actors."

"She ain't the only one, pal."

"Tell me, Jake, why did I ever want to be an actor?"

"You've got me there. But you ain't the only one this gets in a jam. Her, too. La Lee. Vicki the Vixen."

"How do you mean?"

"She's got herself a new boy friend. A big-shot. And you know how dames go for big-shots. Most dames are too ambitious for their own good. Well, this feller's a writer. Two-and-a-half-grand-a-week guy. And you know, pal, that ain't hay. La Lee reserves all her Sunday nights for him. So you and her are in the same boat."

"Who's the sap?"

"Guy named Ben Powers. Know him?"

"Yeah, I know him. A little corny, isn't he?"

"Right off the cob. But he's in the money."

"That's what Vicki goes for."

"That's what all cuties go for. But you got Vicki all wrong, pal. She's really a sweet kid. She's ambitious, sure, but she's worked hard and she deserves anything she gets. You oughter treat her nice. She's got a heart as big as an actor's head. You're the only one don't like her."

"She doesn't like me any better."

"You treat her too rough. To handle a dame, you've got to be nice to them. They can't take it when you give 'em too much double-talk."

"She can dish it out too."

"Like I was sayin', pal—self-defense."

There was only about half an hour till I had to be back on the set again, so we went to the commissary and I had a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Jake kept haranguing me all the time I ate. Finally I told him all right, I'd do it, if he'd figure out some way of explaining things to Sandra.

"All you have to do is to be at the Troc with Vicki," he said. "So we can get pixture. We got the copy written up already. Bring the girl-friend along; that's what La Lee's gonna do with Powers. You'll have to be with Vicki, sure, but you'll have your ever-lovin' fiancy along too, sec."

"Oh sure, that fixes everything. Just swell, Dandy."

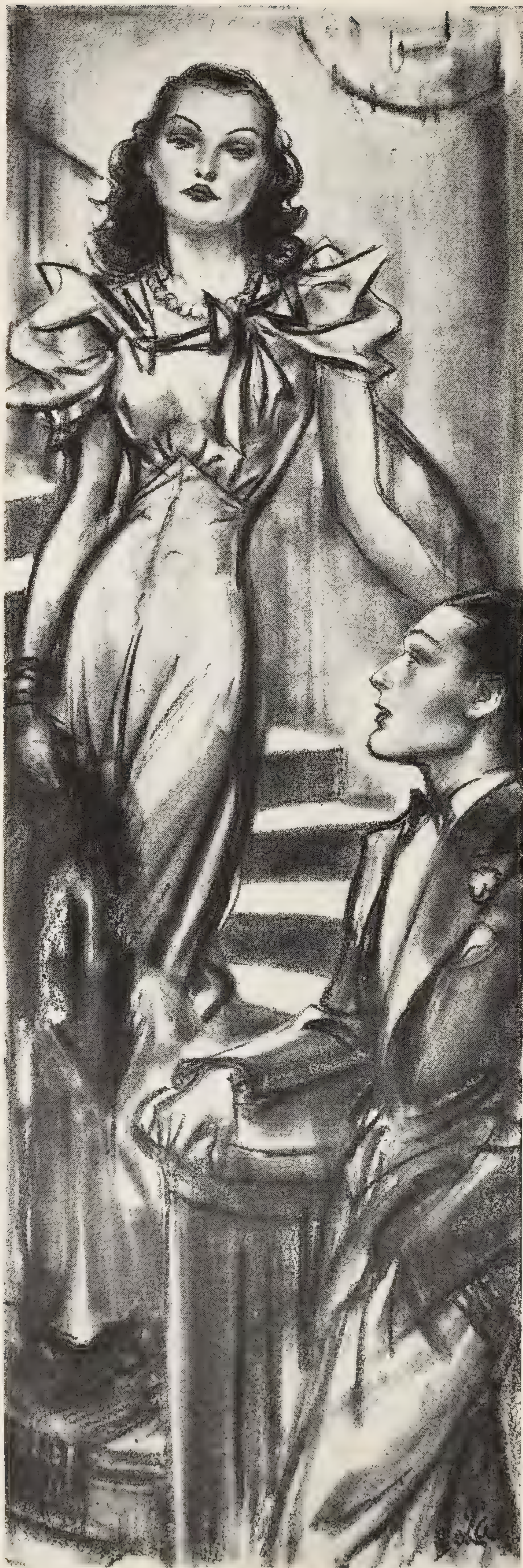
"Don't worry, pal. Just take things easy."

"This Powers is a big fellow, isn't he?"

"Yeah."

"Suppose he thinks I'm cut-

He levelled his forefinger at Vicki. "Young lady, this is the fifth time today you've blown up in your lines. What's the matter with you?"



ting him out with Vicki?"

"That's one angle I overlooked."

"Great."

"But I'll be there, pal. Don't worry. Don't forget now, you've got to go through with this. If either you or Vicki reneges, that one is gonna get into trouble."

"Say that again."

He said it again.

"I get it," I said. "If Vicki backs out I'm not to blame."

Jake got it too. "Lissen pal, don't do anything I'm gonna regret. Just remember, easy does it."

I left the studio about six o'clock. All the necessary takes had been cleaned up without any more trouble. I drove out Wilshire to Westwood where I had a small apartment. Then I called Sandra.

"Listen, honey," I said, "about Sunday night . . ." I explained what was going to happen. Just as I had expected, she didn't like it. But by talking nice I persuaded her not to back out of her agreement.

"I'll do it—just this once," she said.

"It won't happen again—I hope."

"Oh so that's how it is. Every time I go any place with you you'll have to have that mascaraed darling of the screen along."

"Now Sandra, I love you, only you—so what difference does anything else make?"

By the time I convinced her that everything would be all right I felt worn out. I had tried to pretend that the whole thing would be over in a few days. But I knew better. I realized it would probably go on for months—until Vicki's and my first big picture was released.

Friday night I went to the Legion fights with Jake. Saturday I did some shopping, and inspected several used-car bargains. I spent all day Sunday on the beach, worrying.

The set-up for Sunday night was this. I was to take Sandra to the Trocadero and leave her in Jake's hands. Then I was to go and call for Vicki. Which was what I did.

At about nine I drove my car into the driveway of the Knight's palatial Pasadena home. The butler admitted me with his usual air of distaste. No member of the family was in evidence. How those Knights despised actors! Sandra came down the great stairway looking tall and beautiful. Her tanned olive skin showed dark against the whiteness of her dress. Her hair was softly black, and her eyes lustrous. She smiled and I kissed her.

It was about ten when we got to the Trocadero. Jake met us at the entrance and escorted Sandra inside. I parked my car and then got a taxi. At a parking lot on Vine, where I had left it, I picked up my purchase of the previous afternoon—an ancient jalopy that had set me back twenty-five bucks. It had no top, very little paint, and it made a noise like a cement-mixer. At Vicki's apartment house on Rossmore I sent up my name. She sent word she's be down in a moment so I went out and sat in the model-T, much to the disgust of the doorman.

In maybe ten minutes Vicki appeared. She really did look lovely, her hair glistening like burnished copper, her slim body sheathed in black velvet.

She gave one look at me sitting there and stood in the middle of the sidewalk almost bursting with annoyance.

I smiled agreeably. "Lovely evening," I said.

It appeared that she didn't agree with me. "If you expect me to ride in *that*," she said haughtily, "you're very much mistaken."

"That'll be okay with me."

She looked at me and her eyes narrowed. "I see," she said. "Well, if you think I'm going to take the rap for not going through with this nonsense, you're very much mistaken."

She swept into the seat beside me, and sat very straight and very dignified.

Out Sunset we roared at a speed of ten miles per hour. Vicki looked neither to the right nor to the left, refusing to notice the attention we were attracting.

Suddenly her manner changed. "Alan," she said sweetly, "why do you have to do things like this to me? Why can't we be friends?"

"No reason," I said suspiciously.

"Let's be friends then."

"All right. But first tell me what your little scheme is?"

She turned and scowled. All the sweetness went out of her countenance. "I hate you. And I'll get even with you for doing a thing like this."

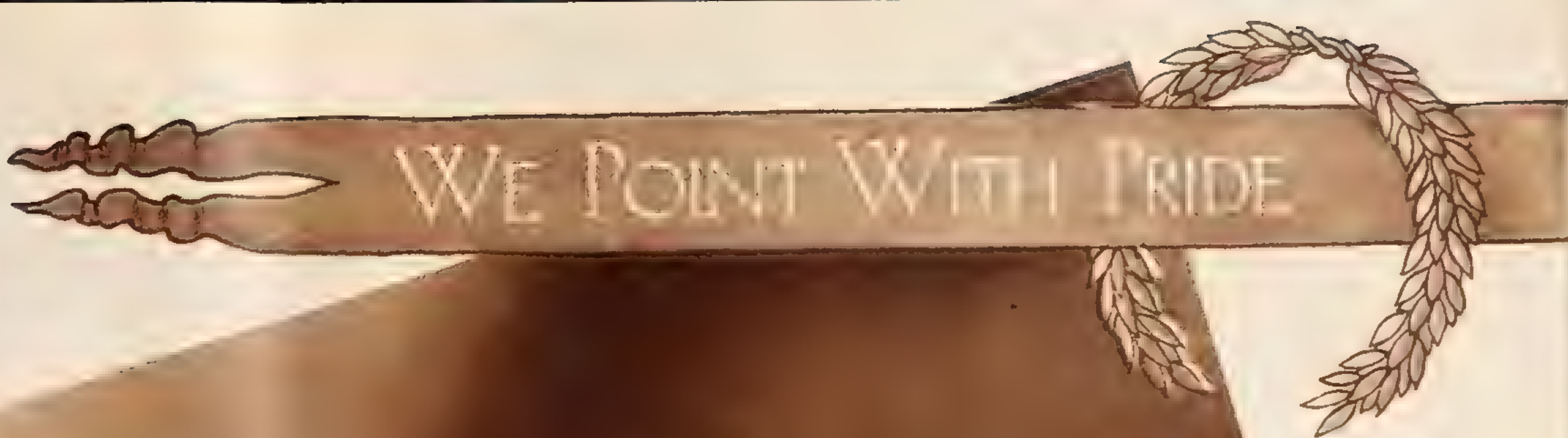
"That's what I thought," I said.

When we were led to our table Ben Powers was already there, deep in earnest conversation with Sandra. He rose and we shook hands. Sandra and Vicki greeted each other coldly. In a few minutes things were so frigid that I decided I should have worn

winter woollens. Across from me Sandra studied Vicki disdainfully. I felt a little sorry for Vicki; she wasn't used to being treated in this lofty manner, and she didn't quite know what to do about it.

Vicki was not an outdoor girl, like Sandra. Neither was she one of the Four Hundred. [Continued on page 69]

Sandra came down the great stairway looking very beautiful. Her hair was softly black and her eyes lustrous.



Adolphe Menjou and Shirley in the history making "Little Miss Marker."



Her surprising dancing skill drew the limelight to Bill Robinson. From "The Littlest Rebel."



With Jack Haley in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."



TO SHIRLEY TEMPLE

The Number One Box Office Star Is Now An Experienced Trouper And Glories In The Nickname "One Take Temple."

SHIRLEY now is nine years old and she has been on the screen for five years. There are many other little girls in pictures, and clever ones too, but the magic of Shirley's charm has never been equalled. There is growing up an army of little girls who are a little better and a little brighter because of our famous little charmer.

(Left) In "Little Miss Broadway," (her latest) supported by Charles Williams, Edward Ellis and Phyllis Brooks. (Right) Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, very proud of the fact that the whole world joins them in loving Shirley.





(Above) Sigrid Gurie, whose first chance was in the "Adventures of Marco Polo." And so well did she acquit herself that she went right into "Algiers." (Right) Arleen Whalen. Her first big chance was a success. Now watch her! (Left) Ellen in Drew's second picture finds her cast with Ronald Colman in "If I Were King."



The role Richard Greene played in "Four Men and a Prayer" won for him the lead opposite Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star." (Left) Ilona Massey is now going to co-star in "Love Carnival" with Nelson Eddy. Her first bit in "Rosalie" was so promising!



ALL SET!

One Picture Doesn't Make A Trouper—It's The Second Chance That Spells Money Or Misery.

AFTER the first opportunity has come and gone—then what? It is the toughest period in a picture career. For the decision will be final and the player knows it will be an honest one. Gone is the time when "I stood 'em up in Des Moines" is of any interest.

The picture with the crucial "first part" is showing in many cities, critics are panning or praising, fan letters are arriving. The player who gets a second chance knows that he made good! And now for a career!

The famous radio voice of Jimmy Fidler brought him to the attention of the movie moguls. He's in "Garden of the Moon."



The gorgeous Hedy Lamarr who startled the foreign picture world in "Ecstasy." Now her real reputation depends upon "Algiers." (Below) Franciska Gaal, who walked the plank in "The Buccaneer." Her second chance comes in "Paris Honeymoon," with Bing Crosby.



In "Boy Meets Girl," Marie Wilson plays with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy. This is her first really important part. Next she will have one of the leading roles in "Three Girls on Broadway."





(Left) "Mr. Moto Takes A Chance." Peter Lorre and two nameless extras who are taking a chance in the movies. (Right) William Boyd, as Hopalong Cassidy, Charlotte Field and Russell Hayden in "Pride of The West"—a "B." It isn't only the budget that gets squeezed.



Anthony Averill, Olin Howland, Anna May Wong and Margaret Lindsay in "When Were You Born?" The future is an open book to some folks.

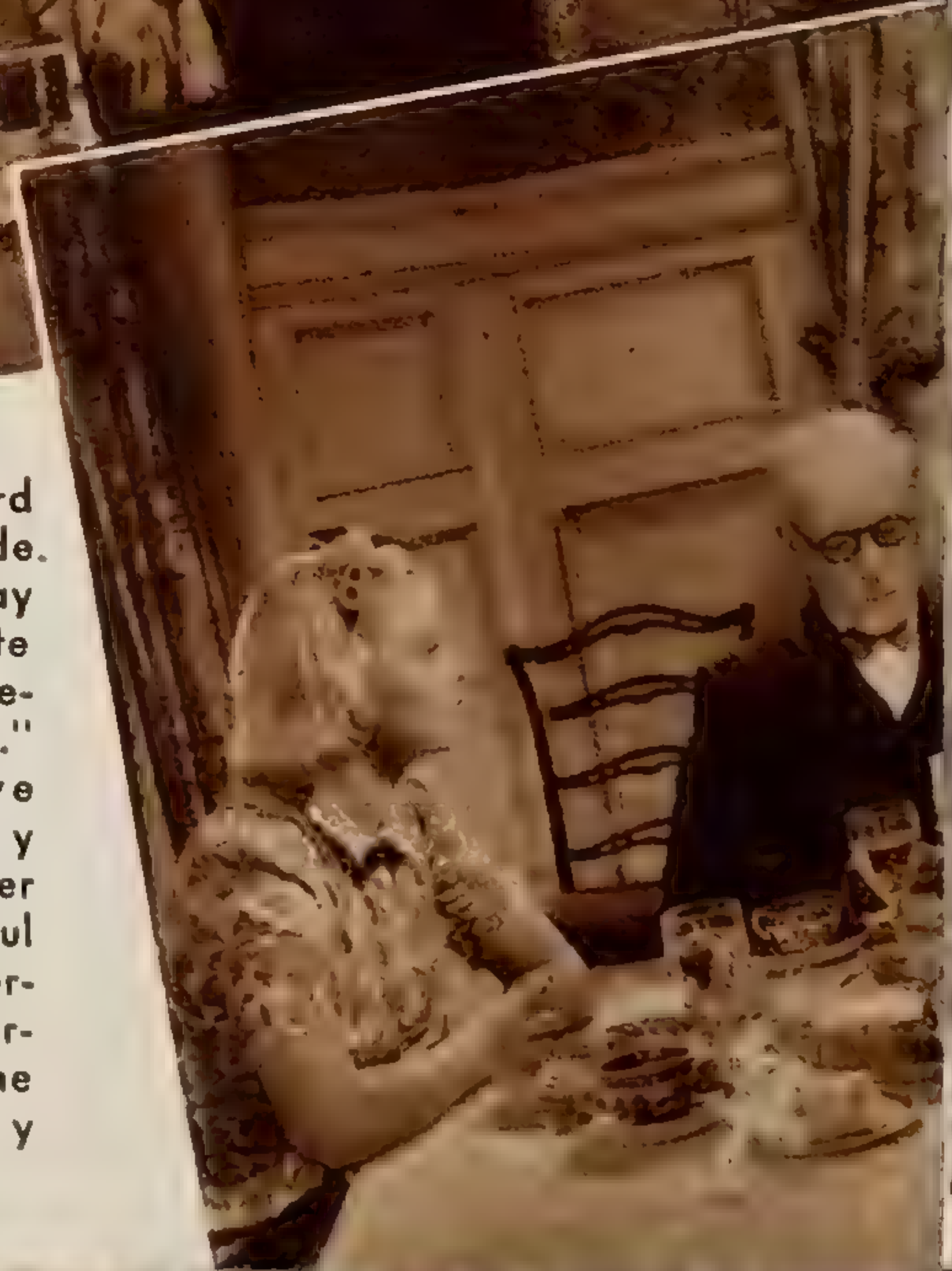
SO, THEY



George O'Brien in "Border G-Man," with Jock Hutton, Ethan Laidlow, Edgar Dearing and Edward Keane.



(Above) Edward McWade, Claude Rains and Fay Bainter in "White Banners," a credit to the "B's." (Right) "Love Finds Andy Hardy" is another in the successful Judge Hardy series. Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone and Mickey Rooney.





(In corner) Melvyn Douglas and Florence Rice in "Fast Company." They're getting the idea.

TYPE "B" PICTURES, HUH!

THE studios were up against the "Double Feature" problem and so they turned out some pictures to be paired with the super-colossal "A" pictures. Eager writers on small salaries were given a chance and the casts were made up of players who had more talent than glamour. And then, to everyone's surprise, they clicked!

You do not write good stuff because you wield a gold pen. Though the budget is pinched, there is plenty of freedom for talent and imagination, and "B" pictures have often proved to have more entertainment value than the "A's."

After all, gold is where you find it.



In "Mr. Chump," Johnny Davis starts Penny Singleton to swinging. (Above) Shirley Ross and J. Carrol Naish in "Prison Farm."

"Men Are Such Fools" with Marcia Ralston and Humphrey Bogart developing the theme.



MIDSUMMER SIRENS

(Left) Gail Patrick travels in an extremely effective three piece suit of light weight wool jersey. The graceful cape is a soft, muted blue striped with white to match the fitted jacket, which is fastened with a white zipper and belted with the plain material boasting a striped buckle. The skirt is straight and extremely simple. Her pancake hat has a muted blue underbrim and light blue felt top, adorned with a navy veil. Her bag and gloves are white, and her shoes are a matching muted blue suede. (Right) A rough straw picture hat is chosen by Ginger Rogers. It is the color of ripe wheat and is brightened by a huge nosegay of pastel field flowers. (Below) A "pilgrim" hat of black stitched taffeta outlined at the headline with a ruching of lace is most flattering to Rita Hayworth. (At bottom) Mary Carlisle wears a tailored natural straw hat with high crown banded by swirled red linen dotted in white. And Cecilia Parker dons a stitched white crepe beret trimmed with navy grosgrain.



Again Hollywood Comes Across With Some Beautiful Designs For Milady's Wardrobe.

AT THIS time of the year one is always indulging in weekend journeys (that is, if one is tied down to an office desk or a domestic routine five days a week) and for those quick trips it is nice to have at least one costume on hand for the train or boat ride back and forth. A costume that looks conservative, yet is beautifully cut, one that is complimentary to blue skies and vivid sunshine and yet is not too flimsy should cool winds blow forth. Any one of the four ensembles illustrated on these two pages should answer the purpose. Or so we think!

(Left) Light weight beige wool cut and encrusted with silver nailheads on the borders of the coat, sleeves and slit skirt hem is used for this amazingly attractive suit worn by Jacqueline Wells. A facing of powder blue woolen under the nailheads adds an effective touch. A beige felt "rancho" hat tied under the chin with powder blue grosgrain, and beige accessories complete the costume. (Right) Ideal for summer is this black and white checked Roshanara crepe suit dress worn by Rita Johnson. Her panama is banded with black patent leather to match her shoes and belt. (Below-left) Chartreuse wool with luggage brown accessories is eye-catching when worn by Anita Louise. The suit jacket has a slide fastener. The matching easy-to-slip-into top coat is three quarter length. Her loose antelope gauntlets of matching doeskin are very smart.

[Continued on next page]

If you are tired of the sameness of your stocking wardrobe, and have courage enough to go in for novelty, here are four suggestions offered by Rita Oehmen. (Right) A sheer black silk zipped up the back. (Below) Suitable for evening wear are these velvet heeled stockings with the back seams feather-stitched in velvet. (Below-right) Metallic bronze derbies accent these sun-tan hose, while, at extreme left, waffle weave checks are eye-arresting. Both of these designs are excellent for sports wear.

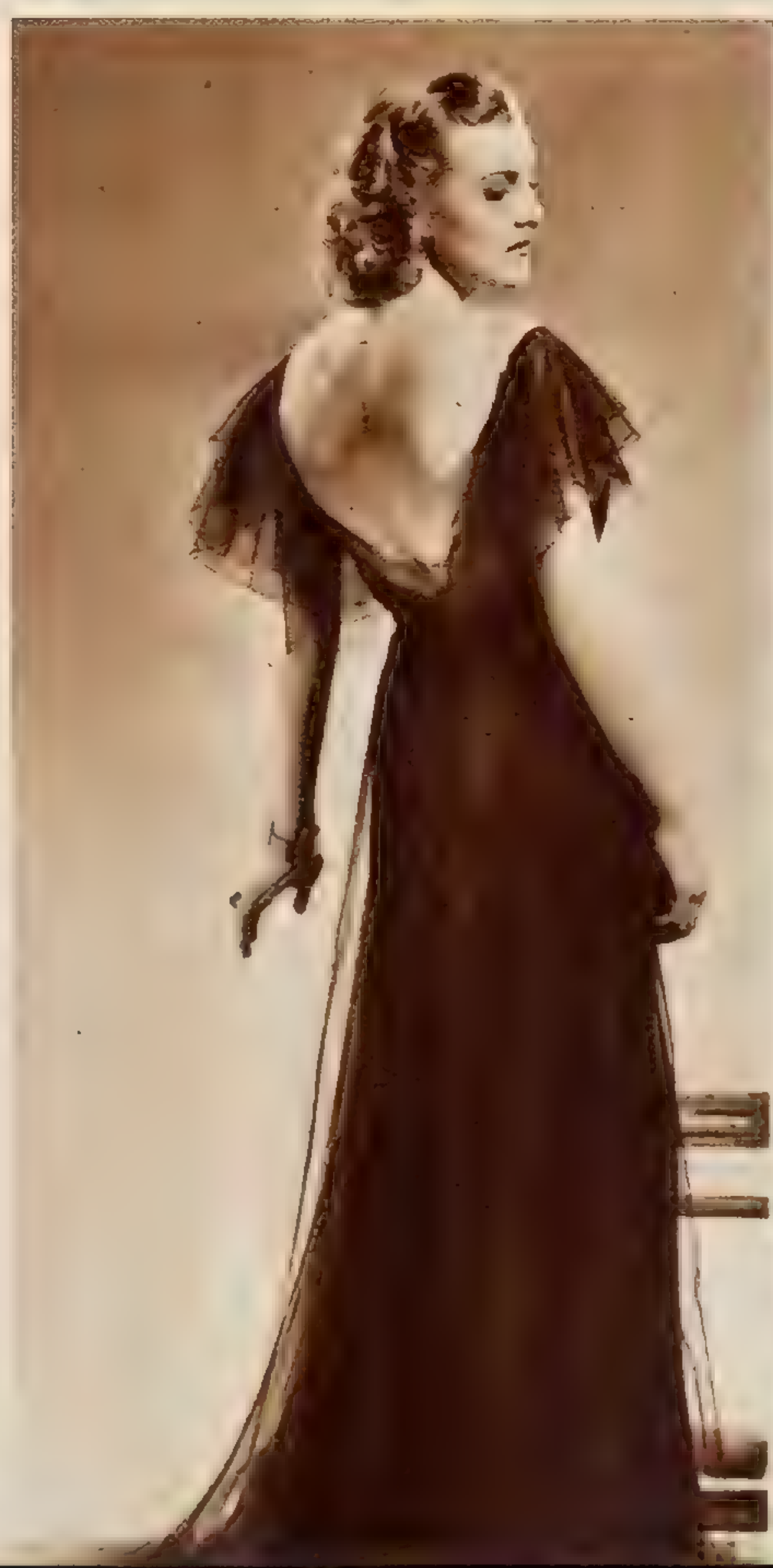




(Above) Seed pearls embroidered on a heavy flesh-toned faille taffeta that has the lustrous quality of rich narrow-weaved corduroy makes Merle Oberon look like a princess in a fairy tale. (Below) Danielle Darrieux looking chic in a striking gown, the skirt of which is made of fringe in a vivid flower pattern on a background of white. The bodice is of citron yellow crepe, with fringed sleeves.



(Right) Two shimmering net frocks. Doris Nolan in black with deep V décolletage at front and back held up at shoulder-line by soft flesh coloured satin. A short train makes this very distinctive. Joan Fontaine borrows from the Grecians to capture the artistic simplicity of her flowing white gown. Delicate silver sequins fashion the shoulder straps and also outline the puffed square-cut bodice. The trained full skirt, so flattering when held up while waltzing, glistens with sequins that resemble so many stars! A filet of white roses is worn in her hair.





Filmy Flattery For That "Invitation To The Party."

(Far left) To show the importance of fringe this season, Mary Astor had this beautifully cut midnight blue crepe lavishly bordered with it in a matching tone. The horizontal shoulder drapes can be swirled around to act as a wrap when necessary. (Left) For garden parties, weddings or informal dinner and dancing, Rita Johnson wears this adaptable flower-sprigged organdy, with a nosegay of French flowers at the V neckline and French blue velvet used as a sash around the flared skirt with its ruffled hemline. (Right) Ann Rutherford copied a frock that cost \$185 for something less than \$20. Isn't she clever? Here you see the result, of periwinkle blue organdy with matching taffeta petticoats. The capped sleeves and frilled neckline are caught with narrow matching blue velvet ribbon. (Below) Ultra-sophisticated is Gail Patrick's strapless flowered taffeta dance frock with matching chiffon scarf voluminous enough to be used for a light wrap. The color motif is yellow on black. (Next) Barbara O'Neil shows how charming the more mature woman can look in silver-grey lace.



NEW PICTURES FOR



Joan Davis, Gloria Brewster, Sonja Henie and Patricia Wilder in "My Lucky Star."



Sarah Padden and Herbert Marshall in "One Woman's Answer."



Frances Mercer, Allan Lane and Inez Courtney in "Crime Ring."



Warner Baxter, Marjorie Weaver and Georges Renavent in "I'll Give A Million."



Pat O'Brien, Margaret Lindsay and John Payne in "Garden of the Moon."



Chester Morris, Richard Dix and Harry Carey in "Northern Flight."

YOUR APPROVAL



Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, Clarence,
Kolb in "Give Me A Sailor."



Charles Boyer, Stanley Fields and Alan
Hale in "Algiers."



Jack LaRue, Claire Trevor and Charles
Bickford in "Valley of the Giants."



Margaret Sullivan and Walter Pidgeon
in "Shopworn Angel."



Robert Barrat, May Robson and Joan
Bennett in "The Texans."



Cesar Romero, Barbara Stanwyck, Victor
Delinsky and Lurline Uller in "Always
Goodbye."

"Come on, Wayne," says Priscilla Lane. "Don't mind me. Diving is over my head."



MOVIE





So Wayne Morris takes the matter in hand. "Well, go on. Do it. What are you waiting for?"

ETTES



(Center) Robert Taylor prepares Frank Morgan for a few fast rounds while Maureen O'Sullivan coaches Edward Arnold. The left jab is quite a shock for Arnold, but Morgan always says horseshoes are lucky, considerably more so than Edward. (Left) Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are making so much money that James Cagney tries to do the trick with Marie Wilson as his woodenhead. "What can I lose?" asks Marie.

(Continued on next page)



(Above) The events leading up to the tragedy! Jane Wyman teaches Lionel Stander to play croquet. At first Lionel didn't under-Stander. Then he caught the idea on his toe and —Hey! Lionell! Be careful. You'll break the mallet!



(Above, and right) Anita Louise walks in swing time. A good walk is as graceful as a dance step. (Center) Things to remember when posing. Cecilia Parker demonstrates how to look your best. First, the hand is in the wrong position. Second, turning the hand away from the camera gives hand and arm a graceful appearance. Third, rolling the eyes is grotesque. The whole position of the head is incorrect. Fourth, looking into the lens is advisable for a portrait. Fifth, do not hunch forward. Sixth, sitting erect with head properly balanced is correct way to pose for portrait.



When it comes to hazards Ann
Meridan knows her irons—one
click and she's out of the trap,
proud as a peacock. And no
wonder!



HOME ON A HILLTOP

MYRNA LOY and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, have built a new home. The spreading two-story residence looks down upon the terraced mountainside. Just below the house is the tennis court and swimming pool (shown above). A curving driveway leads to the main entrance (above, right). (Right) No detail on her estate escapes Myrna's notice and probably the tractor pilot has a favorite screen star.

Olympe Bradna,
The Petite French
Girl, Brings A
New And De-
lightful Charm To
The Screen. *N'est-
ce-pas?*

By Jack Holland

SCENE: A few tables
around the floor of
the French Casino
night club.

Time: Just after the
first floor show. Around
10 p.m.

Fanfare from the or-
chestra! A hush falls
over the audience! And
now we present a little
lady from France—a
very little lady in fact
—Olympe Bradna in
her sensational dance
specialty.

The audience is
tense. Vibrant. Wait-
ing for something dif-
ferent.

The white beacon
falls upon a petite fig-
ure as she appears on
the floor. Her face is
wreathed in a broad
smile. She bows. The
audience, caught up in
her spell, applauds en-
thusiastically. The music begins! The dance
is on!

The tiny body on the floor goes through
all sorts of intricate acrobatics. Bones ap-
parently have no place in the lithe magic
of perfect rhythm. Difficult turns. Back
breaking gyrations. On and on, increas-
ing in intensity with the steady throb of
the orchestra. The audience is silent.
Watching. Wondering.

Then suddenly the music stops. The child
bows, and, like a fairy, runs off. Continued
applause calls her back. She bows again,
and, like a wisp of wind, she is gone.

"What a marvelous dancer!"

"Why, she's only a child!"

"But—did you get that personality? She's
got everything!"

"Personality, did you say? And how! And
so charmingly naive about it all!"

And thus the tide of conversation sweeps
around the floor. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.

The scene switches. Back stage. Dressing
room.

Time: About ten minutes after the dance.

Characters: Olympe Bradna and members
of the troupe.

(A heavy odor of flying powder and of
grease paint floats back and forth. The
room is noisy . . . excitement reigns. Olympe
sits in her corner . . . putting added touches
on her make-up for her next number.)

First Girl: I could have slapped that old
fossil out there tonight. He's the freshest
guy.

Second Girl: Yeah. Me, too.

Third Girl: Why jabber about that? Did
you notice how our little French girl clicked
tonight?

First Girl: I'll say! For a kid only 14
years old, she sure is a trouper.

Second Girl: Olympe! We're talkin' about
ya.

Olympe: I hope it's something nice.

Third Girl: It is. We're talkin' about that
swell act of yours.

Olympe: Thank you. I'm verree glad you
like it.

(A knock on the door interrupts the



BEWITCHING



conversation. First Girl
answers).

First Girl: Yeah?

Voice: Wire for
Olympe Bradna.

First Girl: Thanks.
(She closes door and
goes to Olympe). Wire
for you, kid.

Olympe: Thank you.

(There is a momen-
tary silence. All eyes
are turned towards the
little French girl. Fi-
nally, the girls can
contain themselves no
longer).

First Girl: What is
it?

Olympe: I do not
know. It is a telegram
from a man from Pa-
ramount. He says he
wants to see me.
Maybe he wants me to
appear in the Para-
mount Theatre.

(First Girl runs to
Olympe. Others follow
in a mad scramble).

First Girl: Did you
say—Paramount? Let
me at that wire! (She
takes telegram, reads

it). Theatre nothin'! This fellow's from
Paramount Studios Kid, you're a hit! A
scout's after you!

Olympe: Scout? You mean—

First Girl: Yeah—a kind of a guy that
goes around findin' girls for pictures.

Olympe: You mean they want to take me
to—Hollywood—for pictures?

All: You guessed it!

Thus, with apologies to Noel Coward,
Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, and
others, I end my little thumbnail sketch
of the entrance into pictures of one Olympe
Bradna. Olympe did meet the agent, who
had no idea she was only 14. After three
months study in English, she *did* take the
test, more for fun than anything else. And
she *did* come to Hollywood. Anyone who
saw her in "Souls at Sea" can testify as to
that. And Olympe is making a hit for her-
self in pictures now, even though she began
doing little more than bits.

Now, just barely 17, Olympe, who was
so named because she was born between
the matinee and evening shows at the
Olympic Theatre in Paris on August 12,
has forged right ahead in "Stolen Heaven,"
with Gene Raymond.

I realize when I say Olympe struck me
as being naive and natural, I'm using the
old line applied to almost every star in
the business. And I know that when I say
Olympe is really a child, one who enjoys
the simplest kinds of pleasures, I am apt
to be called a little swayed by the ver-
bosities of press agents. But, regardless of
all that, I do say Olympe is naive and
natural. I do say she is really a little girl,
in spite of all her theatrical experience. If
you don't believe me, you should see her
for yourself. Even in interviews, you can
recognize a put-on act when you see it. But
Olympe is different—she's herself.

As I entered her dressing room at Para-
mount, I was a little surprised. In make-up
and in a plain blue flannel robe stood
Olympe. She *did* look young, and the
minute I began talking to her, I knew
her extreme youth [Continued on page 65]

Bing Crosby's Talent For Song Has Swept Across The World But His Personality Remains Unspoiled. His Entire Family Benefits From His Good Fortune.

BING CROSBY is thirty-four now, in his prime. In his chosen fields he is supreme. Hollywood rates him the number one box-office draw among all its musically-inclined heroes. On the radio, and on records he's also tops in his line.

As a man Bing has succeeded in ironing out the conflicting urges of his early youth. Once every move he made seemed to precipitate a mess. But he is, at last, at peace within himself. This is his real accomplishment.

So why should he go on being a movie star? Bing would rather play golf than act, any day. He'd rather train his horses than show off. He certainly prefers eating heartily to having to remember that he's supposed to have a torso for the screen.

He has no burning passion for the theatre. In high school he essayed the title role in "Julius Caesar" but, when properly stabbed, nonchalantly stood up immediately—so the descending curtain wouldn't land on him. Not strictly Art, but to Bing not so dumb, either.

The demands of the glamour experts have slid off his broad shoulders as simply. Perhaps the Gables and Taylors and Powers do steer clear of being regular husbands. Bing alone never resorted to a maybe pose for the women who like him. From the start he's scorned that sort of suspense, been frankly devoted to his pretty wife. Other idols may be mysteriously dashing, but Bing is proud of being the father of four children. He even declines to dress swankily. He admits he's too lazy to bother about a lot of tricks other people bother about.

He's set financially. He's made his impulsive love marriage into an ideal home set-up. Why shouldn't he spend all his time now on his family and on the hobbies he's earned?

I went straight to Bing for the absolute answer, to settle all the current talk that he'll quit work.

He is *not* going to retire! Because he can't. He'll go on conforming to schedules when he hates routine of any kind. He'll weigh scripts and new songs although it's gory detective stories that actually entice. He'll continue to work a lot more hours each week than the union man does. He'll not be doing exactly what he wants, when he could be.

For Bing has put his family into the business of running the Bing Crosby surprise-gold mine, and if he should quit his family would suffer. Their happiness might collapse.

Due to his progress, Dad Crosby, and brothers Everett and Larry are all high-powered executives. Their skillful handling of the unique Crosby corporation has taken them from everyday mediocrity to stimulating comfort. Their lives have been transformed by the fine jobs Bing's work has enabled them to create.

"They merely required," states Bing firmly, "a crack at decent breaks. Some of my luck." He added, "Investigate for yourself."

So I did. With his personal assistance.

The new, two-story Crosby Building is on Hollywood's elegant Sunset Strip. Bing met me at Larry's office, half of a store next door.

Bing was exceptionally cherubic in his orange sweater. Larry groaned. "Dixie finally threw his old orange sweater into the incinerator. Then he went right out and bought this duplicate!" The stellar weakness for loud colors, is, one gathers, a family trait.

This was the third time Bing had visited his organization's new quarters, and it's been functioning for four months there.

"We don't miss him," ex-

plained Larry, the oldest brother, and as down-to-earth as Bing is. "When you leave he'll begin messing us up. He's not systematic himself; he doesn't know what the word system means.

But Bing sees desk drawers and files and he can't hold back. He has to check, like a whirlwind. He's



Bing with Fred MacMurray, Ellen Drew, Elizabeth Patterson and David O'Connor in "Sing you Sinners"—his new picture. (Left) Fan mail is always surprising to him—Imagine! The consensus is "Bing — Straight, Place and Show."

the original bull in the china shop!"

Larry's been working for Bing for four years. A newspaper man, with a good understanding of music, he turned down the job of business manager when the crooner was one of the 3 Rhythm Boys.

The three came to Spokane and said they were tired of trouping. They liked California and wanted to get into pictures. Larry said, "You're awful harum-scarum. Maybe you can click, but I've got a wife and baby to support meanwhile. You go on and try for a contract and then I'll join you."

Everett, the next eldest, being in Los Angeles and out of a job, assumed the managerial task. Bing moved in to board, but hav-

ing sold autos and tractors Ev had a knack and soon had him on his way up.

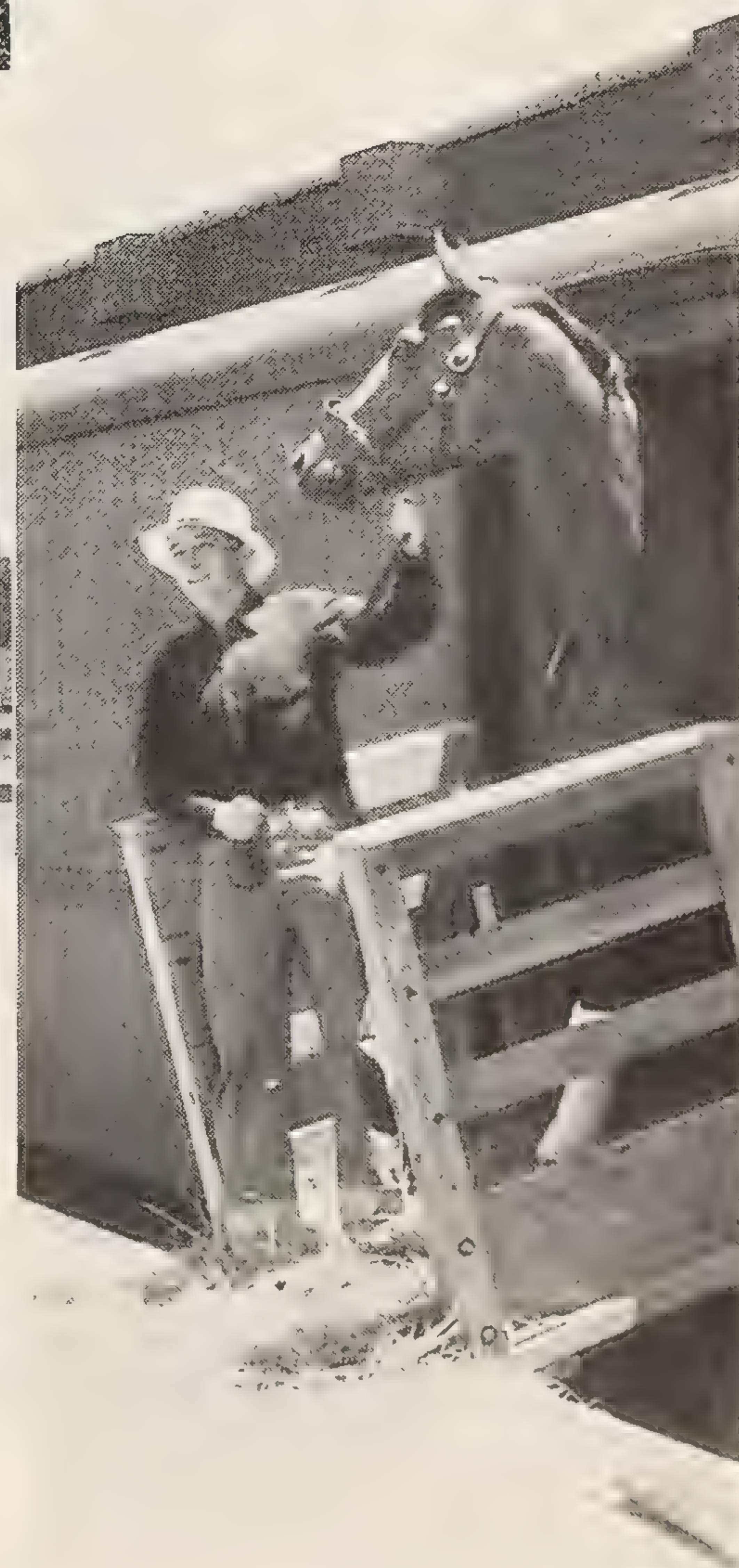
Bing puffed his pipe as Larry amplified. "Ev sets all deals and I take care of all details. Including his fan mail. Incidentally, Bing has every single letter answered politely and he receives as much as all the other Paramount players altogether! I also take care of his golf tournaments and visits to Spokane."

BING—AND ALL THAT MONEY

By Ben Maddox



Mrs. (Dixie Lee) Crosby and her good natured husband. The four youngsters cannot be far away. (Right) The Crosby Building, where in his father and brothers wrestle with his many problems.



The crooner perked up at what sounded like a wisecrack. "Some tournament manager you are!"

Larry grinned. "Perhaps you wonder if we ever get into any arguments. Well, yes, we do. The Crosbys, excepting Dad, all are very opinionated people."

"Yeh," interpolated Bing complacently. "Irish."

Practically all vocal communication with Bing is spur-of-the-moment. "I've tried to arrange business-like meetings," Larry lamented. "We might all sit down like a board of directors should. But we've never had a regular meeting yet; and, anyway, when we all argue we'd all be sure to get mad! Ev and I meet, make preliminary plans for Bing's pictures, radio program, and investments. We assemble the data and try to enable him to have some pleasant home life and time for recreation. Then Bing okays our ideas or rips them to bits. He has a memory like an elephant. He never troubles with notes, but he remembers whatever he's mentioned.

"Ev advises me of the various deals under fire and then I make the necessary memos for Bing. Dad is our treasurer, and the go-between. Dad sees Bing every night, stopping in on his way home with a folder full. There are checks for Bing to sign, photographs to autograph, letters to answer. Dad picks up everything, with Bing's suggestions, in the morning. The way he's improving Bing might develop some business sense at that! But we'd much rather send our reports out to him than have him burst in and mix us all up here."

Dad Crosby is well equipped to be treasurer, having been an auditor in Spokane. He's been employed by Bing for five years, ever since his old job petered out.

"Here's a funny twist. You know how little thought Bing gives to his own clothes? Well, he's always after me about my appearance. Wants me to dress up. And he raised so much fuss about the hats I wore that I don't wear any anymore. They were always too dark, too drab. The last one got shot! We were duck hunting on his ranch near San Diego; he grabbed my hat in disgust, threw it, and filled it full of buckshot. Then he turns up at his broadcasts in a Hawaiian gimp. At least that's what I call those loud shirts of his that look like a thousand U's and hang outside of his pants.

"I try," concluded Larry, "to leave him an out when he disagrees. You have to be honest; he can detect a sales talk too fast. So I give him the lowdown and an out; then in half a day he may change his no."

[Continued on page 66]

Built Up Sets In The Studios Change For Each Picture And Every Month We Visit Places New And Interesting With

S. R. Mook

OH, SOLE MIO! Here we go, around the studios and then I'm off to the sunny South. Or should I say "The Torrid South" at this time of the year. Never mind. Here we go. First stop is—

20th Century-Fox

Of course, the biggest thing going out here is the new Sonja Henie picture—"My Lucky Star." It seems she works in a Fifth Avenue department store but her ambition is to finish college. Junior Trent (alias "Butch" Romero) is the profligate son of the store owner. He learns of her ambition when he discovers her skating in the store's winter department. He dates her, innocently getting her involved with his gold-digging wife from whom he's separated. When his wife threatens to sue for divorce, naming poor little Sonja as co-respondent big-hearted Butch sends her to Plymouth College on the excuse she is to wear Fifth Avenue clothes and advertise their store.

Sonja promptly falls in love with the captain of the hockey team (Richard Greene—20th-Fox's answer to Robert Taylor, and you can look for a Henie-Greene romance any day now). He also falls for her, which isn't strange. Sonja gets her picture in the paper, Butch's wife sees it and immediately cracks down with her suit on Butch. Butch immediately goes to Plymouth to send Sonja away where she can't be found but Sonja refuses to go.

Sonja begs her with a very sad smile.

"He'd like it better if you said it yourself," Joan replies.

"I'd rather not," Sonja comes back. "I'd better go away quietly—without seeing anyone. Goodbye, Mary."

"Cut!" calls the director.

The way Sonja has developed as an actress is amazing. I honestly believe she could get by as a picture personality without her skating—and that is praise, indeed.

It seems funny to cover this lot and not find either Jane Withers or Claire Trevor working but such is the case, my loved ones. So we make the best of it and proceed to the next set, which is—well, strike me pink! That's all there is over here! Muffling my disappointment (?) as best I can, I shoot over to—

Paramount

Would you believe me if I told you there is only one picture here you haven't already heard about? But, cheer up. That one is worth a half dozen ordinary pictures. It marks the return of Groaner Crosby to the screen after the racing season. The picture is titled "Sing, You Sinners" and was concocted and adapted by that eminent scenarist, Claude Binyon.

"What are you doing on the set?" Mr. B demands as he spies me.

"I have come to give you

PICTURES ON THE FIRE



There is a misunderstanding when Mr. Greene overhears part of the conversation between Sonja and Butch. Of course, nothing matters after that. Sonja prepares to leave. She is sitting in her room with her room-mate—Joan Davis (and I hope Miss Davis remembers to thank God in her prayers every night for Fannie Brice).

"Did Buddy take all the other bags?" Sonja asks forlornly.

"Yes, he's got the taxi at the side entrance," Joan answers.

"Say goodbye to Larry (Greene) for me,"

"A Letter Of Introduction" with Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Eve Arden, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, the old scene stealer. (Right) The three Lane sisters and Gale Page with Claude Rains in "Sister Act."





Wayne Morris in the land office protesting against claims that have been filed. Charles Bickford at left and Claire Trevor right. From "The Valley of the Giants."

some publicity," I smirk cutely.

"We don't want that kind of publicity," Claude grins.

"All right then," I agree, resolving not to be drawn into an argument, "I'll give you the other kind—which is worse."

"Thank you," says Claude. "We still prefer the other kind because *nothing*—absolutely nothing, mind you—could be worse than your kind."

"Enough of this twiddle-twaddle," I interrupt him. "If you will tell me the plot of your story—if there is any—I will repay your kindness by mentioning you in my column."

"Pray do," says Claude, "and don't forget that my middle initial is 'H.'"

"For 'Hellion?'" I suggest.

Claude ignores the inference and continues loftily: "Bing, Fred MacMurray and a little kid named O'Connor all have good voices and they come from a musical family—but they hate music. Fred is the sober, industrious one who is engaged to Ellen Drew—Ellen, may I present Dick Mook? He's venomous and he can't write, but he's susceptible and if you smile at him he'll write something nice about you and there may be a few misguided souls about the country who put stock in what he says—Bing is the indolent member of the family—"

"What a remarkable bit of casting," I interject but once again Fred ignores my remark.

"He has a passion for swapping. The little kid, whose name is O'Connor, is the third member of the family and he's sure

to turn out like Bing. Elizabeth Patterson is the mother of this misguided crew. Fred has to be continually putting off his marriage to Ellen because he has to support the family because none of them will work. Finally Bing has a stroke of conscience, decides Fred will never get anywhere as long as he (Bing) is around so he takes the kid and they light out for Los Angeles. Through a fluke of luck he strikes a lucky day at the races and makes enough to rent a swap shop and rent a mansion for a month. Then he sends for the mother. By the time she arrives he has swapped the swap shop for a race horse named 'Uncle Gus.' Uncle Gus isn't doing so well and neither is Bing. But La Pat writes Fred that they're doing swell. So Fred says (in substance) to Ellen, "It looks like this is it, toots. At last Bing is making a go of things and we can get saddled with each other."

"And high time, too," says Ellen. "A girl doesn't stay young *all* her life and I've turned down many a good offer for you."

Fred chooses to ignore this and rambles along: "What say we strike out for Los Angeles and get married in the old homestead, which we've had for three weeks now and which, according to Mom, boasts eight bedrooms, nine baths to say nothing of a solarium, playroom, bar, dining room, etc., etc."

"It sounds like the McCoy," Ellen agrees. "I have my lipstick and toothbrush right here in my reticule. Let's go."

So off they go. And *what* do you suppose happens? No sooner do they arrive in Los

Angeles than they find Bing has swapped the swap shop for *Uncle Gus*, *Uncle Gus* hasn't won a race since he was foaled (are you squirming, Mr. Crosby?), the family have only three more days to go in their manse and everything is in just one helluva fix. (If this wasn't a family magazine I wouldn't have to be whimsical and I could just come right out and say hell of a fix). Fred tells Ellen they'll have to postpone their marriage again and she flounces off in a huff. So then the three boys get a job singing in a night club on the water front—

"Exactly where it is?" I demand of Claude.

"Oh, somewhere around Los Angeles," he replies vaguely.

"But *where*?" I persist.

"What does it matter?" he asks in annoyance. "It's a waterfront night club. That's enough."

"It's not enough," I retort hotly. "That's what's the matter with pictures. They're never definite."

"Paramount accepted it as 'a waterfront cafe' and you'll take it that way and like it," he squelches me. "And that's where you are now. Watch this scene."

So I watch.

"We also have a swell fight scene in this," Claude H. Binvon amends, "and don't forget to mention that that super artist, Wesley Ruggles, is directing, and don't forget to [Continued on next page]

[Continued from preceding page]
mention Miss Ellen Drew (I'll say I won't. This is her first speaking part and if she acts half as well as she looks a new star is born)."

"What goes?" Mr. Crosby inquires politely when the scene is finished.

But I am too lost in admiration of Mr. Crosby's new figure to indulge in persiflage. "Mr. C," I gasp, "you should always wear dinner jackets. Why, you look positively sylph-like—from the rear."

"Tush!" exclaims Bing modestly, "It just goes to show you what the juice of the fruit will do for you. I've been on a diet."

I might have known there'd be a catch in it.

Well, that's all, brother. We'll proceed to—

Columbia

Only one picture going here—"You Can't Take It With You." Next stop—

United Artists

One picture here—"Algiers" (tentative title) being produced by Walter Wanger. This plot is just *too* complicated. Charles Boyer is a jewel thief, hiding in the native quarter of Algiers—a place called the "Casbah." *Nobody*—not even native officers—arrests anyone there, for the Casbah guards its own. Sigrid Gurie (yes, you're to meet her again) lives there and falls in love with Boyer. In a skirmish with the police (Joseph Calleia is the head) he is slightly wounded in the arm and she is whisked into an adjacent house. A moment later Boyer enters from the roof and is introduced to her. He is more impressed with her jewels than with her but she falls like a ton of asphalt. So they meet—and love.

I find them walking along one of the narrow streets of the Casbah. Ah, would I had the pen of a

poet to describe this scene to you. It's as dirty as the technical crew can possibly make it. Cigarette butts and bits of paper are strewn all over. There is a mist hanging over everything but the sunlight shines through. There are baskets (huge baskets) of fruit and vegetables in front of shop doors. There are no windows to these shops. There are real Algerians sitting cross-legged in front of their stores. All the squalor and color of Africa has been caught and reflected in this scene.

The floor of the stage, of course, is level but the set has been built so that it is full of rises. You can walk for just a minute or two and find yourself fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the stage.

Mob scenes always interest me. The extras are just as carefully rehearsed as the principals. The extras you see walking aimlessly by or pausing to look into a shop window, have all been signalled by the assistant director as to what they are to do.

So now we find Boyer and Hedy Lamarr strolling down this crowded street, with

its *salepdis* (lemonade men), burros mincing daintily along under their packs, the natives eyeing them knowingly. They turn into a cafe and are immediately shown into a private dining room. Everyone here knows Boyer. They seat themselves at a table.

"You're beautiful," Boyer murmurs. "That's easy to say. Maybe somebody told you—but what I'm telling you is different (Oh, sure). For me, you're more than that. For two years (that's how long he's been in the Casbah) I've been lost—like walking in my sleep. Suddenly I wake up—that's you! (What a line!) I don't know how I went on all that time waiting for you and not knowing it. You know what you are to me? Paris! The whole town! A spring morning in Paris! You're lovely—you're marvelous!" He leans towards her, his voice caressingly soft. "Do you know what you remind me of? The subway!" She smiles and



he leans closer, his face against hers as he continues: "Shut your eyes—listen! Can you hear it?"

"That's my heart beating," she whispers softly.

It's really a beautiful scene and if I seem to scoff a little, it's only because when I ladle out mush like that, all I get is a horse-laugh.

Next stop is—

Universal

Only one picture shooting here, too. But it's a biggie—"A Letter of Introduction" with Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Edgar Bergen and Mons. Charlie McCarthy, George Murphy, Rita Johnson, Ann Sheridan and Eve Arden. Some cast, eh, folks?

Dolphe—well, that's what his friends call him—is a matinee idol. Andrea is his daughter, though he little suspects. You can say all you please, "It's a wise child that knows its own father," I say, "It's a wiser father that knows his own



child!" I don't know who said that.

When he finds out who Andrea *really* is, he's fit to be tied, although I should think any man would be tickled to death to find Andrea was his daughter. But not Dolphe. *He* has young ideas. Ann Sheridan is one of them. So he promises Andrea the lead in his new play if she'll keep quiet about this father and daughter business. Andrea is willing because she is in love with George Murphy—and he with her. And all any of the clique thinks when she makes a date with Dolphe is, "She's getting a break."

So we meet them in the hallway of the house where they live—Andrea, George, Eve



(Left) A studio group talking things over before they start shooting "You Can't Take It With You." Frank Capra, the director, is putting Jean Arthur and James Stewart through their paces. The others in the cast are (L. to R.) Lillian Yarbo, Eddie Anderson, Dub Taylor, Donald Meek, Sam Hinds, Halliwell Hobbs, Ann Miller, Mischa Auer, Edward Arnold, Mary Forbes, Spring Byington and Lionel Barrymore. (Above) Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Crowd Roars."



But Andrea? Ah, there's a girl! She never forgets and no matter how strenuous the day she always has time to chat. *She'll* be here when *I'm* gone and forgotten for that girl has what it takes!

But we mustn't get morbid. There's still

Warner Bros.

Of course, just to spoil my day and make me late getting started on my trip, they would have to have a flock of pictures shooting. I guess the most important is—"Garden of the Moon." This marks the return of JIMMIE FIDLER (The Hollywood Tattler) to the screen. Eighty-five years ago (or thereabouts), come next Michaelmas, Jimmie was acting at Paramount. But no one remembers it except me. Since then he has been the best publicity agent (or public relations counsel, as they're now called) Hollywood has ever known. And following that, he was a magazine writer, then a radio commentator and now he returns to the screen as a full-fledged star. Well, [Continued on page 81]

Arden and Rita Johnson. I should have said, everyone but George is satisfied.

"Logic or no logic," he is saying to Andrea, "if that guy Manning makes a play for you—"

And that's where Rita and Eve come in. "What's all the delay?" Eve queries. "Are we, or are we not, going to eat?"

"Mr. Manning (Menjou) wants me to have dinner with him," Andrea explains. "Will you call me names if I go?"

"Of course not," Rita recognizes a chance when she sees one. "There are plenty of other nights."

"Where's he taking you?" the practical Arden asks.

"To the—," Andrea answers. I can't read my notes, but it's swank.

"Oooh!" Eve is impressed.

"Good gracious!" Andrea exclaims hopefully. "I just happened to think—I haven't a thing to wear!" (And where've I heard that before?)

"Honey'll lend you something, won't you, Honey?" Murphy puts it up to Rita.

"Er—yes—of course," Honey agrees unenthusiastically.

"Oh, I couldn't!" Andrea protests hopefully.

"My new white chiffon'll fit you swell," Rita raves, having got her second wind.

"But that's your new dancing costume," Andrea protests again. Suppose something

should happen to it?"

"Nothing'll happen to it," Rita hopes. "Wait a minute—I'll get it for you."

"I'll dig you up a wrap," Arden promises, not to be outdone.

Mr. Menjou is not working in this scene. Neither is Mr. Bergen. After eight years of set-trotting and thirty-six introductions Mr. Menjou and I are still brand new to each other. And I can bear it. I have only been introduced to Mr. Bergen once. He was too languid to get up or shake hands. I can bear that, too. I'll still be set-trotting when Bergen and McCarthy are gone and forgotten. May-be!

Pat O'Brien, in a turban, Jimmie Fidler, the familiar radio gossip, and Margaret Lindsay in "Garden of the Moon."



The Days Of A Comedian Grow More And More Hilarious, All Shot With Humor And Hugh Herbert.

WE MAY as well face it, Hollywood's heroes are being *bored from within!*

Disturbing as such an assertion may be, it has—let us hasten to explain—nothing to do with ennui. What is even better, it has nothing on us! There is, moreover, no connection with the slight case of termite which Charlie McCarthy (knock on wood!) is recovering from.

I don't want to alarm you, but the Gable menace, the Taylor threat, the Power peril is none other than our favorite actor with the wistful charm and slightly insane antics, Mr. Herbert—and I do mean Hugh!

"Yes," admitted Hugh (pronounced Woo-woo) Herbert fearlessly when I cornered him during our interview—for this is his Real Untold Story in his very *own* words—"I was born!" From that time on Mr. Herbert's cells just kept on multiplying, or is it dividing, and what with this and that—and no one more surprised than Mr. Herbert—today he is a man!

"Couldn't we just play?" he asked, smiling and waving to me genially. "So you're a Warner Brothers' star? Was it *you* who recently won that beautiful big gold loving cup as New York's favorite comedian?"

"Just a minute, *Mister Herbert*," I said. "Take this chair and I'll take yours. We seem to be mixed up here."

"Oh yes indeed, yes indeed," he laughed merrily, clapping his hands, "I certainly am glad to get your viewpoint."

"Do you realize, Mr. Herbert, that millions of fans are literally running out of the theatres during those Big Love Scenes just to answer your trilling woo-woos?"

"Running out of theatres," he answered with a vaguely troubled look, clicking his tongue, "I'm certainly sorry to hear that, I hope I get paid this week. . . ."

Obviously we were getting Nowhere and having a wonderful time (wish you were there).

Before Hugh went into pictures, becoming wilder and woozier as the years roll on, he was a vaudeville character actor. He'd write the skits and then star in them—trunkfuls of them—a Scotchman who usually essayed the role of Jewish character comedian because of the perfection of his dialect! In the days of the silent film he became, in a manner of speaking, the Voice of Experience. That is, motion picture experience. Carefully secreted behind a high screen in a small movie house he "doubled" vocally for all the male characters in the film!

It was during his barn-storming days that he teamed up with a stunning and statuesque brunette, who, becoming Mrs. Herbert, has been on the receiving end of his bafflement for over twenty years. They have known bad days and good—reading from left to right. But when it was bad, he recalls, it was simply *horrid!* So much so that he went into the business of writing. Following the merry circles in which the Herbert luck runs, it brought him right back to acting again!

His induction into pictures occurred back in 1926 and he later co-authored "The Lights of New York," the first full-length talking picture, which gleamed so brightly that he went right on writing other opuses like Von Stroheim's "The Great Gabbo" and a lot of others. He also became a director.

It was "Danger Lights," for which he had written the comic sequences, that first saw that delightfully zany, will-o'-the-wisp creature on the screen. But, as yet, his trade-marked warble hadn't echoed 'round the world.

"Just what is this 'woo-woo,'" I ventured to ask, "the Igorotes' mating coo or the battle cry of freedom?"

"It's just sort of an Indian love call, I guess," he explained wistfully, "you see it so happened I was frightened early in my career by a third assistant director. It all began years ago when Wheeler and Woolsey were making 'The Diplomaniacs' somewhere on location. Louis Calhern and I were in the cast and in that wilderness the days, which doubtless were translated from the Scandinavian, lasted for weeks, or maybe only seemed to. Having nothing to do, and so much space not to do it in, we decided to



In his garden Hugh chuckles merrily as he holds an orange up to a lemon meringue bush.

"Woo=Woo"

By Helen Harrison

throw a little party for all the actors and production staff.

"The next morning that director sent us up into a live oak tree—alive, it was kicking!—which left me about 35 or 40 feet from the ground. I grabbed the branch with one hand, my stomach with the other and yelled a few lusty 'woo-woos.' Soon thousands of Indians who were rehearsing for the scene started yelling 'woo-woos' back at me until the air was thick with them. Several just hung on. And they've seemed to express everything I've wanted to say since—all the frustration and bafflement which have wrecked my life and given me practically everything a man could ask for."

"Woo-woo to you!" I shouted somewhat giddily, falling into the spirit of the thing.

"Heavens alive," he warned me, "never woo-woo over your right knee or when the stars are crossing against lights, they're apt to get run over."

"Don't tell me you're superstitious!" I chided, praying he wouldn't walk under that ladder over there.

"Well," he laughed uneasily, "outside of a peacock on the curtain, a yellow costume or drop, the playing of 'Home Sweet Home' in a theatre where I'm appearing and the rest, I practically never think about it, which reminds me of the time Rose (Mrs. Herbert) and I were playing one of the circuits."

"We had just finished the first performance of a week's engagement. Feeling pretty happy I walked from the stage into our dressing room whistling. Catching sight of myself in the mirror I got so nervous I yelled back at the reflection, 'For heaven's sake don't whistle in the dressing room!' And no sooner had I said that when a knock was heard at the door."

"It was the manager. 'You're through,' he told me —'right now! Why,' he exclaimed as he stormed out indignantly, 'the same act



"Far Distance?" "Yep."
"Come closer,
I can't hear
you."

played here only two weeks ago with different performers!"

"I did a little private sleuthing and soon discovered another couple had copied our act—which, incidentally, I had written—and were getting into towns ahead of us. Now, although I whistle while I work, I make good and sure it's *not* in the dressing room!"

He is, in case you haven't heard tell, Hizzoner, the Mayor of Studio City, where the Herberts live quietly (!) on their ten acre farm. The house, a low rambling affair, was designed according to Hugh's own idea of what constitutes a home, the one typical touch being a glassed-in room in the center of which is a fountain and pool where lilies bloom and goldfish fleck the water.

He has just completed roles in "Four's a Crowd" and "Gold Diggers in Paris," in the latter playing a Frenchman with what he calls a "demi-tasse" accent.

"Paris was very nice, very nice," he assured me, "except on the voyage over I got a little seasick."

"Why Mister Herbert," I reminded him, "that picture was made right at Burbank, California!"

"Oh was it?" he said, surprised, "well, well, what a coincidence, what a coincidence!"

Recently he returned from his first vacation home in four years, having seen all the Broadway floor shows (he said he found it too hard sitting there and just had to use a chair), gone shopping, broadcast over the networks twice and had a swell time, generally, browsing around in some of his old haunts. It was, however, he is relieved to say, somewhat less exciting than his earlier visit. This time he used busses.

The two parts which Mr. Herbert informs the waiting world

"Golddiggers in Paris." The gang's all here, even though the gangplank is a stairway. Can you find Gloria Dickson, Fritz Feld, Hugh Herbert, Mabel Todd, Allen Jenkins, Rosemary Lane and Rudy Vallee without looking at their passports?



Scene from
"Four's a Crowd."

he definitely will *not* play (and no wheedling now!) are Rhett Butler and Hamlet. That much, at least, we may be sure of—let Taylor and Gable make the most of it! Actually he frightens easy, for he can't bear to watch himself on the screen. "I always run out on that guy Herbert," he told me, confidentially. "It's a great joke, but don't tell him I told you—a sensitive chap. . . ."

. . . But the casual mumo-jumbo of Hugh Herbert's delightful inanities, all carefully blueprinted for laughs, is as canny a bit of showmanship as one might ever hope to see. Having written and directed he knows the precise combination of words and action that produce the maximum effect, and, as an actor, he projects his knowledge with timing that is sheer genius. His characters are clean, sympathetic, lovable, completely free of sly innuendo.



Rosemary and Priscilla Lane have blended voices when they sing together and even harmony for their lunch.



Norma Talmadge and husband, George Jessel, are veteran entertainers. They both lead double lives, but always together. (Below) Tim and Irene Ryan battle along the airways as a loving couple should, but at home all is peaceful.



IN THE early days of the movies one of the most shopworn gags about the film industry was the number of relatives in the business. They used to tell how producers would spread the cost of supporting relatives by putting the not-too-dumb ones on the payroll in the hope that they might manage to do a little something to justify their salaries. Some did and more didn't, but the phrase, "a relative in the business" hung on.

Today there are still a lot of relatives in the business but most of them are related by marriage—as husband and wife (joke). The odd part, however, is that while many a mister and missus individually perform before the cameras, they seldom act together or even work for the same company. Newlyweds Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond park their makeup kits at rival studios. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell do get their pay envelopes from the same boss, but not for portraying in reel life what they are to each other in real life. It was only after they were divorced

that Carole Lombard and William Powell got together on the screen in "My Man Godfrey," and in "The Gorgeous Hussy" Franchot Tone played a small part opposite Joan Crawford.

It took 20th Century-Fox to realize the full-size romantic possibilities of casting husband and wife together when they centered the major love interest of "Sally, Irene and Mary" in Alice Faye and Tony Martin. Oddly enough, though Alice and Tony came to the movies from radio, they never have done a broadcast together. It took the screen to unite them at work. For in practically every case the husbands and wives who consistently appear together on the screen are couples who were enlisted from the radio ranks where they made their reputation as a twosome. The best known of such twosomes are George Burns and Gracie Allen, Tim and Irene, and Fibber McGee and Molly.

The reason given for not casting more husbands and wives together is "they're not the type." Say, maybe the film directors have something there. In radio, however, conditions are just the opposite. Many a married couple who may never get together in front of the same movie camera, can be heard doing their stuff via the same microphone. An official of the National Broadcasting Company says they encourage such teaming up for it helps spread an authentic family atmosphere to those listening in at home.

Most of these husband and wife combinations go in for heckling comedy routines, with the wife receiving the panning. Maybe a psychologist could work out some theory to show that the reason these teams are so successful is that the listener recognizes in the stringers something he himself would like to tell his better half—if he only had the nerve—and maybe the actor-spouse who utters those lines puts a lot of genuine feeling in what he says because it gives him a chance to get a load off his chest. But that psychologist would be wrong. . . .

On the air, as on the screen, George Burns doesn't think too highly of Gracie Allen's mental powers. In a few well-chosen words he usually makes it plain that Gracie and moron are one and the same, except that a moron has sense enough to come in out of the rain. But away from the radio and movie studios, George will tell you that there isn't a cleverer and shrewder woman than his Googie, the object of his aggravation.

"In our old vaudeville days, before we ever thought of radio or movies," he says, "It was Googie who kept my spirits up when the going was mostly downhill. She pinched pennies here and there so that we would look well and managed to hypnotize the

A RELATIVE IN THE BUSINESS

By Ruth Arell

In The Movies This Always Was A Joke, But Radio Executives And Fans Have Come To Take Relative-ity Seriously.

Ozzie Nelson hired Harriet Hilliard to vocalize and got her to say "Yes." All's well with the Ozzies. (Below) Fibber McGee and Molly are air scrappers with Molly having the last word.



together they toured in vaudeville until radio and the movies found them.

When a decision of any sort has to be made, Tim's reply is, "Ask Irene."

Even when I asked him for some dope on this article he told me, "Ask Irene." I did, and came away with the firm conviction that despite all of his swashbuckling while they are working, at home Irene has the last word—but definitely.

Maybe that ain't no way to treat a lady, but Fred Allen seems to enjoy tossing his wife, Portland Hoffa, around for a verbal fall when they come face to face across a microphone at tonsil distance. He knows he can call her a silent belle which is translated into dumbbell, and other such sweet nothings, and never get a comeback—if she sticks to her script, which she usually does. But all of his brow-beating is just part of the show and he's a most considerate guy otherwise. He even likes his in-laws and is particularly fond of Portland's mother.

Fred is the only member of the family who has been in the movies so far. Portland has never faced a camera, but she has faced all sorts of inquiries about her name. In

[Continued on page 66]

Leslie Howard and his daughter, Leslie Ruth. (Below—Right) The Stroud Twins switch personalities when the mike goes dead—just to make it harder.

agents into giving us better booking schedules. She's the financial giant in our family and could make a good living as an actor's representative, the way she wangles the best terms in a contract."

Thus, while George ridicules his wife's intelligence and has a good time at her expense while they are working, at home he willingly lets her wear the pants of the family, so to speak.

"And those are my sentiments, too," echoes Tim Ryan about his wife and partner, Irene Noble. These two have appeared in a number of comedy shorts, confining most of their work to the airwaves where Tim does a neat bit of belittling at Irene's expense. Actually, their happy marriage and subsequent smooth working together rose out of a violent hate at first sight.

When they met, she was leading lady for a stock company and he was its press agent. He thought her stuck up and she took a hearty dislike to the "fresh guy who runs the entire company as well as the publicity." Their battles were famous up and down the country. They did everything but fight with their fists and they might just as well have, for they gave each other furious tongue-lashings. One day they forgot to flare up at each other and discovered they were in love. After their marriage a short time later Tim deserted his typewriter for grease paint and



REVIEWS OF PICTURES

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

A REALLY GRAND MUSICAL THAT PACKS AN EMOTIONAL WALLOP—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S one of the finest musical films ever to come out of the Hollywood workshop. The picture is a sort of monument to Irving Berlin who, starting some thirty years ago with the never-to-be-forgotten "Alexander's Ragtime Band," has composed music so distinctive that his songs are a record of three colorful periods in American life.

The story has no bearing on Mr. Berlin's life, but the songs are all his, more than twenty-five in number, and presented for the most part in the order written. What fun it is to hear "Everybody's Doing It," "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam," "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "All Alone," "Remember," "Easter Parade" and dozens of others.

The film begins in a San Francisco honky-tonk several years before the War and here we find Tyrone Power, a young aristocrat from Nob Hill, organizing his first band with Don Ameche as his piano player, and Jack Haley with the drums. In their excitement over their first try-out the boys forget their music and the only music available in the cheap dive is a brand new song, fresh from New York, brought there by Alice Faye, a common little singer who has had plenty of hard knocks. The boys grasp the spirit of the new syncopation, Alice sings the lyrics, and Alexander's Ragtime Band is born.

With their new rag numbers the band is a huge success and goes from dive to cafe to the swanky Cliff House in San Francisco where Alice, now remodelled to suit Tyrone's and Nob Hill's standards, meets the great producer, Charles Dillingham, and goes with him to New York to become his star. Tyrone, jealous and insanely in love with Alice, disbands the band.

Then comes the war sequence and Tyrone's return from the trenches only to discover that Alice has married Don Ameche, who has become a popular composer. Coaxed by Jack Haley and Ethel Merman, Tyrone organizes another band,

with Ethel in Alice's spot, which immediately becomes the most popular band in Europe and America. After heart-break on Alice's part she and Tyrone are finally united on the stage of the famous Carnegie Hall in New York where Alexander's Ragtime Band is giving the first "swing" concert.

Alice Faye and Ethel Merman have never sung better. In the supporting cast are Helen Westley, Jean Hersholt, Paul Hurst and John Carradine in a taxi sequence that is a stand-out. It's a picture you don't want to miss.

THREE BLIND MICE

A SPARKLING, HIGHLY POLISHED 1938 VERSION OF THE CINDERELLA THEME—20th Century-Fox

THREE beautiful sisters on a Kansas chicken farm receive a small legacy and set forth to gamble it all on one fling among the millionaires.

Loretta Young is the sister selected to marry a rich husband for the benefit of all. One sister is posing as her secretary and one as her maid. Joel McCrea and David Niven are excellent and Stuart Erwin is swell as the gold-digger hating waiter.

Binnie Barnes as Niven's unconventional sister is a superb comedienne. Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore are intriguing as the self-effacing sisters.



Doris Nolan, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant and Lew Ayres in "Holiday." (Left) Henry Fonda and Madeleine Carroll in "Blockade."

It is a triumph of performance over story.

THE RAGE OF PARIS

NOT AS EXCITING AS ITS TITLE, BUT VERY ENJOYABLE, NEVERTHELESS—U

THIS charming comedy gem has been selected to introduce Danielle Darrieux to America. She is a French actress of great talent, and in the light, frothy story she proves herself a comedienne in the top bracket.

The picture tells of Miss Darrieux's endeavors to snare a wealthy husband by pre-



until he conquers all and wins Priscilla as a reward—very delectable!

THE TOY WIFE

NOT A PET NAME, BUT AN ACCUSATION!—MGM

IN THE days before the Civil War, the life in New Orleans was richly colorful with cavaliers and gracious ladies. Luise Rainer plays the lady lovable and frivolous (based on the old play "Made-moiselle Frou Frou") and gives a splendid performance.

She marries a serious minded lawyer, gives him a son and a dizzy home

(Left) Louis Hayward, Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mischa Auer and Helen Broderick in a scene from "The Rage of Paris." (Below) Johnny Pirrone, Henry Armetta and Lynn Bari in "Speed to Burn."

HOLIDAY

OR ONE MAN'S UNIQUE DESIGN FOR LIVING—Col.

EIGHT years ago this picture was a smash hit with Ann Harding, Robert Ames Mary Astor and Monroe Owsley (both Robert Ames and Monroe Owsley have since died) playing the leads, and it does look as if history were going to repeat itself, for the 1938 version has all the earmarks of being what we want on our screens these days.

This time Is-it-true-what-they-say-about-Hepburn plays Linda and her acting is delightful and shaded with fine feeling throughout. Cary Grant forgets his frothy form of acting for this picture and gives a grand natural performance of Johnny, the young idealist, who had rather have fun than make money.

Doris Nolan is okay as the younger sister who prefers riches on Fifth Avenue to love in a flat, and Lew Ayres gives a restrained and outstanding portrayal of the continually soused brother. Completing the cast are such excellent performers as Eddie Everett Horton, Jean Dixon and Henry Kolker.

The futility of riches is the theme of the play and it seems more timely against the economic and social background today than when previously filmed eight years ago. So



tending to be rich and socially prominent although she is in truth penniless. (The "Rage" comes in when Danielle finds out that she is doing the same plot as Loretta's "Three Blind Mice.")

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the wrong man, of course. Both he and Louis Hayward give good performances and Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer provide fine comedy touches.

The French actress is the best box-office bet to hit the screen for sometime.

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN

PLENTY OF GOOD, WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT HERE—WB

THIS picture is one that most audiences will like. Lloyd Bacon directed and his touch has lost none of its cunning since "42nd Street," which started the whole thing.

There is supposed to be a deep yearning in the breasts of all fans for "Westerns," so Warner Brothers put a ten gallon hat on Dick Powell and shoved him off. Dick does all right, too. Not only with the songs, which are natural for him, but he is the sort who can take a role in which he is made a fool of and still wind up with another theatre full of fan friends. We particularly liked the sincere way that Dick sang "Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride."

The plot has to do with a Brooklyn crooner who gets kicked off the freight train in Wyoming. He and his band were heading for Hollywood. However, fast-talking Pat O'Brien is a manager from New York and he signs up the cowboy and takes him back to Broadway, where he "wows 'em."

Then he is exposed by Dick Foran, who is a real singing cowboy. Priscilla Lane is a pleasant event and Ann Sheridan clicks. James Stephenson does well by the hypnotist who bolsters up Dick Powell's courage

life which he finally tires of. Melvyn Douglas plays the husband with fine sincerity. Frou Frou realizing that her husband, a bit fed up with her flightiness, is not taking her seriously as a wife, then elopes with her lover, a role played by Robert Young in spirited fashion. When chastened, she returns, but it is too late.

The atmosphere is so gay and charming, so perfect for love and satins that it is not until the unhappy girl comes home that we realize that the setting lends a heart-breaking quality that will make "Toy Wife" a memory, pathetic and tragic. Luise Rainer adds another laurel to her crown.

don't think for one minute that it's dated. Bows are in order for George Cukor, who has done a grand job of directing.

BLOCKADE

A ROMANCE TOLD AGAINST THE TENSE BACKGROUND OF SPAIN'S CIVIL WAR—U.I.

DEALING with history in the making, rather than taking its inspiration from past wars, this dramatic picture reveals the methods and the duplicity of men who make war through propaganda. Without employing a single battlefield spectacle or any of the time worn tricks of most war



"Alexander's Ragtime Band," the song practically everyone remembers, now becomes an historic document. Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Tyrone Power are co-starred.

in her latest picture. She plays a good little choir girl, way down South in New Orleans, who, by a fluke, is introduced one evening in a night club as the famous chanteuse Josette, a most notorious French gold-digger.

She is mistaken for the cabaret singer by two wealthy young Southern gentlemen, Don Ameche and Bob Young, who think she is after papa's money. They both fall for her and there is much fun and hilarity. Of course it all comes out eventually that she isn't the notorious Josette, that she isn't a gold-digger, and that she isn't in love with papa—she's just a nice girl and to prove it she swims home from a boat ride with Bob.

Don and Bob, as the two brothers, romp through their roles and Bob, a flippant chaser, almost steals the picture. Don is the serious member of the family but he makes his role stand out like a diamond solitaire. William Collier, Sr., plays papa, and Tala Birell is the real Josette. Joan Davis as a man-hunting maid, Bert Lahr as a night club owner, and Paul Hurst as a bibulous playboy, and William Demrest and Ruth Gillette as managers of a fish joint complete the excellent cast. It's light and fluffy and entertaining. Simone sings several songs very charmingly, especially the catchy "May I Drop a Petal In Your Glass of Wine."

dramas this picture, tensely dramatic and exceedingly frank, will give you a most exciting and highly interesting evening at the theatre.

Madeleine Carroll, doing some of the best acting of her career, plays a girl who goes to Spain to find a home only to discover that her father is associated with a spy ring helping to engineer civil strife. Henry Fonda plays a boy who fights only to defend lands which are his small but treasured world. When he kills the girl's father he is assigned to follow and check her every movement fearing that she, too, is a spy.

Fonda's role is symbolic of the youth of today and his experiences in war-torn Spain will make many a mother and many a mother's son—it is hoped—think of war in its true light. Leo Carrillo, John Halliday and Reginald Denny lead a long list of capable players, and the director is the famous William Dieterle whose "Pasteur" and "Zola" you well remember.

"Blockade" does not take sides in the present war and it has no preachment. It makes you hate those men who win victories with more inglorious implements than bullets or bayonets—which is as it should be.

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION

A COURTROOM DRAMA—U

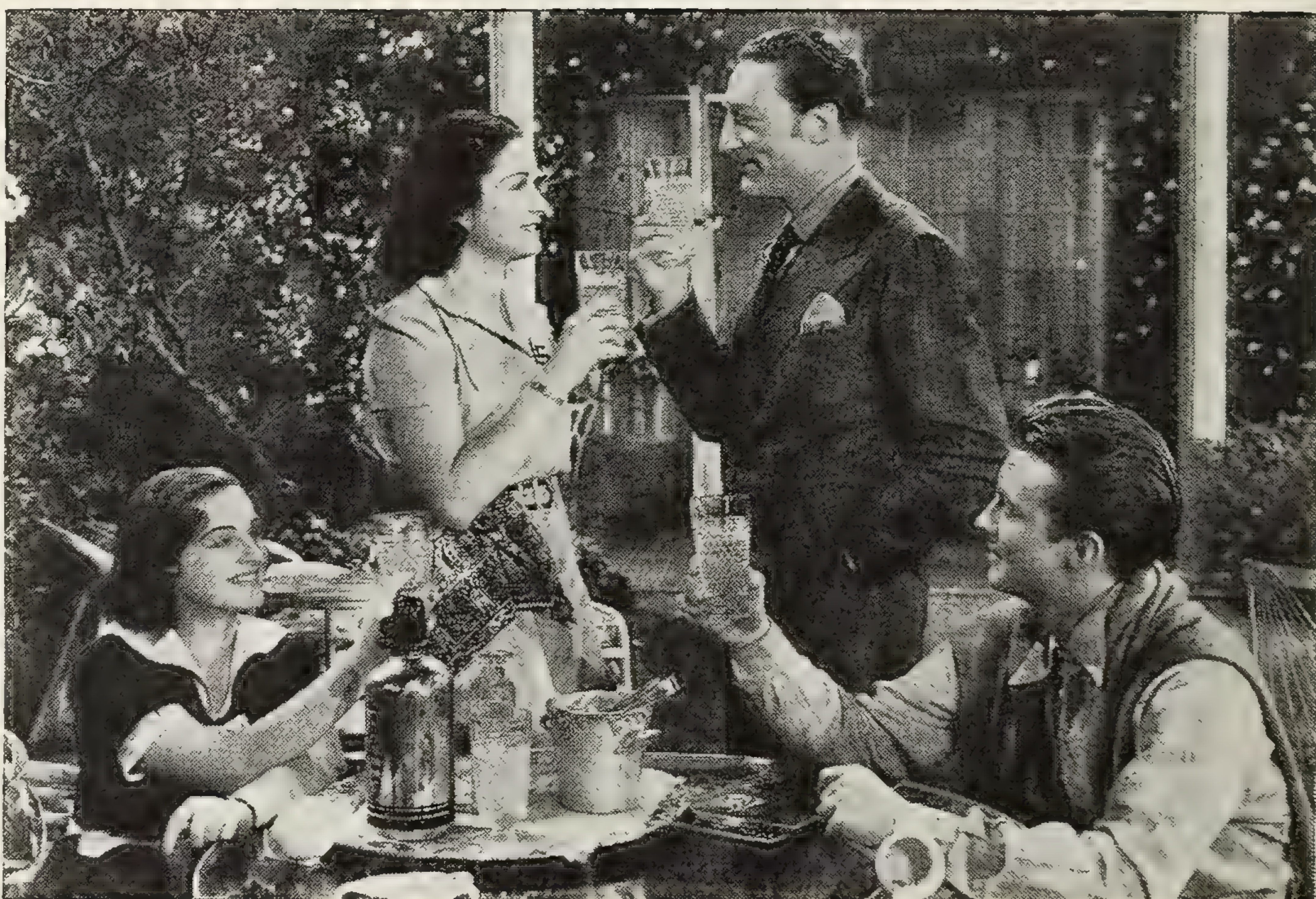
THE plot brings out the avenging fury of Warren William, the District Attorney. He believes that all murderers should be given the chair and he is making ready to punish Ralph Morgan, who killed his faithless wife. When the D. A. sees how the prisoner came to kill, he realizes that he, too, is very jealous of his wife, Gail Patrick. That's different!

Warren William is excellent, particularly in the scenes of dramatic tension. Gail Patrick makes the neglected wife understandable and Constance Moore and William Lundigan give a creditable performance of the young lovers.

SPEED TO BURN

YOU CAN GAMBLE YOUR MONEY ON THIS—20th Century-Fox

WHEN it comes to horse-racing, you have to approach the subject with wide-eyed surprise. The location of this partic-



Constance Moore, Gail Patrick, Warren William and William Lundigan. There's a moral here—anyhow, it's a nice way to take it.

ular track is shrouded in doubt and it's just as well or you would soon lose faith in your pet longshot. Henry Armetta comes under the wire with a load of comedy, and it's no photo finish, either.

Do we have to tell you that a stolen race horse is going to be in the big handicap? Yep. Anyhow, the cops who are out to punish the wicked, succeed in getting their money down on the ringer. And then the jockey is kidnapped! Armetta finds the horse in his barn and he takes a hand against the crooks.

Michael Whalen is good, and Lynn Bari and Sidney Blackmer finish in the money.

JOSETTE

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE LIGHT AND BREEZY SORT—20th Century-Fox

SIMONE SIMON, the pretty French actress who gives gold keys to her boy friends, proves herself to be quite a cute little trick

WHITE BANNERS

A PICTURE THAT WILL GIVE YOU THAT MUCH-NEEDED "LIFT"—IVB

CLAUDE RAINS plays an academy professor who seeks to lift his family from the verge of poverty by an invention he has been tinkering with for years. Just as things look bleak and hopeless a strange woman, a house to house peddler, arrives one day and with her philosophy of life she brings hope and happiness to the professor and his family. Fay Bainter gives one of the most brilliant performances ever to be seen on the screen as the stranger who becomes a servant in the professor's household so that she might help them, and also be near her own son, who was adopted, unbeknownst to him, by the town's banker.

Jackie Cooper is excellent as the boy whose life is straightened out by his unsuspected mother, and his scenes with Bonita Granville are a real high spot.

Bew

[Continued]

was no gag. She could

While Olympe talked to her accent. I noticed her, but that is a common thing for foreigners. But I also she had mastered the accent. Certainly there was an element of her charm. Olympe, I thought, it. She wants to speak of an accent, because she gets more varied roles than she's right.

There's one thing, though, she will never lose, even if she is in oblivion. That is her compelling simplicity—her simple look on everything.

There is one very attractive thing about her that exemplifies it. That just before Olympe's personal appearance to "Souls at Sea," she was asked to dress and to charge it. I found one, but it cost \$29.50. But she wanted it then and there. Soon science began to bother her. She had better call her mount's ace publicity man. She called and asked Terry much. He assured her that one day, Terry is still late.

"Most of the stars get a great deal more for their money when I heard this. I thought that \$29.50 is nothing for paying for it."

"Maybe not," she said. "It wasn't my money, but I should have paid for it. I looked wistful and, of course, there was a certain appeal that I wanted. I thought I had better known the studio. I would have been looked so nice with it. It was in New York."

Did someone say that Olympe was in

Our conversation about her experiences in New York. Usually, I wondered if she had hit in "Souls at Sea."

"I never believed in an autograph," she told me. "I would be mobbed by them. When I went to the station to appear on the radio, they asked me for an autograph. I went inside, but I was feeling nervous. I was feeling concerned, for I knew I would worry about signing. I got outside, there were people waiting for my autograph. I fainted. I remember nothing of my name."

"Weren't you a little

"At first—yes. But at the hotel, it was a different story. I was asleep for a while. The manager said I had to go down the stairs, for there were autograph hunters who had been waiting for two hours. I got down the stairs. I didn't get that time."

There was one experience that thrilled her—and it was with Olympe. With a party going to Coney Island for fun. Paramount had orchids, the first she had

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[from page 61]

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"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says
**DOROTHY
LAMOUR**

**DAINTINESS IS A
CHARM THAT
ALWAYS WINS. NO
SMART GIRL
NEGLECTS IT**

**A LUX TOILET SOAP
BEAUTY BATH IS
THE BEST WAY I
KNOW TO INSURE
DAINTINESS**

STAR OF THE
PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
"Her Jungle Love"

HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you *sure* of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of insuring daintiness!

**ACTIVE LATHER
MAKES YOU SURE
_LEAVES SKIN
REALLY SWEET
_DELICATELY
FRAGRANT!**



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

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"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

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1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (*This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.*)
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time to the music as well as with each other that they signed up for a lifetime of personal appearances across the breakfast table. For a long time before the movies discovered Dorothy, she sang with her husband's band. Her screen career interrupted that, but she still shows up at his broadcasts and makes frequent guest appearances with him.

Harmony also reigns supreme on the air as well as in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ozzie Nelson. Theirs, too, was a romance that started when she, Harriet Hilliard, signed up as Ozzie's vocalist. She still collects a salary in that capacity and, in addition, emotes on movie sound stages.

Don't get the impression that all the relatives in the business are related to each other as husband and wife. Not all. Many brother and sister teams have made the grade not only on the airwaves but on the screen as well. Since ladies traditionally come first, first up are the Lane sisters. Starting out as harmony singers with the Fred Waring band, they had no thought of a screen career. Not until Waring and his company were called to Hollywood for a spot in a musical. When they came, the powers-that-be saw that Rosemary and Priscilla had what it takes. With the prospect of film fame, Fred generously released them from their contract so that you might see as well as hear these girls who were formerly only well-blended voices coming out of your loudspeaker.

To be perfectly technical, in this discussion of relatives who have made good working together on the screen and on the air, we should mention the Dionne quintuplets who do an annual picture, as well as an annual broadcast on their birthday. Not being technical but most informal, we'll let you smile your own comment on this five-star edition of sisterhood and how they behave.

We will, however, mention the Stroud twins, Claude and Clarence, who were screen-tested recently for a part in a detective story about mistaken identity. You could easily mistake one for the other by looking at them, but not by listening to them. These carbon copies of each other disagree violently on the air, in an act in which one acts pompous and self-important while the other is lackadaisical and easy-going. Away from the microphone, each is the reverse of his working personality. You want to know which *really* is which? Sorry, pal, you can't corner me that way.

And just to prove that all broadcasting relatives in the business aren't husbands and wives or brothers and sisters we present the case of parent and child. In this case, it's father and daughter. One of the outstanding bits of radio drama was presented by Leslie Howard and his ten-year-old daughter, Leslie Ruth. His great pride at the workmanlike job she turned in at the microphone assured him that the Howard family's acting laurels were safe with her. At those broadcasts he wasn't trailing clouds of glory as a screen idol, but was merely a proud papa glad to participate in his youngster's initiation into his own craft.

Sure, the movies and radio are packed with relatives in the business, but nowadays they are no longer deadweights on the payroll. Each does his or her share to make his contribution to the business absorb a considerable chunk of overhead and still show a profit on the ledgers. And if you hear anyone say that it isn't good policy to work with relatives, just point to the millions invested in radio and the movies which are doing all right in spite of, or maybe because of, the close connection between the performers many of whom are related as brothers and sisters but in the majority of cases are husbands and wives. These last have found it is swell to keep two paychecks in the family.

Temperamental City

[Continued from page 31]

who has been playing in films for more than two decades, told me that not since 1922, were photoplay people so anxious about the future of the medium. Like most of his colleagues, though, he is confident that Hollywood will rise to the emergency.

From a standpoint of straight production, there was far less going on than there was in the early summer of 1937, but don't think for a moment that the wheels had really stopped, even temporarily.

If you have the idea that Hollywood is check-mated by a run of poor box-office returns, you are mistaken. On the contrary I have never heard a group of people talk with more enthusiasm and optimism about the work they were engaged in.

"Sure, we've felt the depression," Darryl Zanuck said to me. We were having lunch in his handsome private dining room on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, with several of his top assistants and directors ranged around the table. "Bad pictures aren't making any money. But good films are making more than they ever did. Look at the receipts for 'In Old Chicago.'"

Irving Berlin, who was sitting at my left, nodded assent. All through Hollywood I found the statement echoed and re-echoed.

"The best part of these bad times is that they are forcing all of us to try out new material and new methods," David Selznick told me one afternoon. "We are just beginning to make the most of color. What we need most right now is original writing for the screen. We are not going to have so many so-called B films as in the past, perhaps, but the A films are going to be definitely worth seeing."

This is what two great producers say. Now listen to an actor.

"An actor has never had a better chance in the movies than at present. You've got to do something more than just get out in front of a camera. Anyone who wants to do it and has the talent can go as far as he or she desires." It was tall, slow-spoken Gary Cooper talking. Joan Bennett, who had stopped to listen, agreed.

In the commissary at Warner's, surrounded by stars, writers, musicians and all the other craftsmen who pool their skill on a film, I sat with Michael Curtiz, who had recently finished "Robin Hood." In his funny, broken English, he summed up the general feeling that you will find in Hollywood.

"The films have been standing still for a while. Now they are going to go ahead again—and how. If a motion picture like 'The Life of Emile Zola' can be as good as it is and also be a big box office hit, Hollywood hasn't got anything to worry about. It's going to take courage, but I think movie people have plenty of that."

This searching for new values is deadly serious for those people who turn out films. If you have ever been in a crowd which is pushing first one way and then another in the desire to achieve some objective, you will have a slight notion of what Hollywood is like today. To me, a "visiting fireman," it proved vastly exciting. When I talked to Norma Shearer, it was less about her particular part in "Marie Antoinette" than about the whole future of the films.

So long as this is true, I don't see how one can feel too worried about that future. Hollywood is an amazing collection of vivid personalities and talented artists. I'll wager that they will not only pull the films out of whatever slump affected them, but will go on to make far more beguiling and moving films than one might have imagined possible after the enormous strides that the screen has already made.

Easy Didn't Do It

[Continued from page 34]

She probably didn't even know what Four Hundred meant. But both girls did look lovely—Sandra tanned and aristocratic; Vicki fair and glamorous. Vicki caught me studying her and she gave me a smile, one that said—"someone thinks you're a heel, and I am she"—but sweetly.

Sitting next to Sandra, Ben Powers seemed to be taking things quite well. He was big (bigger even than I had thought)—a baldish man with a tanned, young-looking face and cold pale-blue eyes. I had heard he was something of a screw-ball—that is, he was always up to some silly kind of nonsense. A prankster. I didn't like him. You can have all people who have a passion for practical jokes.

Ignoring Vicki and me, Sandra and Powers continued their conversation, which consisted of their agreeing on the merits of writers like George Moore and Proust, and sneering at the current hard-boiled school. This was something of a joke, because Powers had made his reputation by doing imitations of Ernest Hemingway. I saw that he had sized up Sandra and was trying to be very high-brow for her benefit, and that she was falling for it, and he was falling for her falling for it. I looked at Vicki in disgust. She gave me the same little smile over again.

"Having a good time, dear?" I said.

"Actors are a despicable breed." She yawned slightly.

"That's right, dear. Where did you read that?"

"What's it to you?"

"I didn't know you could read, dear."

"I have a good notion to sock you right on that beautiful nose of yours." She glared

Paul Kelly and Evalyn Knapp in the High Sierras. Kelly recently completed "Devil's Party" and Evalyn played in "Rawhide" with Lou Gehrig.



through her beautiful, long dark lashes. "Let's not get sentimental, dear."

Just then Jake Krall came up with a photographer. "Hold it," he said. Vicki and I both smiled fixedly and the photographer shot off about six flash bulbs, nearly blinding us completely.

Jake scowled and left. Sandra and Powers exchanged glances clearly indicating that they thought the proceedings extremely vulgar.

"Do you think our public will like the pictures, dear?" I said to Vicki.

"Not if you're in them—darling."

After the entertainment was over we ordered some food. Sandra dabbled at a salad, while Vicki wholeheartedly attacked a steak.

It was very easy to see that Sandra couldn't forgive Vicki for being natural, colorful, talented, and a bit hard-boiled. And Vicki couldn't excuse Sandra for being rich, snooty, and a little cold-blooded. Sandra did have a self-assured intelligence that was easy to misinterpret; and Vicki's impulsiveness and ambition were sometimes



AW, MOM... I ONLY TOLD HIM HE HAS BAD BREATH!

BUT JIMMIE—TELL MOTHER! WHATEVER MADE YOU DO SUCH A NAUGHTY THING?



WELL, AUNT MARY SAID MR. REED WAS NICE—ONLY HE OUGHTA GO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH—SO I TOLD HIM!



MR. REED TAKES JIMMIE'S TIP

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



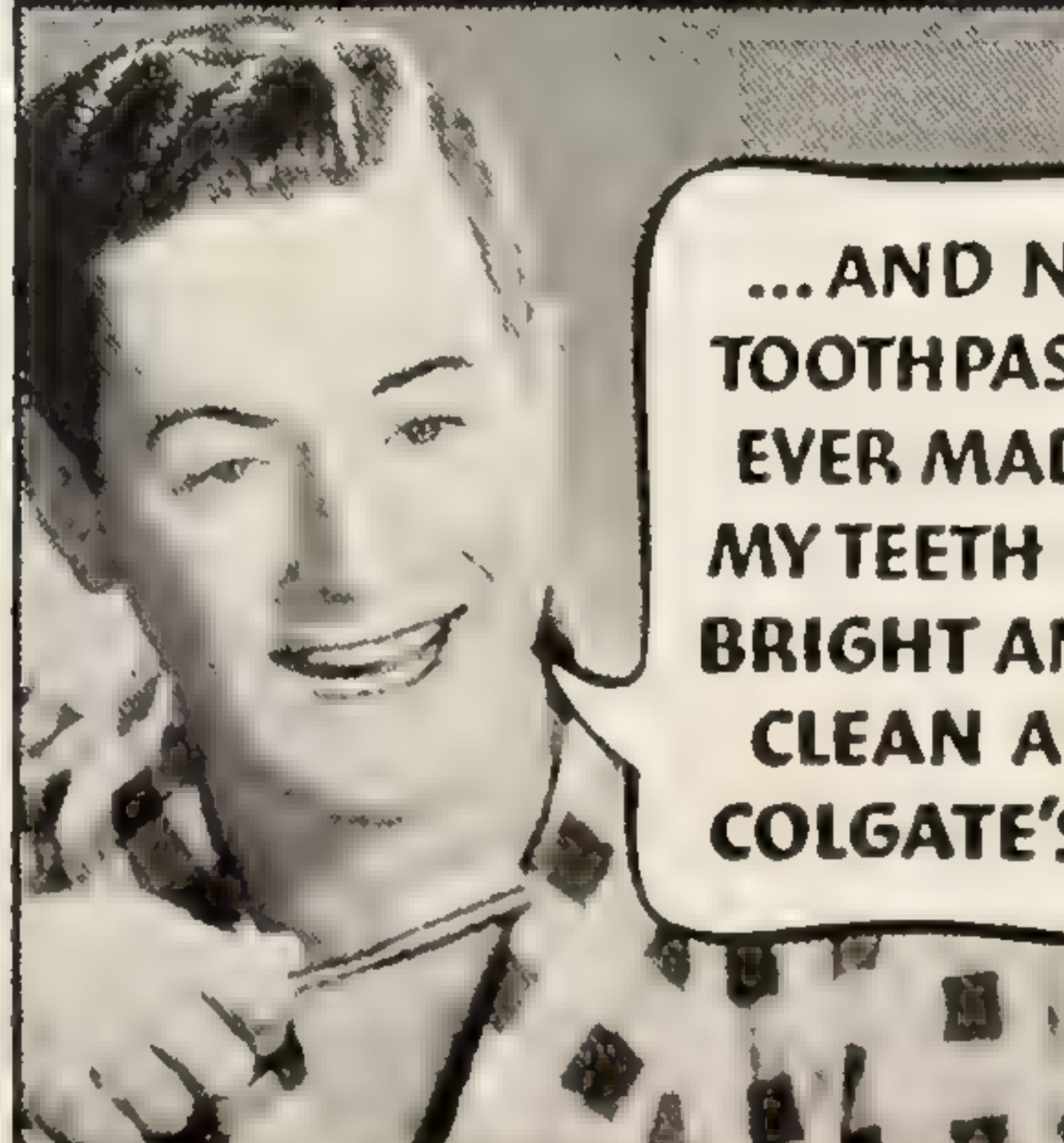
"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

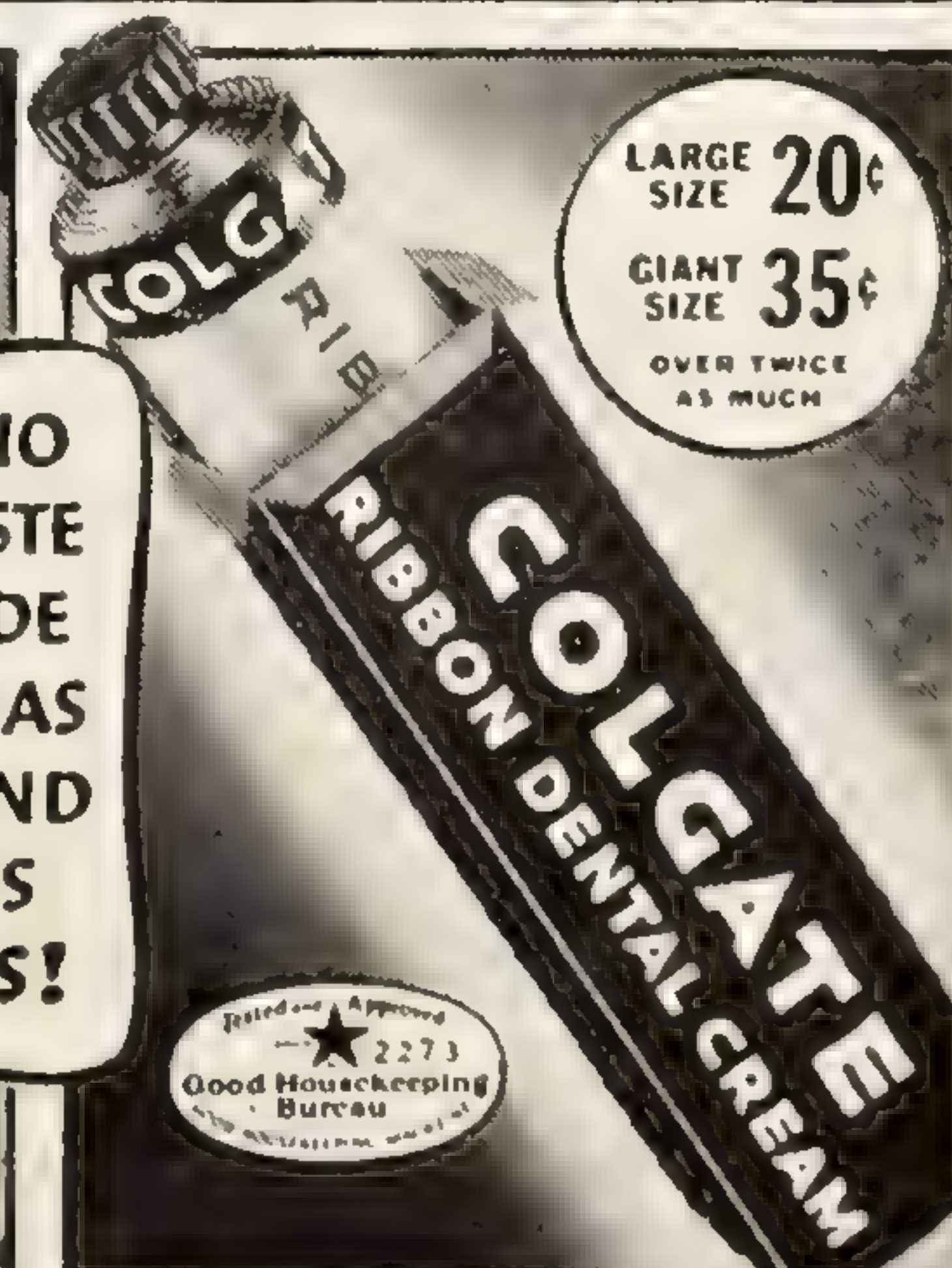
BOY! THIS GLOVE'LL KNOCK THE TEAM'S EYES OUT, MR. REED! I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY UNCLE!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
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MOST ENDEARING OF ALL THOSE YOUNG CHARMS

Beautiful Eyes

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Truly, it's a shame for any woman to let pale, scraggly lashes spoil this most endearing of all our charms!

This need not be true of your eyes, however, if you will simply brush a bit of Maybelline Mascara upward on your lashes. Then—see what a long, silky, sweeping fringe of lashes is yours—and how *naturally* dark and luxuriant lashes appear! Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Match your Maybelline Mascara with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. Apply Maybelline Special Eye Cream nightly to help guard against those premature age-lines around your eyes.

Liberal introductory sizes at 10c stores. For eye make-up in good taste—*insist* on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

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mistaken for gamin-like temperament.

I caught Powers staring at me over his drink. He didn't seem very friendly. "Sorry to exclude you two from the conversation," he said sarcastically, meaning Vicki and me, "but sometimes one gets bored talking shop all the time."

"Doesn't one," I said. Sandra gave me a look of annoyance.

"Yes," he went on, "I find that Sandra here, and I, have a great deal in common."

"Funny," I said, "I wouldn't have suspected it."

Vicki suppressed a snicker. Sandra leaned forward defensively. "I'm glad to know there are *some* intelligent people in Hollywood, Alan."

"I'm surprised, Powers," I said, "that anyone so highbrow as you would think of working in Hollywood."

He flushed. "Of course Hollywood is an interesting study."

"It wouldn't be the money, would it?"

"I hate Hollywood—and especially the people."

I turned to Vicki. "That wouldn't be anything personal, would it, dear?"

Sandra was watching us coldly. I didn't care. I didn't see why people should look down on Hollywood.

Vicki said: "Ben is inclined to be highbrow with women—especially if he thinks they're in the upper brackets."

Ouch! Ben and Vicki glared at each other. She wasn't appreciating his act with Sandra either. Sandra's nose went an inch higher. And so things went, back and forth, until I began to feel as though I were sitting on top of a volcano.

At about the fifth exchange of insults Sandra rose. "Would you mind seeing me home, Mr. Powers, and then we can let our synthetic lovebirds bicker in peace."

He got up and the two of them, without another word, departed.

"What's got into them?" I asked blankly.

"I don't know—*dear*," Vicki said acidly. "It couldn't have been on account of you, could it?"

"You were great tonight, pals," Jake said, coming up. He consulted a notebook. "Tuesday night you'll have dinner together at the Beverly Derby, and then go to the *premier* of *Souls in Summer* at the Chinese."

And so it went. Premieres, dinners, luncheons, suppers; The Famous Door, Lamaze's, Victor Hugh's, Chasen's, The Tropics, and I can't remember how many more. And in the meanwhile things were pretty cool between me and Sandra, and I suspected a similar condition with Vicki and Ben. I was worried sick.

"Why aren't you the way you were in Hawaii?" I asked Sandra one night as we drove across the bridge to Pasadena.

"Why, what do you mean?"

But she knew what I meant all right. In Hawaii, where we had met the summer before, everything had been moonlight and music and romance.

"You know what I mean. Under that Honolulu moon things were different than they are now. Now, when we play golf and tennis or go horseback riding, it's almost as if you didn't quite approve of me."

"Don't be silly, Alan."

"You're cool to me. I can't understand it." Sandra turned her head away and didn't answer.

"I can't help it, Sandra, about this silly box-office romance. You wouldn't want me to get fired, would you?"

We drove the rest of the way home in silence. Once in awhile I glanced at her lovely profile, and I kept wishing we were back at Waikiki.

About a week later Vicki and I were lunching at the Vine Street Derby. As usual Jake was there with a photographer. After that ritual was finished we ate in peace—and in silence.

Over coffee and cigarettes Vicki said, "Do you really expect to marry that little snob from Pasadena?"

"If, by any chance, you're talking about Sandra—of course."

"I pity your kiddies. A hare-brained actor for an old man; and a lah-de-dah—" she pretended to look at me through a lorgnette—"debu-tramp for a mama. I ask you, what chance are the little ones going to have?"

"Rave on, Snooks," I said. "By the way, I never see your little playmate Ben Powers around anymore? Did he take a powder?"

"What's it to you?"

"Nothing, dear."

I allowed my eyes to wander around the Derby. Everyone was staring hopefully at everyone else. At the last booth I was brought up with a jolt.

"Don't look now, dear," I said, "but there's Benny now."

Vicki turned quickly. "Well, I'll be. . ."

"Steady, Snooks."

Then we stared at each other. The girl with Ben Powers was Sandra.

"That's fine," Vicki snorted. "That's lovely. That's ducky. Here we sit getting a lot of cheap publicity, and your gal-friend up and swipes my man. Say, I'll teach that ritzy powderpuff to go around stealing things from me. Who does she think she is anyway?"

"Sit down. It wouldn't maybe be that Benny stole my fiance away from me? Listen," I said, "this means that you and I've got to cooperate. That is, if you know the meaning of the word."

Vicki didn't answer. She was angry and worried, but no more than I was. Smart as she looked, and eye-filling as she was, I would have willingly traded her at that moment for a bromoseltzer.

Vicki's eyes smoldered. "You did this," she flung out contemptuously. "You deliberately schemed with that girl to bust up things between Benny and me."

"You're screwy. Why should I do that?"

"How should I know? Why do you do any of the ridiculous things you do?"

"It's the dreamer in me, dear."

"Well, don't sit there. Do something."

I called the waiter and ordered a drink. "There, how's—that?"

She scowled.



Rita Johnson made a beach selection that is very smart. It is a coolie outfit in wine, white and green.

"That isn't pretty, dear."
 "I despise you—you . . ."
 "That makes it mutual."
 "Wait till I see that Jake Krall—I'll wring his neck."

I nodded and glanced toward the corner booth. It was empty. "The birds have flown," I muttered. I stood up and then sat down again.

"And I suppose *that* isn't your fault."

"This is no time for harsh words."

Jake Krall came up out of breath. "Hello, kiddies," he said, "I've got some bad news for you."

"You're always bad news," I said.

"This isn't my fault, so help me, pal."

"Well, what is it?"

"You won't hold it against me, will you, pal?"

"Jake Krall stop being so stupid," Vicki said impatiently. "What is it?"

He pulled a copy of the Hollywood Reporter from his pocket and held it up for me, pointing at a paragraph. I stared at the paper and my mouth fell open. Out loud I read, "What prominent writer is marrying what Pasadena society girl in Santa Barbara this afternoon?"

Vicki got white, and I know I did too. "It must be two other people," I said weakly. "Benny and Sandra were just in here."

"Sure they were, Jake," Vicki said. "Both of them. Right over there in the corner."

"Yeah, I know, kiddies. But if it ain't them, why did I just hear Benny tell someone he was on his way to Santa Barbara?"

"Quick," I said, "we've got to stop them."

A few minutes later we were in my car streaking out Sunset toward the coast highway. We had left Jake behind, to pay the check.

Sunset winds all around and it was pretty difficult to make much speed. Vicki fretted beside me, calling me a variety of names. I had to give her credit, she could certainly think up names. She took off her hat and her blonde hair was whipped back by the wind. The top was down and sunlight made her hair gleam. When I glanced at her she gave me vicious looks with her smoky-blue eyes.

"Don't worry," I said, "we'll catch them." I still couldn't believe it was true. I thought we'd get to Santa Barbara and find out the whole thing was a joke. But there kept arising, annoyingly, the sneaking suspicion that maybe it *was* true.

We turned to the right at the coast highway. The sun was shimmering on the surface of the blue Pacific. Vicki was nervous as a cat. When I wasn't feeling sorry for myself, I felt sorry for her. But I knew she felt little sympathy for me. She thought it was all my fault. Maybe it was. Maybe I should have acted different that first night at the Troc.

We went past Malibu so fast that it was just a blur. Then the road began to wind, and we had to go slower. We passed car after car, but no sign of Sandra and Ben.

As we finally came into Santa Barbara I began to wonder where to go first. "Where do you suppose we'll find them?"

"Well, they won't be at the movies, stupid," Vicki retorted.

I suddenly had an idea. I saw a cop and stopped and asked him where we could get married. He pointed to a church a block or so away and said that he reckoned that was a good place as somebody was being married there right then.

As we turned the corner I saw four people coming out of the rectory. Two were throwing rice. The other two were Ben and Sandra. I jammed on the brakes. What was the use of going any farther?

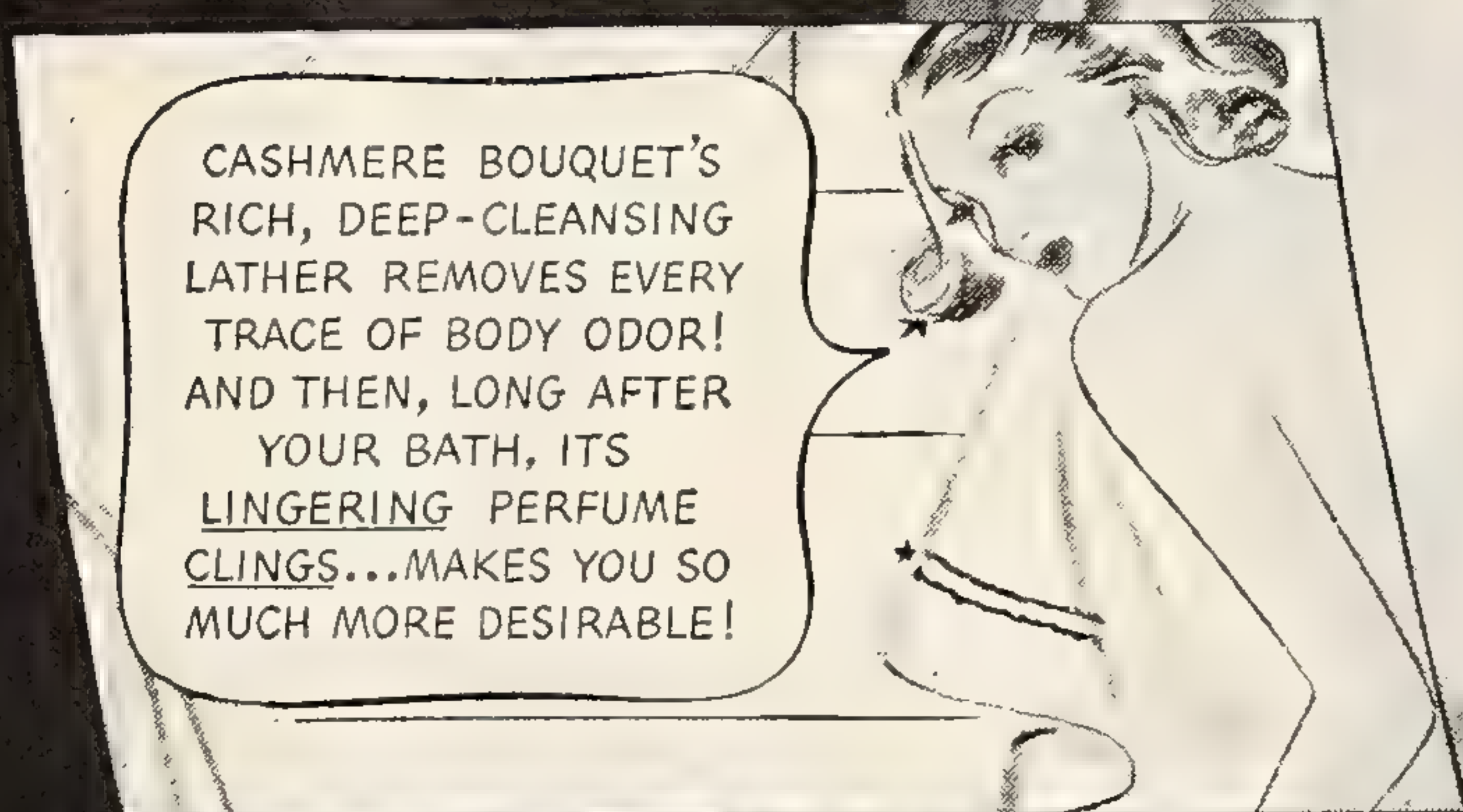
Vicki and I sat there, dejected, deflated and completely demoralized.

"Fine thing," I muttered.

"That double-crossing, back-biting little

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rat," Vicki said angrily.

"Who?"

"Ben Powers. Who else? But I'm not surprised. I always suspected he was a first-class louse." Then she burst into tears. I turned the car around and we headed slowly back to Hollywood. I felt about as low as it is possible to feel. After a while I became aware that Vicki was laughing at me.

"What's so funny?"

"You."

"You don't look so hot yourself."

"I was just thinking how lucky you were. Come to think of it, we're both lucky."

"You are."

"And so are you."

"Well, I never did like her family."

We were back along the ocean again. I drew over to the side of the road and stopped the car. I lit a cigarette. Vicki was extremely pretty; I was thinking.

"All we have now is each other," I said.

"If that's any comfort."

"Shall we get married?"

"Sure, why not?"

"You're kidding."

"Certainly not."

"It would be splendid publicity," I said, "now wouldn't it?"

"Probably would. I guess it would have been dull if we'd married them, Alan."

I leaned over and kissed her. I had kissed her hundreds of times on the set. But this time it was different. She clung to me.

"You can be very nice when you want to," she whispered.

"So can you."

"I would be all the time, if it weren't for you."

"You can be pretty snippy, too."

"That's because you give me an inferiority complex."

"That's a good one."

"It's true. You can say some very unkind things, you know."

"That's because I thought you disliked me."

"I always liked you."

"So did I you. But I never knew you did."

"I never knew you did." She kissed me again.

"We'll go down to Mexico and get married."

"Gee, I'm happy. Alan, just think if you hadn't been so disagreeable that evening at the Troc we'd never have known."

"If I hadn't?"

"Yes."

"I suppose it's all my fault they eloped?"

"Isn't it?"

"No, it certainly is not. It's all your fault."

"Why, it is not! And you know it." She was really angry. But so was I.

"Listen, dear," I said, "don't you think we've been a little hasty?"

"If you think I meant that about marrying you, you're screwier than I thought you were."

"That goes for me too." I started the car with a jerk. Vicki and I were both seething with anger.

"Can't you drive decently?" she asked.

"Why take your cussedness out on me?"

"Oh, skip it."

That was Saturday. Monday we were on the set, doing a scene for our new picture. It was called Love in Gloom, but they were going to change the title. Except for the fact that we were working on an expensive, elaborate set—a replica of the Cafe de la Paix—it seemed just the same as working in one of our little "B" numbers.

We were doing a love scene, sitting at a table, holding hands. I was supposed to be an artist; Vicki my model.

"Musette," I was saying, "give up this life and come with me. We will go to the ends of the earth together..." Suddenly Vicki began to giggle. I saw what was the

matter. She had upset a bottle and imitation wine was running down on my velvet trousers. . . . "Oh, hell!" I said. "Cut!" Mr. Cameron shouted.

"What did you have to do that for?" I asked in disgust.

Vicki laughed uncontrollably. "It wasn't my fault. It just upset. It was funny."

"You have a depraved sense of humor."

"You have a weak mind—to let little things disturb you."

Mr. Cameron was standing in front of us, hands on his hips. "Children, children, cut out the bickering. That was just an unfortunate accident."

"Accident nothing. She upset it on purpose."

"Why, I did not." She smacked my hand.

"Ouch." I grabbed her and turned her over my knee. Mr. Cameron, intervening, seized me roughly and threw me off the chair. Vicki fell on top of me, screaming, "You stay out of this!" Cameron looked aghast; she was shouting at him.

Jake Krall had rushed over and was helping us to our feet.

"You see, Mr. Cameron," I explained, struggling to rise, "Vicki and I were married yesterday."

Vicki threw her arms around my neck. "Did he hurt you, darling?"

"No," I said, "but we better get some water, I think Jake and Mr. Cameron are going to be ill."

Protection of Norma Shearer

[Continued from page 21]

month's time. One day, considerably irked by his consistent failure to be impressed with her, Norma blurted, "Mr. Thalberg, I want you to know that I didn't have to accept your offer in the first place. There were two others before I accepted yours."

"You had a contract from Universal, I believe," he said, putting his hand over his face to hide a smile.

Norma nodded in surprise.

"And another from Hal Roach," he continued.

"That's right," said Norma in complete amazement. "How did you know?"

"I know because I sent both those offers," said Irving Thalberg, "As well as the third."

From that time on Norma abandoned the idea of "putting on airs." Her one determination from then on was to improve her work on the screen. Through sheer ability she was gradually promoted to the ranks of stardom.

It was three years after her first arrival in Hollywood before Irving Thalberg, the general production manager of the studio, showed the slightest personal interest in her. Out of a blue sky one day, as she was resting in her dressing room before returning to the set, the phone rang and Mr. Thalberg's secretary asked if Miss Shearer would care to accompany Mr. Thalberg to the premiere of a new Chaplin picture. Miss Shearer was delighted. A year later they were married and moved to the Santa Monica beach house where Norma still lives—and where Irving Thalberg died, two years ago, mourned heart-breakingly by his widow, his two small children, his many friends, and the entire picture industry.

The year before his death Norma Shearer said in an interview, "I can think of no more delightful experience than having a love story and a career all mixed up together. And I will never cease to be grateful for the fact that the first man who really thought I could act, thought that I would make a good wife as well."

True Story of a Beauty Contest Winner

[Continued from page 15]

think winning isn't a job, and if you think it isn't something to be proud of, you should go through the city-wide contest, the state-wide semi-finals and finals, and then go into the national competition.

That's one of the troubles which grows out of being a contest winner. A lot of people cheer you—and you figure they can't be wrong. Certainly, you're destined to go to fame. Let me digress a minute to mention Dorothy Lamour, "Miss New Orleans" before I was, and Dorothy Dell, who tragically died when being featured in Paramount pictures after she'd become "Miss Universe."

Dorothy Lamour, quite the same sweet, unaffected girl I knew, never profited from her beauty—as beauty! After winning her title and making a vaudeville tour, she found that beauty didn't mean anything to Hollywood, and was forced to work in a department store in Chicago as an elevator operator.

Subsequently she became a singer with Herb Kay's orchestra.

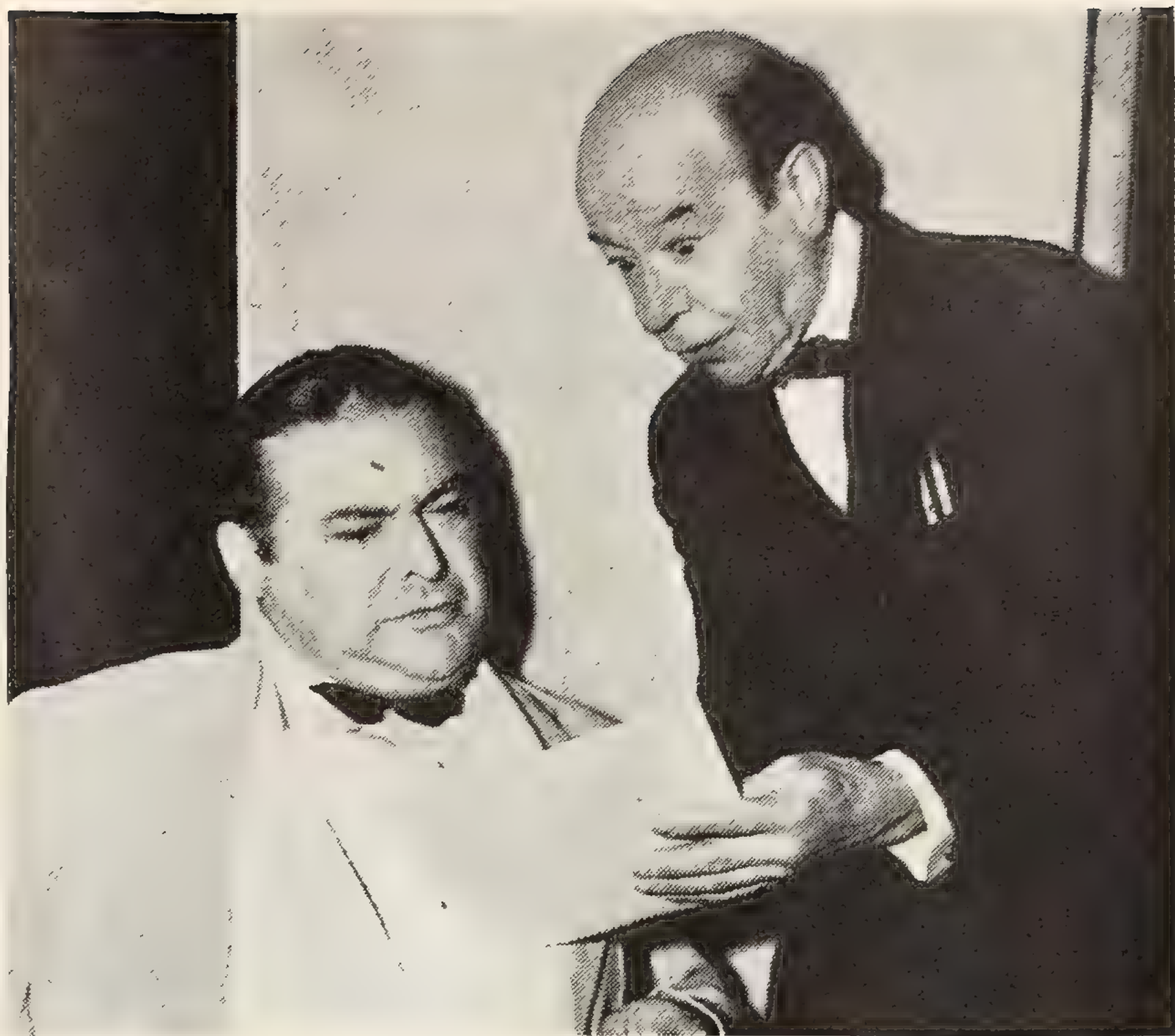
Her voice—not her beauty—got her the contract!

Dorothy Dell had genuine dramatic ability—which was far more valuable to her than her beauty!

That's always the story.

But, in my case—I believed I had talent. Others did, too. When I returned to New Orleans with my new title, I started getting \$50 an appearance and a song or two where I'd gotten only half that much before. I was in demand to sing on the radio and at night clubs. I went as far from home as

Edward Arnold and Donald Meek are cast in "You Can't Take It With You." The photograph of themselves is a terrible shock to their sensitive souls.



Pensacola, Florida, and I appeared at the Blue Room at the Roosevelt, the Club Forest, and the Chez Paris in New Orleans, averaging \$100 a week.

Ben Piazza, a Paramount talent scout, heard me sing over station WWL at New Orleans. Here, again, it was ability rather than beauty which attracted his attention—because he couldn't see me. Later, he did see me, and I was given the regulation \$50 per week studio contract.

On January 3, 1936—two years and a half ago—I arrived in Hollywood with my

brother. I had come to stay.

What a thrill to walk out onto the Paramount lot! I saw George Raft, who later gave me a lot of good advice about how to act and how to conduct myself in Hollywood.

"Kid," George would say, "save your money. Don't waste it. You may need it. Hollywood's tough."

And Ray Milland, who told me:

"Watch the other players and watch the screen. You'll catch on quickly that way."



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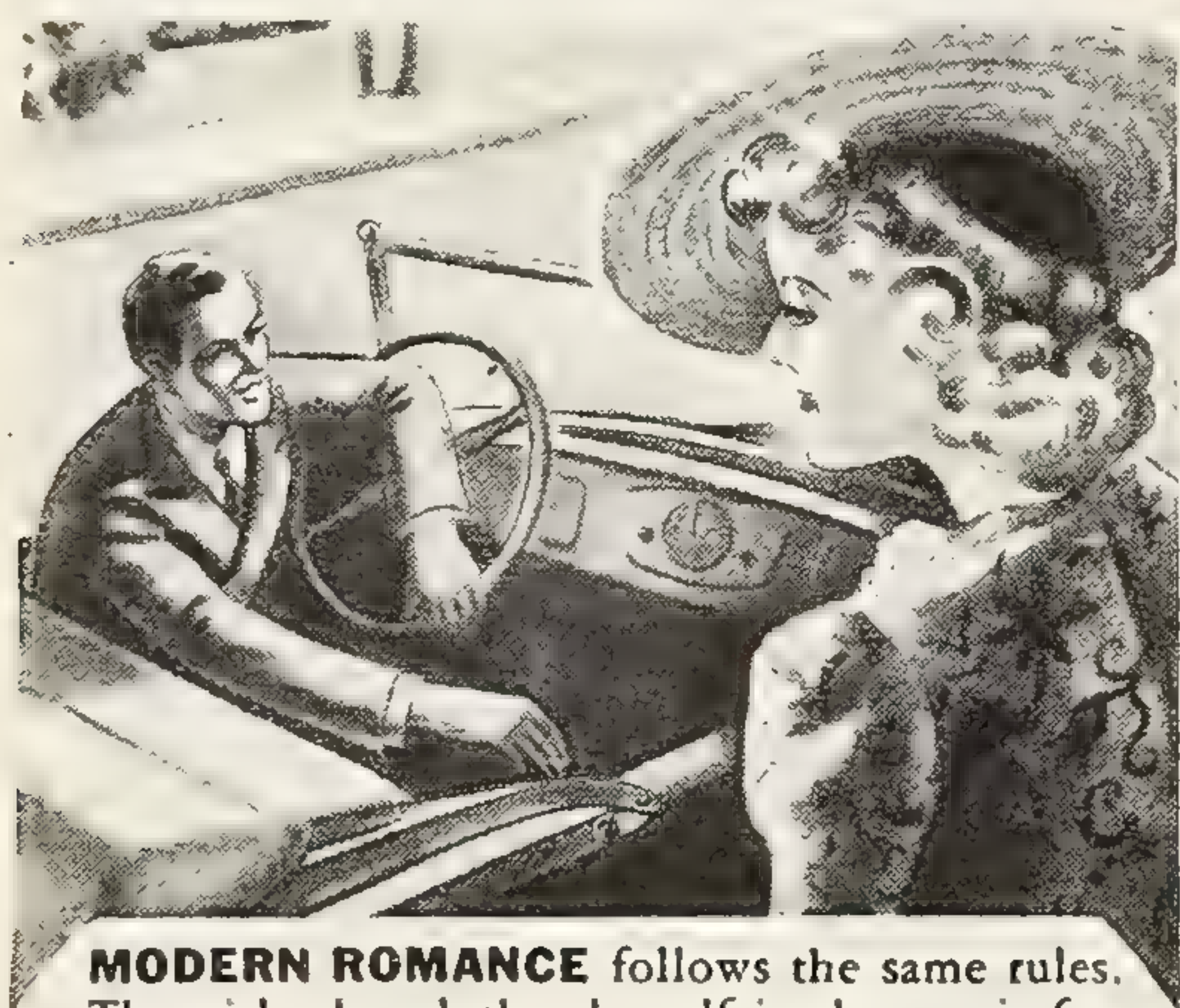
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My first job was going to dramatic classes under Phyllis Loughton. That lasted a month and a half. There was a bunch of young hopefuls in that class. I won't name them, but I will say that none has reached stardom. Or any place near it.

Of a group of ten standard contract players, one is confined today to a sanitarium to slowly recover from an illness, two have married and have left pictures, two are not married, one is engaged to a bit player, three are out of work, and one has gone to the Orient. It is safe to say that the "stock players" have little chance. Not one out of twenty makes a success in pictures—after being placed under contract.

Of course, I thought I was set!

I spoke of the youngsters coming in with high confidence, with pride. Add dreams to that.

I saw the whole Paramount roster—Crosby, and Lombard, and Colbert, and Benny, and many others—and had my dreams of being what they were and where they were.

My first job was in "Florida Special." And was I thrilled! I had a part of a bride. The groom and I were in a train. Not only the groom, but Jack Oakie, Sally Eilers, Kent Taylor and Frances Drake. I was right up in the big time, all set to dazzle the director, Ralph Murphy.

The groom called to me.

I stuck my head out of the berth.

"Yes, dear!" I replied.

"They're showing motion pictures in the observation car," he said.

"You go. Good night!" I retorted.

That was that. I didn't get one of those Oscars, as they call the Academy awards, for my acting. Nobody paid any attention, including the director. I began to look around, found that I was just one of a lot of hopefuls, and started asking questions.

I was one of the 1936 crop. Where were the 1935's? Oh—they just weren't around any more. I asked more questions. Yes, about a hundred contract players—stock company classification—were signed by the studios every year. Some of them made good. Who? Oh—let's see—

Joel McCrea had been a stock player at R-K-O. Jean Harlow had been, too. John Howard. Cecilia Parker. Phyllis Brooks. Betty Davis. Janet Gaynor, at Universal. June Lang. Bette Davis. One or two others. I counted back. Twenty years at the rate of one hundred a year meant that two thousand youngsters had been under con-

tract. Where on earth had they gone?

Nobody seemed to know. . . .

"Any beauty contest winners?" I asked.

I was told that beauty contest winners had done better in the silent days, when dramatic acting didn't count. No lines to read. Lois Wilson started then, and Mary Astor. But others who had come out full of aspirations hadn't lasted.

Of all the girls who have gotten on to stock contract lists and who have been beauty winners, only one that I can find is coming along today. That's the erstwhile Terry Ray, who has dropped her name, her reputation as a beauty winner, and is now a real actress. She's Ellen Drew, had a lead in "Sing You Sinners," with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray, and will be in "If I Were King," with Ronald Colman. After being a beauty winner, she struggled all the way, worked in five-and-tens, did everything—before she finally made stock. Then nobody paid any attention to her for two years.

"But," you say, "sometimes the movie studios themselves have contests, and there's a sure chance—"

That's what you think. Paramount sought a Panther Woman several years ago, and hundreds—no, thousands—of beauty winners tried to get into pictures. A few were signed. Kathleen Burke won, and Lona Andre and Gail Patrick were runners-up. The rest? Your guess as to where they are is as good as mine.

Then there was that "Search for Beauty." Thirty-two players were signed only a few years ago. Ann Sheridan, now under contract to Warner Brothers, and going places, is the only one who survived that group, as far as I know.

But to go on with my story. I continued to get parts. Each one meant less to me because I didn't seem to progress. I remember the day B— H—, one of the girls, came running to me with tears of happiness in her eyes.

"Director H— is going to give me second lead in his next picture!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it wonderful?"

It was, until special tests were made and it was found she didn't photograph well for the part. She drifted away when option time came up. I've not seen her since.

I worked in "Sky Parade," in "Thirteen Hours By Air" with Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett, in "Too Many Parents" in "College Holiday," "Swing High, Swing Low," with Fred MacMurray and Carole



The Ritz Brothers are either exercising the three ponies—Juliet, Desdemona and Cleopatra—or the ponies are exercising Al, Harry and Jimmy.

Lombard and Dorothy Lamour. Each time, I went to the previews, always expecting to see my name on the cast sheet. My importance, or sense of it, soon faded. My name wasn't even on the screen!

Now, remember, I had been playing the game cannily. I hadn't come to Hollywood until I'd had a contract, which put me ahead of thousands of youngsters who have haunted the casting offices and Central Casting Bureau—those pretty kids, some of them, I'm sure, prettier than I am, who never have gotten and never will get a break. Not only that, but I'd entered the forbidding portals. To my friends in New Orleans I was a success and it was just a matter of time until—

But until never came.

I passed one option. That experience is terrible. For a month or so, when the studio has the right to pick up your option, nobody tells you whether you are out or in. Sometimes you find out good news—more often bad.

Then came the second one.

Jack Votion sent for me.

"It's my job," he said, in a very kindly way, "to tell you that—well, that you—aren't with us any more."

I had dreaded this moment. Like a hundred other girls I staged a fine display of hysterics.

"Listen, Jack!" I finally pleaded. "I don't care about money. I don't care about being on the payroll. I just want to act. I can sing. I can learn to dance. I'm studying dramatics. I'm sure I can make good—"

I know, now, that Jack had had this most painful job many times before. This was no news to him. And, in the face of his discomfort, he was very kind.

"I'm sorry, Louise," he said. "I'd like to do that. I'll try to see that you're used on other pictures. Or I might even send you over to LeRoy Prinz, and get you a job as a dancer—"

"I don't want to dance," I said. I knew about that already. Once you were a dancer, you were a dancer, and that was that. Not any chance to go places. "I haven't had a chance. I haven't had a real break. If you would only let me show you what I can do—"

He looked at me for quite a while.

"There are thousands of youngsters who say that. They say it on street corners and in bars and every place else," he told me. I realized, suddenly, that he was right. My dramatics were all right, but I was merely telling him something he'd heard too many times before.

I left Paramount with an ache in my heart. I left, not with the feeling that I'd been mistreated, but that fate just hadn't been right to me. I love Paramount today. It's fun going on the lot, saying hello to people, having them say hello to me stopping for a moment to recall those glorious days of a couple of years ago.

Here I was, in Hollywood, a beauty without even a contract.

There was a long time when I didn't have any work. I had an agent who tried everything—and found a few jobs after a while. But in those months, I was glad of two things. The first was that I had brought my brother with me—he was employed as a salesman—and the second was that I had saved my money. Few girls do this. The result is that they haven't even carfare home and, if their parents can't send it, they're stuck here—for better or for worse, and usually worse. I pride myself on the fact that while I've been in Hollywood I've bought everything I needed, few things I haven't needed, and that I've never had to ask my father for a cent.

Finally, I got a break or two. I played leading roles in independent pictures, opposite Phillip Reed, Fred Scott, and Bob Allen. I guess if any beginning girl got a break like that, she'd be thrilled to death.

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LIVER
BILE**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

But I'd cut my eye-teeth, knew that the major producers paid little attention to the work of players in such small pictures, put my tongue in my cheek and the money—\$150 a week some weeks—in the bank.

One producer had an interview with me, and my hopes went sky-high again.

"I'm going to use you as my second lead in a musical," he told me, after hearing me on the radio. I was trying every angle by that time—singing, modeling, pictures. Anything to attract the attention of the right people.

Two days later he got the sack.

I got into the big time in Joe E. Brown's "When's Your Birthday?" and my face hit the floor of the cutting room. Then I got a pretty good bit in "Having Wonderful Time." It's still being re-made.

At about this time I took stock of myself. I had a good singing voice, a thing few beauty winners have. I'd used it on the radio. I'd been in pictures for two years, and nothing much had happened, although a lot of things had seemed big at the time.

I decided I needed a vacation and went home to New Orleans for two weeks. A small voice inside said:

"Louise, You've had enough. You're up against a racket you can't beat. You can't beat it because there are twenty pretty faces for one job, twenty pretty legs for one job, twenty pretty forms for one job. You don't have to work. Why go on?"

I extended the vacation to four weeks.

Then another voice piped up. It said:

"Louise, you're a quitter. When you were a kid, you watched the stars of the day, Louise Brooks and Billie Dove, and you swore you'd be an actress. You shaped your whole life toward that end. Now, you are only twenty. You've had a lot of tough knocks, not as many as stouter hearts than yours have taken in their time."

So I came back. I'm here with my brother, in a modest apartment, waiting to recover from the effects of a slight automobile accident, to get back to work.

"There are a lot of things in the air," I tell my friends. "My agent says. . ."

And there are. I just hope they aren't all wind.

I have always had, and always will have the feeling that I'll make the grade. That's what keeps a lot of us here in Hollywood. That's what makes life go around and go on.

But I'm not sitting back. I know what it takes, now, and I'm adding to every resource I can command. I'm working on the radio, trying to get picture parts, studying dramatics, singing, and dancing. When that break comes, I'm sure that I'll be ready.

One more thought. You think, when you come to Hollywood, that this star or that will help you. The stars are perfectly willing to help, but they can't. The producers are the ones who have the say. They make the pictures. When you come to Hollywood, you've got to prove to them, and to no one else, that you have what it takes.

You're on your own from the time you get here until you leave. It's what you do while you're here, not what you've done before you get here, that counts. It's what you are, not what you were. You've got to have personality and talent, and a faded ribbon which reads "Miss America" and which you once wore over a palpitating heart is nothing more than a piece of ribbon.

Beauty contest winners, I'm sorry to report, are worth slightly less than a dime a dozen. . .

THE theatre manager of one of the movie palaces here tells about the woman who took her five year old kid to a preview. She bought only one ticket, and the doorman stopped her and demanded another ticket for the kid. "Aw," said the woman, "he'll fall asleep in five minutes."



For "Shopworn Angel," in which she is cast with James Stewart and Walter Pidgeon, lovely Margaret Sullavan is being fixed up by her hairdresser and a wardrobe assistant.

Adventures on Location

(Continued from page 23)

home the relic had remained since their separation and divorce. She willingly allowed him to borrow it for the picture and it will be returned to her later.

Cavorting about the dance floor and doing the "big Apple" of the 1908 era to the accompaniment of Johnny Bailey's piano thumping is a mob of lusty fishermen, pirates and their women folk of ill-assorted reputations. One of the technicians happens to mention the fact that Bailey was actually a piano player at Nome during the gold rush. In the midst of the crowd George Raft is seen dancing with Dorothy Lamour. Henry Fonda has Louise Platt in tow and is whispering something in her ear. This scene is watched from the edge of the dance hall by John Barrymore, who portrays the role of print shop owner and editor of the local paper in Ketchikan.

In conversation with Louise Platt later, it is discovered that she is one of 1938's luckiest young ladies. Spotted by a talent scout in a New York stage production she was rushed to Hollywood to portray the role of Diane in this picture, for which part most of Hollywood's stellar feminine names were considered.

The yacht, "The Golden Hind," is the boat which was used in Alaska by Richard Talmadge, location director who spent several months with a crew of 25 men shooting additional backgrounds.

Incidentally, Talmadge is one of the many Hollywood personalities who have turned their ability and experience before the cameras into new channels. Formerly, one of the closest rivals of Douglas Fairbanks in the dare-devil, athletic type of film, he turned to direction and today is associate director with Henry Hathaway on "Spawn of the North."

Thus is completed a background set tour of a mighty production depicting a great pageant of rugged rugged life in Alaska.

Guarding Their Pots of Gold

(Continued from page 25)

every week and out of it she hands \$800 to her father to put in life insurance and real estate in her name. And, knowing her father, she knows that he carefully puts every cent of that sum away for her.

"I'd trust Dad and Mother with every penny I have in the world," says Deanna. "And no one could ask for two better financial managers."

Mrs. Bigelow, the mother of Jackie Cooper, has always been a hard-working, sensible type of woman. Even when Jackie was a little fellow just starting out—before he was making any large sums of money—she carefully deposited at least something of his earnings in the bank. Later, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "discovered" him, there was just that much more to deposit in his name. Today, Mrs. Bigelow puts 50 per cent of his weekly pay check into a trust fund for him alone. Their house, car, furniture—in fact, everything, is all in his name.

Shirley Temple's father, being an ex-banker of note, knows just how to protect his beautiful little daughter's money in the best possible manner.

"My husband and I have always been so sensitive about this question of money that we have practically bent over backwards," smiles Mrs. Temple. "Shirley's daddy carefully invests most of her money in trusts, annuities and government bonds. Unless the government fails, Shirley will ultimately get every cent of her money. We, ourselves, can't touch it. Moreover, we have fixed it up so that even Shirley won't be able to get it all at one time in a huge lump sum. She will, instead, receive payments at the age of 20, 30, 40 and 50. In a way, too, this will serve to guard against anyone marrying her for her money. But, there's no danger of Shirley ever wanting for money—she is extremely well taken care of—for any rainy day in the future!"

With her own insurances, plus what the studio has on her, Shirley is undoubtedly the most insured person in Hollywood these days. This small stream-lined blonde is so valuable to 20th Century-Fox that they have life insurance totalling \$2,000,000.00 on her. It's divided between four companies, and it makes little "Shirley" one of the most expensive young ladies that ever lived!

Despite her great worth, Shirley is still on an allowance of \$4.25 a week and here's the way she usually accounts for it: "Candy—.15; Toy bank in dressing room—.50; Fruit—.50; New Games and Toys (usually from the 5-and-ten stores)—.75; Church—.50; Treating friends—.50; Sodas—.20; Soda Pop—.15."

Juanita Quigley's folks put most of her screen money in the bank in her name.

Virginia Weidler's mother does likewise. Virginia is another one of your absolutely unspoiled youngsters. She gets one dollar a week spending money and earns part of it by daily watering the lawn and garden for her folks. Virginia told me, "Spending money is fun, I think, but climbing trees is even more so! I like to earn money 'cause once in a while I see a darling party dress or something that takes my fancy."

What's happening to movie kids' money?

Well, you can see that in the past, at least some of it's been saved and used to good advantage by the ones who earned it.

And today, more than ever, in practically nine cases out of ten, the salary of each little movie starlet is carefully hoarded.

Hollywood, never anxious for publicity of the poorer sort, wants no more Coogan or Minter cases! And what's more, few indeed, believe that she will have them.

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS... "DARLING"



No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. Certainly she is pretty enough—and easy to talk to! And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms must

have *special* care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT



Use Mum this way, too! Avoid worry and embarrassment by using Mum on Sanitary Napkins. It's gentle, safe, sure.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SNUBBED BECAUSE OF "ADOLESCENT SKIN"?

**Act now to help keep your blood free
of pimple-making poisons**

Don't go on being cursed by loathsome pimples. Don't make others feel ashamed of you or shun you. Find out what's the matter and correct it.

During the period of adolescence, in the years between 13 and 25, important glands are developing. This causes disturbances throughout your body. Waste poisons from the intestines often find their way into the blood . . . and may break out in ugly skin eruptions. You must help free your system of these intestinal poisons.

Thousands of young people have solved this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this fresh food contains millions of tiny, living plants that act to help you eliminate waste poisons from the body—before they can get into the blood. Your skin becomes clearer and fresher again. Many get remarkable results in 30 days or less. Don't lose time. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now . . . 3 cakes daily, one before each meal.

REDUCING

WRITE for complete information on our method of reducing controllable fat. Thousands have used this method. Don't give up because you have tried other methods without results. Read how others lost unsightly fat. Nurses, housewives, office girls, business women, people from most every walk of life tell how they lost fat. Names, addresses and complete information furnished FREE. Write with confidence, we do not sell anything direct to you. Write Dept. S388, CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE PRODUCTS, 6630 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

SONG POEM WRITERS

Write for free book, 50-50 plan, Splendid Opportunity
INDIANA SONG BUREAU, Dept. N., Salem, Indiana

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee

**romance and body
odors don't mix!**

use **Hush**
and be Sure

Men love personal daintiness in girls . . . so don't risk offending. After every bath HUSH will keep you sweet and fresh for hours longer. You'll use all 3 types:
CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.
LIQUID—Instant, protects 24 hours. Regular, for 1 to 3 days.
POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.



25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

See Hollywood at Small Cost

[Continued from page 27]

will list Hollywood rooms, apartments and bungalows for rent and the Hollywood Citizen-News, Hollywood's only daily newspaper, has a free rental list that they will be glad to give you. Ask them to check centrally-located places and then you set out to familiarize yourself with Hollywood streets, and to find your lodgings.

If there are two or more of you I would suggest renting a bungalow or apartment. You will be delighted with California bungalow courts; a double row of gayly painted doll-size houses, all very close together, the two rows facing each other. These usually include a living-room, kitchen, bath and dressing room, wall bed if it is a single apartment, and bedroom if it is a double. Rentals range from about \$30 to \$75 a month, depending on furnishings and location. Lights and gas are often paid for by the owner, but if not, run very low during the summer months.

If you are alone (but DO try and persuade a friend to join you, it doubles your fun!) you may find an apartment rather lonesome. A room with some nice private family would be your best solution. If you are within a radius of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine street you can be sure you are living in the heart of Hollywood. You will find Columbia, Paramount and RKO studios within a mile's distance. The American Legion stadium, where the stars attend the fights, is even closer. Now who could ask for more?

Hollywood's famous theatres are along the boulevard. You will have no trouble finding them for you'll be a daily stroller along the boulevard if you are at all Hollywood-wise. You can't help but see stars if you parade this famous street. (I just left my typewriter for a coke at the drug store on Hollywood and Vine and bumped into Joan Blondell coming out of a shop; heard Jack Oakie discussing the fights and saw George Raft whiz by in his shiny black car. All for the price of a coke!)

Watch the theatres for announcements of previews. The night of a preview, the theatre will unfurl a banner announcing preview night and you can have the fun of attending the theatre and eagerly awaiting the new picture to be shown after the regular feature. It is something like a grab bag. You pay your money at the box-office but you don't know just what you are going to see. At the previews you will often spot the stars, on hand to see what their fellow players are like in this picture.

Expect to pay around seventy-five cents on preview night. Other nights, fifty-five cents at first-run houses. There are a great many smaller theatres on the boulevard where you can see second-run pictures for from twenty to forty cents.

Friday night is fight night in Hollywood and you simply must not miss it. That is, if you want to see stars. The American Legion stadium is right off Hollywood Boulevard on El Centro street, two blocks east of Vine. Put on comfortable shoes, grab your autograph book if you are an autograph hound, and be at the stadium by 7:30 o'clock at the latest. Of course the fights don't begin until 8:30 but the crowd of fans awaiting the arrival of the stars is large, and if you want to be among those at the very front of the crowd, you will need an early start.

Either side of the entrance is roped off and if you can get next to the ropes you're set for the evening, for the stars must pass within arm's reach. I have seen practically every big star in Hollywood at these popular fights and most of them are friendly

and obliging to most autograph seekers.

Mae West never misses a bout. Neither does George Raft. And Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Gary Cooper, Lup and Johnny Weissmuller, Bing Crosby, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are just a few among the regular fight fans. I don't know of any other place in Hollywood where you can see so many stars all at one time. And it doesn't cost you a cent. Of course if you are a fight fan yourself, step right up to the box-office window and help the Legion boys along by buying a ticket. You'll have plenty of time to see the stars and still attend the match. And there is always the thrilling expectancy of being seated next to Clark Gable or Wayne Morris. Many fans hang around outside until the fights are over at 10:30 when they again have a chance of catching a glimpse of their idols.

Now for Hollywood social life, that is, night life. Of course, from a faithful perusal of your movie magazines, you are familiar with the Trocadero, Sardi's, the Roosevelt Cinegrill and various other famous night spots in filmtown. You want to know, though, just what to wear to each place and what the approximate cost of an evening's entertainment would be.

The Trocadero is swanky, no doubt, and you girls can get out your lovely new evening dress if you have planned an evening at the Troc. It is expensive, undoubtedly, but you want one evening of swank and splendor among the film great, and you'll get it here. Your escort can figure about eight dollars per person and he mustn't forget to tip generously. Remember you are mingling with the thousand dollar a week class tonight.

For good food and a glimpse of the stars, don't pass up the Brown Derby, just below Hollywood Boulevard on Vine, and Sardi's on Hollywood Boulevard just a little west of Vine. For a pleasant evening of night-clubbing drop into some of the many fascinating little night spots dotting the boulevard and its side streets. Experiment yourself. Night clubs appear and disappear so quickly in Hollywood that if I were to list several of my favorites for you today, you might arrive in a couple of months to find most of them gone.

Within the past year there has developed a new field of interest to movie fans—radio. Practically every big radio program emanating from Hollywood features a movie player as its star or uses the film-famous as guest stars on each broadcast. This is one more means of seeing your favorite in person, and in action. Block-long lines of fans are seen each week before the entrance to the CBS theatre on Hollywood Boulevard (where the Lux program is broadcast each Monday); the NBC studios near the RKO studios (where Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche and scores of other stars broadcast); and the Vine street Playhouse, just off Hollywood Boulevard (the stage for the Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner and Hollywood Hotel shows, among others). Represented are radio fans, movie fans, autograph seekers and just plain amusement-seeking people. Youngsters station themselves at all four corners, a block from the radio station, stopping each passerby with the same question: "Got any extra tickets to the broadcast?" Hollywood isn't just movie-mad, it's radio-mad, too!

The National Broadcasting Company says that the programs you want most to attend, are, quite naturally, the ones everyone else wants to see too, and therefore the demand for tickets to these popular programs is very heavy. They suggest that you write the sponsor of whatever program you wish to see, or the advertising agency handling that particular program, from two to three months before you plan on arriving in Hollywood. Tell them exactly what dates of the month you will be in Hollywood so that tickets can be mailed you for a per-

formance to be held during your visit here. If you wish, you may address the sponsor in care of the NBC studios and your request will be forwarded to the proper office here.

The Columbia Broadcasting Company will cooperate with you to the fullest extent in making arrangements for you to attend a broadcast.

Bring light clothes for summer, of course, but don't forget a warm coat. California nights are cool. You can leave your umbrella at home, however. We don't have summer rains. Dark sun glasses are almost a necessity. The California sun is brilliant and you will need the glasses. Better buy them before you leave home, as they are practically indispensable on your trip out here, too.

If you have plenty of time and are debating whether to drive or come by train. I would suggest driving. The railroads are offering marvelous rates and are providing the most comfortable and reasonable travel accommodations ever known, but you can see so much more of lovely Southern California if you have a car to transport you around, that I do advise your bringing it. However, if your vacation is of but two weeks' duration, come by train. You will save extra days that would otherwise be spent on the way.

Street car accommodations are splendid in Los Angeles and you can hop on a red car in Hollywood and ride to the beaches and to the near-by cities all for about forty cents. If the budget permits you can rent a car and explore Hollywood yourself. The telephone directory lists all the studios for you and you can drive past them and catch glimpses of sets through the high walls.

It is practically impossible to get into a studio. A studio policeman guards the gate rigorously and even the stars must show their passes when arriving for work! But don't be down-hearted. Here is one little secret that may prove helpful.

Go to your leading motion picture theatre and explain to the manager that your life's ambition is to see the inside of a studio. Ask him to write a nice little note on his letterhead, requesting the film company, from which he buys the majority of his pictures, to admit you. Your movie manager is really a customer of the studio and sometimes such a letter is graciously received and someone from the studio escorts you around the lot. This is NOT an infallible rule, however, and I don't want you to feel that because you are carrying such a letter, you can roam the grounds of any big studio. You MAY be allowed to follow a guide around the lot; possibly see a scene filmed, but on the other hand, your request may be refused. I merely mention this as a possible hope.

If you know someone employed in a studio, get in touch with him and ask if it would be possible for you to visit the studio. The situation isn't quite so dismal as some writers would have you believe. I am no Pollyanna, but I do believe if you show some ingenuity you can get a peek inside one studio, at least. And I don't mean by resorting to climbing fences. One glance at the sturdy walls surrounding every studio will convince you of that impossibility.

Approach the smaller independent studios in Hollywood. Your chances of being admitted may be a trifle better, for the reason that the lesser-known studios are not as bothered with sight-seers as the more famous ones. Best of luck to you in this venture. You have a real thrill in store for you when you first set foot on the lot.

Remember! You don't need a mint of money to spend your vacation in Hollywood. Fruits and vegetables abound in colorful display at the fascinating Hollywood outdoor markets—and they are so very cheap. You will want to live on fruits and vegetables when you first arrive. You



There's knitted witchery in B.V.D.'s "String Bean" maillot. Just a slim length of accordion rib knit in your hand—but a sleek and silhouetting suit when worn. Perfectly cut in every size, it clings with a willowy, "poured-in" look that modern mermaids adore. Cable halter and belt in rainbow colors. \$5.95.

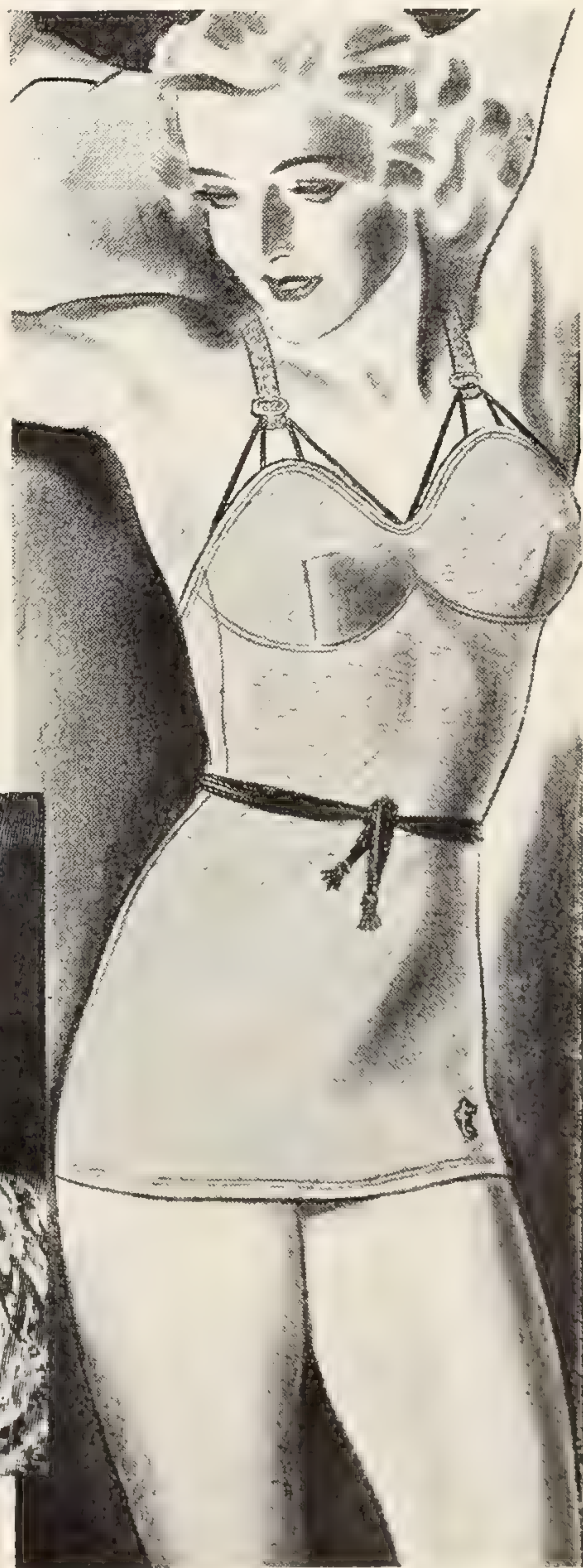
For a more beautiful YOU

...we designed these *B.V.D. beauty-line Swim Suits!

● That flash of slim grace is you—that beauty line is yours—in one of these B.V.D. Swim Suits. For B.V.D.'s superbly fitting fabrics and alluring fashions make every girl a goddess in her swim suit.

B.V.D.'s "Crow's Nest" skirted suit (right) fits like a dream. It gives you such triumphs of B.V.D. design as the new "Crosstide" stitch, self-adjusting elastic uplift and extra seat-fullness. The heart-shaped bra is smoothly lined (all B.V.D. skirted models feature bust-lining—maillots are fully lined). \$5.95.

"Egyptian" (below) — gay hieroglyphics leave their imprint of beauty on this shimmering "Sea Satin by B.V.D." Lovelier than ever in texture, and in colors that defy fading in sun or salt water. Designed with B.V.D.'s exclusive *Fantom Skirt* — a slim panel attached in front to give a smooth and slenderizing line. \$8.95.



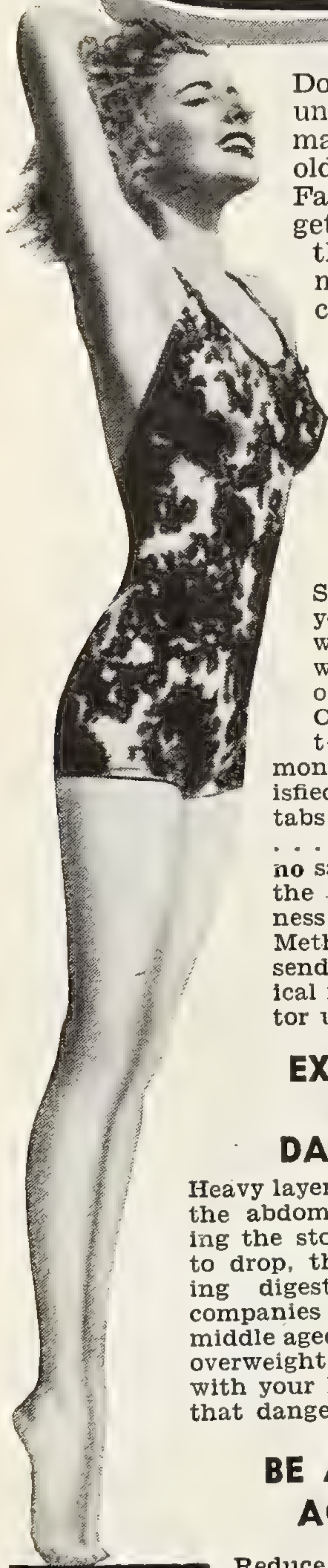
The Sea Horse is the sign of beauty, of sculptured lines and exclusive features. Look for this emblem on the smartest swim suit fashions of 1938!

*B.V.D. Swim Suits

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The B.V.D. Corporation,
Empire State Building, New York City

Reduce NEW METHOD IS QUICK... SAFE!



Don't let fat... ugly, unromantic fat... make you look years older than you are! Fat is inexcusable... get rid of it now with this new, modern method of weight conditioning. It's so easy and you will feel so much better with that excess weight gone.

TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE!

So sure are we that you will be delighted with results... that we offer to send you one month's supply, C.O.D. with a guarantee to return your money if you are not satisfied in every way. Thintabs contain no thyroid... no dinitrophenol... no salts. To prove to you the absolute harmlessness of the THINTAB Method, we will gladly send a copy of this ethical formula to your doctor upon request.

EXCESS FAT MAY BE DANGEROUS!

Heavy layers of fat often weaken the abdominal muscles, allowing the stomach and intestines to drop, thus frequently causing digestive ills. Insurance companies hesitate to insure a middle aged person who is much overweight. Don't take chances with your health... get rid of that dangerous fat!

BE ALLURING! ACT NOW!

Reduce those hips, thighs, waist and other over-fat parts of your body this new, safe way NOW! Send coupon today for \$1 bottle of 90 THINTABS to—

THINTAB Company
853 7th Ave., New York.

*Be slim
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no cost!*

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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853 7th Ave., New York City

Gentlemen: I enclose cost, or will pay postman cost plus postage on delivery, for which please send:

☐ 1 bottle THINTABS (90 Tablets) \$1
☐ 4 bottles THINTABS (special offer) \$3

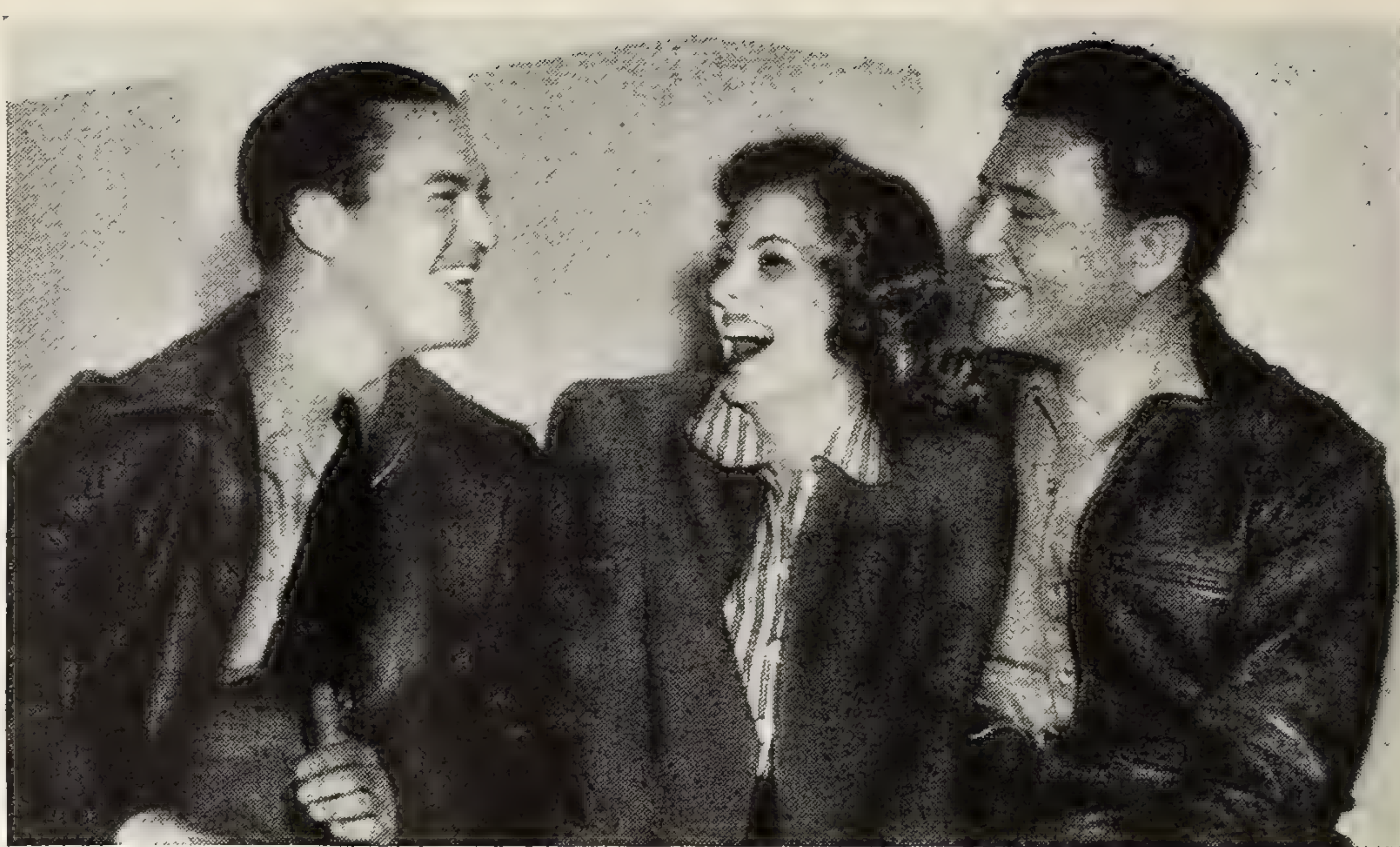
If I am not satisfied you will refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

No Canadian Orders



Chester Morris, Joan Fontaine and Richard Dix head the cast of "Northern Flight."

will find restaurants of all prices all over the town, from the stars' expensive haunts to the extras' nickel beanery.

It is impossible to set down any certain figure and say "that is enough for a trip to Hollywood." Modes of living differ and, of course, the length of time you plan on staying here enters into the matter. But with apartment rentals ranging around \$40, you can fairly well figure out just what your expenditures will be.

The All-Year Round club of Southern California and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will be glad to send you booklets containing information about bus tours, historical spots, mountain resorts, beach resorts and all the other interesting things connected with a trip to this sunny southland. Don't hesitate to write them for information on anything. This article is strictly limited to Hollywood information and contains the answers to all the questions that have been put to me by friends and acquaintances in the middle western states, since I first arrived here.

Hollywood, fascinating though it is, must not completely overshadow all the many other attractions in Los Angeles and vicinity. Visit colorful Olvera street, the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles; and don't forget to see There I go, after announcing this a strictly Hollywood article! Send for booklets. Map out your itinerary. And don't dare miss one place you want to see.

Settle down for your Hollywood stay. Get into a pair of slacks (they will give you that Hollywood feeling!). Stop in at a drive-in sandwich stand, sink your teeth into a big, juicy hamburger. (Ginger Rogers will probably be sitting right next to you doing the same thing). And listen to the sandwich stand-radio blare out—"California, Here I Come!"

Hiss-S-S-S!

[Continued from page 29]

selves with the league of horror.

Somewhere, in a middle lane between heroism and rascality, has Wallace Beery charted his course. Beery's villains always are mellow, well-liked fellows, and he has prospered accordingly. Tamiroff, in "Buccaneer," was given that kind of a half-and-half role and ran away with the picture, proving that the parts which Beery plays are actor-proof.

For that matter, any rogue, rascal or villain is a cinch to click in the movies or on the stage. The abnormality of such parts insures the success of the actor playing the role. Recall if you can any actor who ever has flopped in the part of a rascal. These are the actor-proof roles, and many a bad actor has become famous because his studio so typed him.

Take, for instance, the "Dead End" kids, and contrast them to Bobbie Breen, if you wish a pertinent illustration of my contention that villainy is more palatable screen fare than sweetness and light. The "Dead End" group of juvenile delinquents abuse their parents; heckle the cops, lie, steal and cheat and as a result get steady employment in the movies. Yet they are vastly more entertaining and believable in their misbehavior than the saccharine Master Breen is in his sugar-coated characterizations.

If I have failed to win you over to my side, take "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Even Disney had to compromise, and introduce a wicked Queen, an old shrew who went about the countryside placing Mickey Finns in apples.

There is one angle to this Rogues Gallery article that should be touched upon, in a world which has become propaganda-conscious. Italy, Germany, Spain and the South American countries refuse to permit an American picture to play their theatres, if the villain of the piece is identified by name or speech or mannerisms as one of their nationals. As a result, all screen villains must be Americans or English. Over the course of years, this has had its effect. Throughout the world, the impression has been broadcast that Americans and Englishmen have a monopoly on villainy.

This dates back as far as the first Chaplin comedies, when Mack Swain played the rogue parts. Swain, a big fellow, was Goliath to Chaplin's David and in the end, using his cane as a slingshot, Charlie always brought the portly Swain to grief.

Even in their treatment of villains, the movies always insist that in the last reel, the malefactor must be killed or placed behind bars. He can murder or maim, strangle or poison his victims for seven reels, but it is written in the book that in Reel 8 (if it is an 8-reeler), he must be disposed of by the forces of law and order. The Will Hays office would not have it otherwise, and it is only on this condition that Mr. Hays and his attaches unlatch the cells of Rogues' Gallery.

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 57]

whatever Jim gets he deserves. He has succeeded in the face of the most persistent and terrific opposition I have ever seen thrown in anyone's way. I've known Jim through ups and downs. He was the very first person I met on my arrival in Hollywood and I glory in his success.

But enough of this. Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay are also in this opus, as well as Mable Todd. Also in the cast is John Payne (who married my favorite ingenue—Anne Shirley). John is playing the part Dick Powell walked out on. It's a break for John but I don't blame Dick.

Muttering to myself over what a fall guy I always am, I proceed to "Sister Act." This stars the Lane Sisters. The fourth Lane, Leota, is in training for the Metropolitan Opera and can't be bothered at the moment with pictures so they've got Gale Page to take her place.

It's the opening scene in the picture. Claude Rains is the father of the four girls. He's an accomplished musician and is trying to make an orchestra out of his four daughters but they're terrible. The sequence is cute as a bug's ear but there's no dialogue.

"Look what they've whittled me down to," Lola boasts when the scene is over, as she puts her hands on her hips and swaggers around. And I don't blame her. She is REALLY sumptin'.

Next we come to "The Valley of The Giants," starring Wayne Morris and Claire Trevor. I'm glad to see Wayne in such good company and I'm glad to see Claire finally getting some decent breaks.

This is a story of the gold-rush days. I don't know the story because it isn't finished but Wayne is being crowded out. Guys are filing claims to land they haven't seen and selling the claims to the villain in the play. Wayne has gone to Sacramento to see what can be done about it. He finds out nothing can be done so he comes despondently back. But when he gets into the land office he finds some skull-duggery going on, calls the skull-duggers' hands and gets handsomely beat up for his pains.

"This scene is a director's delight," Bill Keighley, the director, whispers. Wayne doesn't look so pleased.

So I beat a dignified retreat, and proceeded to the last set.

"The Racket Busters." This features George Brent and Humphrey Bogart. This story, too, is incomplete and I can't even get an inkling of what it's about. George and a couple of G men or plain clothesmen come in, set upon Humphrey, there's a fight, they knock over a table and when the rumpus is over they've clapped handcuffs on Humphrey and are taking him away.

And that's all there is at Warner Bros. But there's still—

M-G-M

Three pictures going here—"The Crowd Roars," starring Robert Taylor with Maureen O'Sullivan and Walter Connolly; "Shopworn Angel" with James Stewart and Margaret Sullivan, and "Marie Antoinette" starring Norma Shearer with practically every male in Hollywood who wasn't already working in some other picture.

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Madame la Shearer is in a benign mood today so I am permitted on the set. It is well worth going on that set. The scene is a ball where Lionel Barrymore as the aging King Louis XV intends presenting his mistress, the Du Barry (Gladys George) to Shearer, who is the wife of Louis XVI, heir to the French throne. Shearer is breath-takingly lovely in a simple gown and very few jewels. Everyone is whispering, speculating whether she will speak to Du Barry.

"I am late, Madame," George begins very elegantly, "but with his Majesty's permission—a slight headache."

"I am sorry, Madame," Shearer replies. "It was a pleasure delayed."

"I love to meet people of broad experience," Shearer continues.

"Do you know?" she rushes on to George, "I've never walked the streets of Paris. I'm sure you could tell me something about that."

Miss George lets out a roar, her face crimson, her plumes shaking. Barrymore averts the threatened explosion by offering her his arm and saying in a sharp voice that brooks no denial, "You will prefer to leave, Madame—as I do."

They leave.

It was quite a scene while it lasted.

The next picture, "The Crowd Roars," is just starting and in true movie fashion they are shooting the very end of the picture first. It is a wedding scene. Bob Taylor is standing at the altar waiting as Maureen O'Sullivan walks down the aisle on the arm of her father, M. Connolly. There is no dialogue. A choir of boys are singing. She comes up to Bob, slips her arm through his and they turn to face the minister. Bob glances down at her, smiles at her, turns and winks at one of the choir boys. He has a wink coming. Never have I seen a bride as beautiful as Maureen. And she, too, has cause to be pleased because I don't know a nicer chap anywhere than Robert Taylor.

The last picture of the month is "Shopworn Angel." 'Tis a simple little scene I witness. Maggie Sullivan plays a pretty but worldly chorus girl. When her car knocks Jimmie Stewart down (it's during the days of the world war) the cop makes her drive him to the ferry. Next morning he calls, only to learn from the maid that she isn't feeling very well. Very much concerned he rushes over to her hotel bearing flowers and candy. She is really just suffering from a hang-over, but she can't tell him that.

Her lover, and the backer of her show (Walter Pidgeon) is there when Jim arrives. He moves directly to Maggie without noticing Pidge. "I came as soon as I could, when I heard you were sick," he begins.

"Thanks," she replies dryly and glances at Pidgeon who moves towards them jealously. "This is Mr. Bailey, my business manager."

Mr. Pidgeon glances at her startled but she refuses to meet his eyes, so he turns to Jim: "So you're Bill Pettigrew? I'm pleased to meet you. Any friend of Daisy's is a friend of mine, as we say."

"Don't stand up, you two, you make me nervous," Maggie interrupts irritably.

The scene plays better than it reads. It's as cute as can be. The air on the set is pleasant. Jim is always agreeable, Miss Sullivan has changed her tactics and is now being very sweet and gracious to everyone, including newspapermen (as long as they don't get too close) and Mr. Pidgeon seems to have completely recovered from "The Girl of the Golden West."

The net result of all this affability is that I become affable, too, and I think I had better leave before the mood wears off and I show myself in my true colors—again. So, as we say on the radio, "That's all, brother. That's all for today."

P.O.

is worse than

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The Final Thing

CERTAIN of the columnists and commentators out Hollywood way would like to have you believe that the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor romance is on ice and that Bob is going around with other girls. We doubt it. As a matter of fact Bob has just presented Barbara with a swell new birthday present—a tennis court. It's on the Marwyck grounds, of course, and very near the arena Barbara had built for Bob, and where he has learned to box.

AND here's something to make your eyes pop out! Asta, the glamour dog of Hollywood, who, since the "Thin Man" pictures and "The Awful Truth" gets more fan mail than a lot of the stars, has been signed to do a picture in London. Passage has been booked on the Ile de France for Asta, not a kennel, and not a room—but two rooms! It seems that his stand-in is going along too, and Asta doesn't like his stand-in, and hence the two rooms! Such temperament.

KAY FRANCIS, 'tis said, is writing a book about Hollywood which will be published after she retires from the screen. Kay strikes back.

ACCORDING to statistics an average Hollywood romance lasts only four months and fifteen days. . . . Chamber of commerce figures show that there are three women to every man in Hollywood. . . . And studio officials estimate that your chances of getting into movies are now 30,000 to one Do you still want to come to Hollywood?

GLENDIA FARRELL says "There's a destiny that shapes our ends all right, but a good masseuse helps a lot!"

ANNOUNCEMENT

Next month Silver Screen will carry a story about the mysteries surrounding picture making. Everybody has shown interest in the secrets of the trade since movie making began many years ago, but film executives have hesitated to give them away. Now that they have relaxed their code somewhat it is fascinating to find what tricks they resort to in this, the most colorful, and yet the most topsy-turvy business in the world.

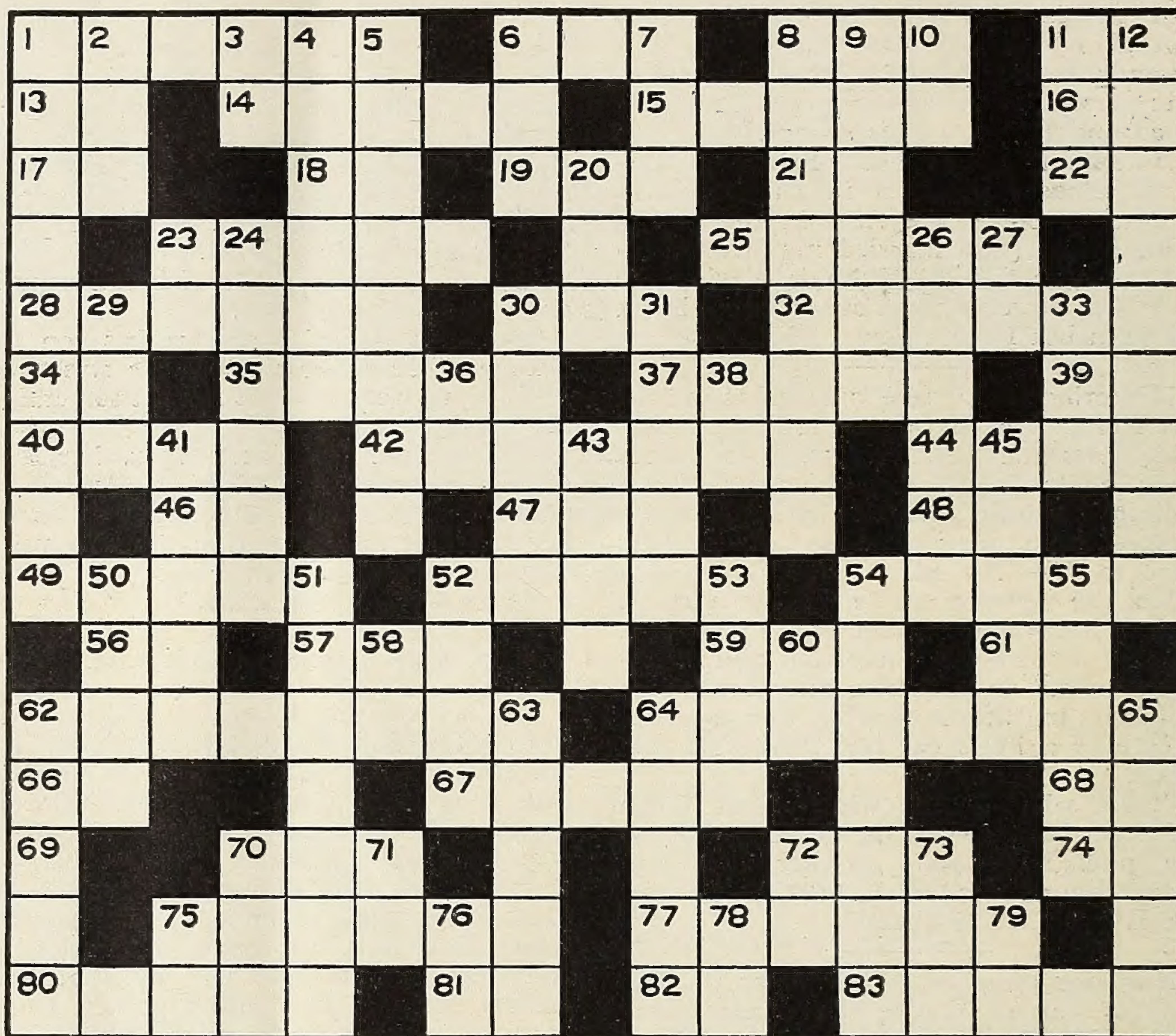
What price stardom? After you have achieved the heights you no longer have any privacy to call your own. That's the pay-off for being a success. Is the game worth the candle? Don't miss this stirring story in which one of Hollywood's leading writers tells how fame affected certain screen players.

For some former stars "Quickies"—or independent pictures of the B and C variety—are the last hope. In a revelatory article in our next issue you will be amazed to learn what "famous names" have been only too glad to appear in such pictures, hoping against hope to be re-discovered by important producers.

All these absorbing features as well as many others will appear in our September issue, on sale August 10th.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

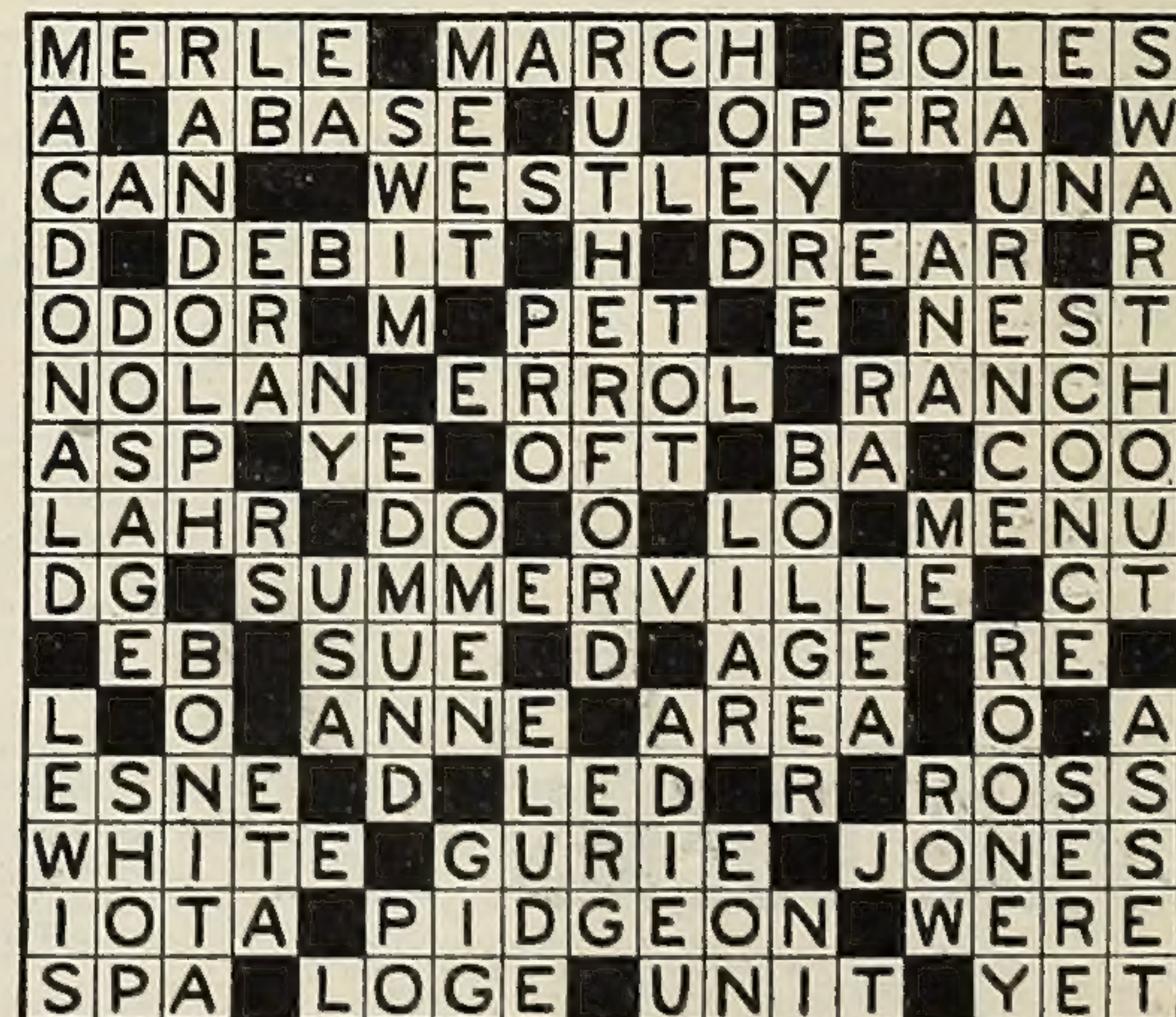
- 1 Comedian in "Broadcast of 1938"
- 6 Son of Mohammed
- 8 Receptacle for carrying bricks
- 11 Shilling (abbr.)
- 13 Indefinite article
- 14 Quarrels between families
- 15 Weapons made of wood
- 16 River in Livonia
- 17 Within
- 18 Masculine first name (abbr.)
- 19 Star of "My Bill"
- 21 Myself
- 22 Fifty-five (Rom.)
- 23 Possessing the characteristics of a true man
- 25 Month of the year
- 28 With Gene Raymond in "Stolen Heaven"
- 30 Reply (abbr.)
- 32 Inn
- 34 Ever
- 35 She was excellent in "Jezebel"
- 37 The wife in "Test Pilot"
- 39 Mode of transportation (abbr.)
- 40 Man's name
- 42 Noted dancing star
- 44 Remember his "Dracula"?
- 46 Regarding (abbr.)
- 47 Remnants of food
- 48 Speech of hesitancy
- 49 Plants
- 52 Star of "Hawaii Calls"
- 54 In "Professor Beware"
- 56 Disinfectant
- 57 Garden tool
- 59 Self
- 61 Perform
- 62 In "Cowboy from Brooklyn"
- 64 Makes her American debut in "The Rage of Paris"
- 66 Old English (abbr.)
- 67 Hero in "To the Victor"
- 68 North River (abbr.)
- 70 A high priest (Bib.)
- 72 Steamer (abbr.)
- 74 Popular western star (initials)
- 75 In "Four Men and a Prayer"
- 77 In "Battle of Broadway"
- 80 Ever (poet.)
- 81 Conjunction
- 82 And (Fr.)
- 83 Drunken brother in "Holiday"

DOWN

- 1 In "Joy of Living"
- 2 Tavern
- 3 Well-known stage actress (initials)
- 4 Star of "Mad About Music"
- 5 The girl in "Three Comrades"
- 6 Request
- 7 Frosty
- 8 In "Crime School"
- 9 Her latest picture is "Over the Moon"
- 10 Doctor of Science (abbr.)
- 11 Salt

- 12 Maid Marian in "Robin Hood"
- 20 Clever tap dancer
- 23 Parent
- 24 Spoiled
- 26 Girl's name
- 27 Army officer (abbr.)
- 29 Wheat-like grain
- 30 In "There's Always a Woman"
- 31 Strike
- 33 Elongated fish
- 36 Exist
- 38 Period of time (abbr.)
- 41 Star of "Joy of Living"
- 43 Any open space
- 45 Eat away
- 50 Enlarge
- 51 Idol of all movie-goers
- 52 Selfish young man in "Port of Seven Seas"
- 53 Close to
- 54 Star of "Three Blind Mice"
- 55 One of the "Three Comrades"
- 58 Ordnance Department (abbr.)
- 60 In "Spawn of the North" (initials)
- 62 The queen of all skaters
- 63 Short letters
- 64 Dig
- 65 Strong lights for scientific uses
- 70 Period of time
- 71 That is (abbr.)
- 72 Southern state (abbr.)
- 73 Masculine name
- 75 Father of our country (initials)
- 76 Continent (abbr.)
- 78 Pronoun
- 79 Mode of Transportation (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



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The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed — whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is *smile plus style* that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left* — adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. *SO*, you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.



Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely SONJA HENIE whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by DOUBLE MINT gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write DOUBLE MINT Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MISS JANE ALVA JOHNSON

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Johnson of Saint Louis

leads a vivid and interesting life

She is a distinguished horsewoman



Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to *look* to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves — and Camels *never* jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in *so many* ways, Camels *agree* with me!"

One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is whole-hearted in her enthusiasms — "loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for *another* Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

A gracious hostess



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Miss Johnson had the exciting experience of being chosen Queen of the Veiled Prophet's Ball—a signal honor in the social life of Saint Louis. Above, a fashionable artist's portrayal of Miss Johnson, regal in her court gown of lamé and sable. Throughout the excitement of parties, travels, and an active sports life, Jane turns to Camels: "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives me a 'lift'! And that delicate Camel flavor *always* tastes just right."

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